GOETHE'S POEMS

TRANSLATED IN THE ORIGINAL METRES

BY

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SONGS, SOCIAL SONGS, BALLADS,
ANTIQUE FORMS, ROMAN ELEGIES,
ELEGIES, EPISTLES, EPIGRAMS,
FOUR SEASONS, RHYMED SAYINGS.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

In presenting to the public a work on the title-page of which my humble name is coupled with that of the immortal Goethe, I consider it my duty to state briefly why I have ventured upon so hazardous an enterprise and why I possibly may be pardoned for having formed so ambitious a design.

My coveted object was to bring Goethe home to English readers, to furnish them a vehicle for the enjoyment of the poetic effusions of a great man—not of a great German. The foreigner was as much as possible to disappear and the depth and passion of the man, his wit and playfulness, were to be presented in a form that might enable the reader to forget the poet's nationality. There is nothing in his poems but what is so broadly human as to allow its being felt, thought and expressed in any other language, provided another could

so concentrate his mental faculties as to create within himself that condition of imaginative sentiment which he feels must have filled Goethe when he wrote a given piece of poetry: hence reproduction seemed to me to be the only road to success. The sentiment which gave birth to each single poem was first to be acquired and the musical form which the poet spontaneously adopted was in the translator's ear to become so completely dominant as to exclude any other metrical form. In full possession of these two most important conditions for the production of a lyric poem, a translator might then, I hoped, with a fair chance of success grapple with the thoughts of the poet and in his own idiom find for them words in the selection of which his sentiment would guide him, whilst his ear, in retaining the musical character of the poem, would gently remind him of its rhythmical and prosodical nature. An absolute prosodical reproduction of the original piece seemed, therefore, necessary, and so great was my reverence for Goethe, that I laid it down as a rule that not even in irregularities of the metre should I permit myself to depart from the original. A close study of the musical characteristics of Goethe's poems has taught me to believe that with him these irregularities hardly ever arise from carelessness, but almost always serve to shade the coloring of the passage and to allow nature to break through the laws of art, when either a strong

passion is depicted or the humor of the poet becomes unruly under the restraint of the metre.

The *rhyme* is an important musical element of a poem, especially when alternating male and female rhymes are employed. By substituting a pair of male rhymes for a pair of female rhymes the rhythmical and musical character of a poem is not only altered, but its charm may thereby be utterly destroyed. There could be no question as to faithfully adhering to the models of Goethe, and the rhymes, whether male or female, whether recurring twice, thrice or four times, have been reproduced in their order and number. To mention the difficulties the translator had to encounter in consequence of his resolution to be accurate is unnecessary, as it also is to state the ways and means by which he tried to overcome them.

The *rhythmical* part of this work seems, however, to call for a few words of explanation. The prevalence of trochaic and anapestic metres in Goethe's poems necessarily suggested an especial vigilance as to the respective quantities of the words employed, for by this alone could the grace and easy movement of the original be reached. This question of quantity rose to paramount importance when the version of the "Elegies" in distichs was attempted. It was necessary to investigate the causes which have heretofore prevented the antique hexameters and distichs from gaining public favor, and

to discover the principles which might lead to a satisfactory handling of these troublesome metres. I beg leave to submit my views on this subject, and for so doing may be, perhaps, excused on the plea that no barren theory is presented, since the application of the rule is simultaneously given by the publication of more than one hundred pages of distichs and hexameters.

The opinion has hitherto prevailed among English writers that the Greek hexameter is essentially a dactylic measure (— ⏑ ⏑) and that in the construction of hexameters every other consideration had to be sacrificed to the production of a strong dactylic rhythm. The accent was charged with that arduous duty: the accent resting on one long syllable was made to exercise an unnatural and unwarranted influence on one or two equally long syllables or words that followed the first, producing thereby a difficulty of enunciation which marred the beauty and fluency of the verse. In English prosody the length or the brevity of a word or syllable has never been very strictly regarded, because the prevalent metre is the iambic and because there is really no difficulty in giving by accentuation to the second of two equally long syllables or words a certain predominance, making thereby the second appear longer than the first. But here is the mistake. The accent placed on the second by no means makes the first lose in length or quantity; it makes it lose in expressive-

ness or logical value. In employing the dactylic metre where one length precedes two brevities, though the number of single words exactly fitting the single dactylic foot (— ⏑ ⏑) be abundant, still in the composition of sentences the difficulty is great in consequence of the many monosyllables in the English tongue. These monosyllables have each a quantity, but one varying according to their meaning, and the true accentuation of a sentence is based on the proper understanding of their respective logical values. In writing verse we are bound by the same law, and the rhythm should never be allowed to supersede either the logical accentuation or the quantity of any one of the words employed. The rhythm should result from the proper treatment of the single quantities but not domineer over them. To facilitate a compliance with the demands of logic and to please at the same time the ear by a variety in the metre, the ancients permitted the substitution of spondees for dactyls in every foot of the verse but the fifth, and even there it is of not infrequent occurrence.

The want of English spondees (— —) has also been complained of by English writers who think that in dissyllables one syllable must be short, because the other has a stronger accent, utterly forgetful as they are that in compound words the component parts had a previous independent existence, consequently also had

a logical quality and corresponding prosodical quantity. In my opinion the English language boasts of more spondees than any other modern language, not even excepting the German. But supposing even the spondee to be a little doubtful and to approach in prosodical value the form of the trochee (— ⏑), the harm done to the hexameter will not be very great so long as a strong accent or an accumulation of consonants at the beginning of the next word (length by position) follows the brevity.

The rights of rhythm are acknowledged and guarded in the dactylic hexameter by the position of the caesura, either after the first length of the third foot or after both the first length of the second and of the fourth foot. The caesura in its obligatory appearance within each single verse never interferes with the logical value of the single words, and the verse should be constructed in such a way as to make the caesura agree with the accentuation of the sentence. But even in the placing of the caesura liberties are taken by classical writers and, instead of after the first length of the third foot (— || ⏑ ⏑), it occurs sometimes after the first brevity of the third foot (— ⏑ || ⏑) without ruining the verse, provided an additional caesura is applied to any other foot of the verse.

Let us recapitulate: Every word of a language has logical quality and corresponding prosodical quantity,

either length or brevity. Two brevities are considered equal to one length; consequently a spondee (— —) can be substituted for a dactyl (— ⏑ ⏑), or under certain circumstances even a trochee (— ⏑) for a dactyl. According to the science of language consonants constitute the essential parts of words; they determine their logical quality and corresponding prosodical quantity. It takes more time to pronounce a combination of consonants than to pronounce a combination of vowels; consequently the prosodical quantity (length) is justified. But a combination of consonants, besides occurring within the same word, may also occur by having one or several consonants at the end of one and also at the beginning of the next word. Pronunciation will have to join them, and the increased difficulty of articulation will impart to the final syllable of the preceding word, or to the preceding word if a monosyllable, an artificial length, called in prosody length by position, as contradistinguished from length by prosodical quantity as based upon logical quality. The accent, finally, gives to one part of one word a predominant logical value without, however, destroying in compound words the previously existing logical quality and corresponding prosodical quantity of the component parts.

Of the subjoined three diagrams, Figs. I and II show the standard forms of the regular Greek hexame-

ter, whilst Fig. III shows the less strong but permitted form with the caesura after the first brevity of the third foot.

FIGURE I.

— ⏕ | — ⏕ | — || ⏕ | — ⏕ | — ⏕ | — ⏔

FIGURE II.

— ⏕ | — || ⏕ | — ⏕ | — || ⏕ | — ⏕ | — ⏔

FIGURE III.

— ⏕ | — ⏕ | — ⏑ || ⏑̇ | — ⏕ | — ⏕ | — ⏔

The distich is a combination of one hexameter with one pentameter. The latter is divided into two equal parts, each consisting of two dactyls and one long syllable. In the middle of the verse two lengths not only come together, but, in addition to this, the first length must either be the last syllable of a word or be a long word, whilst the second length must either stand at the beginning of another word or be another long word. Between these two lengths the caesura is heard, and produces a marked effect. Now and then a spondee might be substituted for a dactyl in the pentameter, as will be seen in the subjoined diagram of the pentameter.

— ⏕ | — ⏕ | — || — ⏕ | — ⏕ | —

By the application of the above-stated principles I have endeavored to produce readable hexameters and distichs. I have looked upon the English language as in no way different from the classical and German languages. I have frequently used spondees to impart to the verse a solemn, ponderous movement when the ideas expressed demanded such a quiet, regular gait, and employed more dactyls when either the run of the story or the great vivacity of the speakers seemed to call for an accelerated movement. Whether I have succeeded will be for others to say. If my hexameters and distichs will not admit of an easy, unobstructed reading, laying the stress of the voice on those words which by their meaning are entitled to strong accentuation, I shall consider my attempt a failure. It is evident that some knowledge of the metre must accompany the reader's kind intentions, but he is not expected to submit to the severe discipline of regular rhythmical intonations.

In the translation of the "Rhymed Sayings" the struggle was with the thoughts of the poet, since there is in them neither a sentimental nor a prosodical element. They show us Goethe as a critic and thinker; they show above all his positive nature and the universality of his genius; they demonstrate how, in his

mind, not even the deepest and most abstract thought could momentarily exist without being converted into a poetic image or at least be clothed with the charms of poetry. In the treatment of these "Sayings" I have not only permitted myself but have purposely taken great liberties, for an equivalent in thought was to be given, not an equivalent in form. If at times I shall be thought to have gone too far in quaintness of expression, I can only plead in excuse my too lively sense of the quaintness of the original. In those instances where the same "Saying" has been given twice, (1) is prefixed to the more literal, (2) to the freer version. These "Sayings" are translated in their original metres, but their frequent metrical irregularities I have thought proper to hide at times by a somewhat smoother versification.

This book gives all that is contained in the first volume of the edition in forty volumes of 1840, with the exception of from five to six pages of the "Prophecies of Bakis," which are omitted for the obscurity of their meaning and the necessity of commentaries. In the same arrangement in which Goethe handed these minor poems to his countrymen they are here presented to the English public. He based their claims on their poetic merits, and my English reproductions

of the same, though their claims be very much invalidated, cannot stand on any other ground. Those who take an interest in poetry should study Goethe's works and try to arrive by their own efforts at a clear understanding and just appreciation of the poet's aims, and not permit themselves to be biased by the flimsy remarks of modern writers on the character of Goethe. The poet, even more than any other artist, lives in the realm of fiction, and the greater the versatility of his mind and the richer his imagination, the more he is liable to appear to prosaic souls as inconsistent or even as contradicting himself. Who has ever thought of charging a painter with contradicting himself for having at one time followed the models of the antique and for having been at another time inspired by the traditions of the church! Justice should be even-handed, and the rights of the poet should as little be curtailed as those of the painter;—a truism which few will dispute, and least of all those who know that certain productions of Goethe which more than others have been blamed for an apparent sensualism,—the "Roman Elegies" and "Venetian Epigrams,"—were dictated by his love for her to whom he clung for life.

Goethe was unwilling to arrange his poems chronologically, and I abide by his decision. The tracing back of every little poem to its probable origin is, certainly, very interesting for the student of literature, but

only for the student proper. A historical essay on the life of Goethe with special reference to his minor poems, though I should consider it a most delightful task, would be out of place in this book, which is to present poetry, not history. Chronology has nothing to do with the enjoyment of art, and, as my ambition is limited to the procuring of thoughtful enjoyment to the reader, I shall as much as possible abstain from giving historical data. Following the example of the latest German editions, I shall, however, briefly allude to what seems absolutely necessary for the better understanding of the poems.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE POEMS.

TO THE earliest productions among the *Songs* belong those taken from the "New Songs," published at Leipsic in 1769, from "The Beautiful Night" to "Apparent Death" and "The Misanthrope," "Fetters of Love," "True Enjoyment" and "Change." The Anacreontic element and the somewhat precocious irony which mark these poems betray a youthful hand; but, aside from their poetical value, they are especially interesting as showing that Goethe's peculiar realism was inborn, and not acquired. Still more clearly do we see in the occasional poems, written in Frankfort after his return from Leipsic, in such trifles as "Fox will Die," "Blind-

man's-Buff," "Salvation," "The Parting," "To the Chosen" and "With a Gold Neck-chain," how the incidents of his life and even unimportant, outward circumstances incited him to poetical productions. The songs of the Strassburg-Sesenheim period breathe, however, strong emotion of the soul; "New Love, New Life," "Welcome and Leave," "May-Song," "With a Painted Ribbon," are songs which mark a new era in German lyric poetry. Scattered through the *Songs* are a number of little poems which are easily recognized as the offspring of Goethe's attachment to Elizabeth Schœnemann; these are: "To Belinda," "May-Song (Past the Wheat)," "Hunter's Evening Song," "To a Golden Heart," "On the Lake," "From the Mountain" and "Sadness." On a trip down the Rhine he wrote, in sight of the ruins of the castle of Lahneck, "The Ghost's Greeting," and, about the same time, "To Charlot." To the same period belong the ballads: "The Faithless Lover" (in Claudine), "The Violet" (in Erwin and Elmire), "The King in Thule" (in Faust), and the "Gipsy Song." The "Fraternity Song" was composed as a wedding-song, on the occasion of the marriage of his friend, Pastor Ewald, in September, 1775. The "Lamentation of the Wife of Asan Aga" was suggested by the "Travels of the Abbate Fortis," in French. The "Heath-Rose" belongs to a still earlier period; it was probably written in Strassburg and, together with the "Lamentations," first published in Herder's "Popular Songs."

In November, 1775, Goethe arrived at Weimar. Most of the poems written in Weimar, before his jour-

ney to Italy from September, 1786, to June, 1788) bear witness of his reverence and attachment for Frau von Stein. "Love without Rest," "Wanderer's Night-Song," "The Same," belong to this class, as well as a large number of the distichs under the head of "Approaching the Antique Forms." The "Dedication" was also first communicated to her in August, 1784. The poems, "Self-restraint," "Hope," "Property," find their explanation in the difficulties Goethe had to contend with as the friend and adviser of the young Duke, Carl August, of Weimar. The three poems, "Courage," "Christel" and "To the Moon," the last of which is especially famous, refer to a young lady, von Lassberg, whose tragic end, in the swollen waters of the river Ilm, inspired Goethe to the production of one of his sublimest poems ("To the Moon"), the last verses of which, however, were afterward rewritten. The ballads, "The Fisher" and "Floweret Wondrous Sweet," were composed as early as 1778.

After Goethe's return from Italy, where, in consequence of his having practically occupied himself with painting and modeling, and as a result of his close study of the antique and the modern masters, his mind had become thoroughly imbued with the charms of form and the plastic virtue of nature, we find a new element in his poetry, the element of chaste sensualism. To investigate at length how much certain changes in Goethe's personal relations may have contributed to bring about so decided a leaning toward sensuous imagination, would lead us too far; but it is evident that, aside from his classical studies, there must have

been circumstances in his life which made it possible for him to sing such a pæan of "love satisfied" as the "Roman Elegies" are. Goethe is said to have written at that time a very large number of distichs, of which only a part has been published. The "Venetian Epigrams"—although many older distichs, treating altogether different subjects, have found a place under that heading—resemble the "Roman Elegies," by the many poetical outbursts of a happy and passionate love. The charming song, "Found," and "The Return," which was written somewhat later, breathe a kindred spirit.

The songs in "Wilhelm Meister," though published at the time of Goethe's most intimate connection with Schiller, between 1790 and 1800, belong to an earlier period.

With the close literary association and warm friendship of Germany's two greatest poets began the golden era of German literature. Goethe's productiveness, which, for some time previous to his trip to Italy, had not been very great, had increased after his return to Weimar, and reached, under the impulse received from his fiery and restless younger friend, an unprecedented height. So strong was the originality of both these two great poets that the closer their relations grew the more at variance were their productions. Helping each other by a clear understanding of their respective aims and by a loving appreciation of the diversity of their natures, they not only never interfered with each other's plans, but were always anxious to foster the growth of whatever either considered himself especially

called upon to undertake. To their friendly intercourse we owe some of the finest productions of Goethe's muse, the "Epistles," "The Four Seasons," in which some of the "Xenia" have found a place; the idyls "Alexis and Dora" and "The New Pausias," the elegies "Hermann and Dorothea" and "Amyntas." In the elegy, "Euphrosyne," he erected a monument to the memory of the actress, Christiane Neumann, of whose premature death he heard when he was in Switzerland, near the St. Gothard. There, in 1797, he wrote this most touching of elegies, in which he feelingly refers to the share he had had in educating her for the stage and to the part of "Arthur," in Shakespeare's "King John," which she had studied under his direction.

Although some of Goethe's sweetest songs were composed about this time, among them, "Sweetheart's Nearness," "Comfort in Tears," "Shepherd's Lamentation" and "The Mountain Castle," still it cannot be denied that the *ballad* more than any other form of poetry was cultivated by Schiller as well as by Goethe and, perhaps, for the very reason that both had formed certain fixed ideas as to the nature of the ballad which neither of them was willing to abandon. The lyric element, so strong in Goethe's earliest ballads, for instance, in "Floweret Wondrous Sweet," "The Fisher," and even in "The Erlking," of 1781, is less marked in his later ballads, written during his close connection with Schiller. Not only the influence of the elementary powers of nature over man was henceforth to be depicted, but an ethical element was to be introduced

into his ballads and a deep moral thought to be inculcated on the reader. This tendency is evident in "The Digger after Treasures," still more so in "The Wizard's Apprentice," which, though at first sight it looks like a skillful dramatization of the well-known story of Lucianus, is most unquestionably intended for a severe rebuke to those who undertake that with which they are unable to cope, especially to those who unchain the passions of the people without being able to control them. Fully as deep, and a great deal more pathetic, is the thought underlying "The Bride of Corinth." Man's inborn right to the enjoyment of his life must not be curtailed by the doctrine of the damnation of the flesh, or, in other words, Nature, when ennobled by purest love, must vindicate her rights: that is the truth which the fable of the maid, after death returning as a vampire to her lover, is made to teach most pathetically. In "The God and the Bayadere," and even in the so-called "Miller Ballads," all of 1797, a similar tendency is betrayed. "The Spinster" was written somewhat later. The charming musical "Wedding Song," Sir John Curt's Wedding Ride," "The Ratcatcher" and the dialogistic ballad, "Traveler and Tenant," belong to 1804, "Effect at a Distance" to 1808, "Johanna Sebus" to 1809. Then follow three ballads (1813) in the production of which we see a proof of the aged poet's great fondness for children: "The Walking Bell," "The Trusty Eckart" and "The Dance of the Dead." Of a still later origin is the "Ballad of the Count's Flight and Return," after an English model, whilst the "Legend" and "Pariah's

Prayer and Thanksgiving" were written as late as 1821, and are said to have been suggested by Sonnerat's "Travels in East India."

The social literary gatherings in Weimar at the beginning of the nineteenth century, in which Schiller took so prominent a part until his death in 1805, induced Goethe to write some of his most popular *Social Songs.* The "Glee-club Anniversary," however, is much older, and its allusions, though they can still be enjoyed, can hardly be explained at the present time. The "Fraternity Song," which was originally written in 1775, as mentioned above, was afterward rewritten for the literary circle, in which toward the end of 1801 the "New-Year Song" was sung. Whether "Everlasting in Change"—one of Goethe's happiest songs—owes its origin to that circle is not certain, but on the other hand it is established that his famous "Table-Song" was sung on the 22d of February, 1802, just before the departure of the crown-prince of Weimar to Paris. "The Happy Couple," one of Goethe's favorite poems, is a charming idyl; the "Confession" is exceedingly humorous; "Vanitas" is a parody of a well-known hymn, and "Custom becomes a Second Nature" is a parody of a sentimental song, beginning with the words, "Ere now I have loved, but no more shall I love!" which Goethe, in 1813, had heard in Leipsic. This latter song, as well as "Called to Account," "Open Table" and "Ergo Bibamus," was sent to Zelter and composed by him for the Berlin Liedertafel. "Free and Easy" is taken from "Claudine of Villa-bella," and the "Cophtic Songs" from the

"Great-Cophta." "Chance of War" was written after 1814, whilst "Epiphany" leads us back to the first decade of Goethe's stay at Weimar. This poem was written for the 6th of January, 1781, when it was proposed to prepare a surprise to the ducal court by introducing to them the Magi or Wise Kings of the East who, according to tradition, wander about this time from house to house: that is to say, an ancient custom allowed poor boys to disguise themselves as Magi and go to their richer neighbors in search of food, drink and money. Goethe's party was, however, a little more distinguished, and one of the kings (the white one) was represented by the beautiful actress, Corona Schröter, a fact which explains his jocular remarks. "The Jolly of Weimar," of 1815, shows us how well in that little town social amusement was cherished, whilst "The Muses and Graces in the March"—this surpassingly ludicrous parody of the style of poetry cultivated by Pastor Schmidt of Werneuchen—allows us to see what a witty and good-humored satirist Goethe was.

The "Rhymed Sayings" are to be found in the third volume of Cotta's edition of 1840, and embrace the "Tame Xenia," which were arranged by Goethe about 1821 and those parts translated by me. "God, Soul and World" and "Proverbial" had been published a long time before the "Sayings" appeared in the "West-Easterly Divan," about 1819, as the sixth book or "Book of Sayings." The "Rhymed Sayings" do not require any explanation; they speak for themselves, if my translation is a happy one. It was an

extremely arduous task to find in the English idiom the proper form for the nicety and depth of thought contained in them, and if it had not been for my anxious desire to add to the distichs in the "Venetian Epigrams" and "The Four Seasons," another and stronger evidence of Goethe's wit, acumen and originality of thought, I might have shrunk from the bold attempt of giving to the English reader what purports to be the essence of Goethe's mind.

P. D.

NEW-YORK,
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Dedication.

3

DEDICATION.

Up came young morn; before his tread retreated
Uneasy sleep who had me in his hold,
And I, awake, from out my cottage fleeted
Into the air and up the mountain strolled.
At every step with new delight I greeted
On thousand flowers the dew-drops' blinking gold;
The newborn day to sympathy alive
First did the earth and then myself revive.

And as I mounted, from the meadows slowly
Came up a streak of mist with solemn gait,
Then changed its course and, turning sideways lowly,
Beyond my head it rose in columns straight.
I could no more enjoy the morn, for wholly
From view was hidden nature's lordly state,
And soon I saw myself by clouds surrounded,
My sight by twilight and by vapors bounded.

But all at once it seemed the sun was nearing,
    For in the fog I saw a clearness bright.
Here downward were the vapors clearing
    And there they hastened to the wooded height.
How did I long to welcome him, the cheering,
    And his withholden doubly precious light!
But, while this airy combat rent the skies,
A dazzling stream of light assailed my eyes.

My sore and blinded eyes an inward pining
    Soon prompted boldly on the light to go;
And hasty looks they cast upon the shining,
    For burning seemed the sky with fiery glow.
And then I saw on thinnest clouds reclining
    A god-like woman's form upon me flow;
No finer image ever I beheld;—
She looked at me and hovering near me dwelled.

Do you not know me? she addressed me gently
    With true love's clear and sympathetic tone,
Not ev'n remember how I diligently
    In bitter grief have you affection shown?
You do know me on whom you confidently
    In earnest search of truth yourself have thrown.
Have I not seen you, when a boy, your burning
And tearful eyes with hope upon me turning?

Yes! I exclaimed, and overcome by feeling
  I bent my knees; I knew you long ago!
My prayers to you were not a vain appealing,
  You gave me peace and stemmed my passions' flow.
Refreshing was on sultry days and healing
  Your breath; it made me strong and cheerful grow.
From you has come what I most dearly treasure,
From you must come a mortal's purest pleasure!

I call you not by name, though many plainly
  Call you by name and each calls you his own.
All searching eyes would fain aim at you mainly,
  If but less piercingly your visage shone.
With playful friends long have I sought you vainly;
  Since I have known you I have been alone.
Alone I must sweet happiness enjoy,
Must hide your cheering light, lonesome and coy

She smiled and said: Was it not necessary,
  Not wise in me so little to reveal?
Your insight is as yet most ordinary,
  You hardly have begun your way to feel,
When you presume in self-deceit unchary
  From fellow-men their rights and dues to steal.
Are you so different from all other men?
Oh, know yourself! the world will please you then.

I meant for good! You do not blame me rightly,
  I then exclaimed; I have been open-eyed,
Have meditated in the day and nightly
  How best upon your teachings to abide.
For others shall your glorious light shine brightly,
  I neither can nor will my talent hide.
I should not for your revelations long
If they were not to all men to belong.

And whilst I spoke, she, god-like in her being,
  With pity and indulgence looked at me.
Where near the truth I was or from it fleeing
  In her soft eyes I could most clearly see.
She smiled, my soul from doubt and languor freeing,
  And strength I felt a happy man to be.
I could with confidence and inward love
Approach and look upon her light above.

And forth she reached her hand and, gently swaying
  With whitest clouds and the transparent haze,
Upward she drew the fog; the fog, obeying,
  Dispersed and quickly vanished from my gaze.
Unhindered o'er the vale my eyes were straying,
  For from above came sunshine's brightest blaze,—
And there, enwrapped with thousand swelling folds,
She stands and up a gauzy veil she holds.

I know you, know your heart! Though weak and ailing
    It has for what is pure forever glowed,
She said,—my ears yet ring with it unfailing,—
    Accept my gift on you so late bestowed!
You will be happy by yourself availing
    Of all the light it sheds upon your road.
To you a veil of sun through vapors driven,
The veil of poetry by truth is given!

When sultry midday heat yourself oppresses,
    Or friends, throw up the veil into the air!
And instantly a zephyr's sweet caresses
    Will with a fragrant coolness on you bear,
And vanish will what wildly you distresses,
    A frightful grave change into welkin fair;
On smoothest water life will downward glide,
The day look bright and darkness seem to hide.

So come then, friends, when sad for prospects blighted
    You think too hard the trials of the day,
Or when, with new, unhoped-for turns delighted,
    You find sweet flowers and fruits upon your way.
The coming day let us await united!
    And happy shall we be,—happy, I say,
And when at last our children for us mourn,
Our love be blessed by them, the after-born.

Songs.

Early sung but echoed late,
Joy and woe these songs relate.

SONGS.

PREFATORY.

OUR broken words in passion stuttered,
When written down, look odd and strang
'T is hard for me now to arrange
What here and there I once have uttered.

And what in life was torn asunder
By intervening time and space
The reader sees united; under
One coverlet the whole I place.

Be not ashamed of your addiction
To weakness, but compile your book!
For nothing else the readers look,
The world is full of contradiction.

TO THE FAVORABLE.

Poets will through silence perish;
To be heard and read they cherish;
They submit to praise and blame.
What we never would in prose have
Told you, we under the rose have
Dared in poems to proclaim.

How I erred and what I proffered,
What I lived through, what I suffered
This collection shall embrace.
Early fault and late transgression,
Headlong dash and wise discretion
Bear in song a fairer face.

THE NEW AMADIS.

When I came to be a lad
They imprisoned me,
And for many years I had
To endure ennui,
As in mother's womb.

Was it pastime, was it doom
That in phantasy
Soon I grew to be a knight
Like the Prince Pipee,
Always craved for fight?

Castles in the air I built,
Or destroyed and razed;
That I had the dragon killed
Rumor proudly blazed
To all valiant men.

Like a cavalier I then
Rescued Princess May,
Who was very *obligeant*,
Asked if I would stay,
And I was *galant*.

Like ambrosia was her kiss,
Like a fiery wine.
Oh! I almost died of bliss?
Her enamel was as fine
As the sunshine's ray.

Who did run with her away?
Did no magic band
Tie the fair to her abode?
Say, where is her land?
Where the nearest road?

FOX WILL DIE, HIS SKIN WILL NOT.

In the shade one afternoon
We, young people, rested.
Amor came and "Fox will die"
As a play suggested.

Every one was by the side
Of his darling seated.
Amor then blew out his torch;
Take it! He entreated.

And around the circle then
Went the taper glowing,
Each in turn the same in haste
On his next bestowing.

When to me gay Dorilis
Had the taper handed,
By my touch its feeble glow
Into flame expanded,

Burned my eyes, my brow and face
Till my blood was boiling
And the flames around my head
All my thoughts were foiling.

Though I tried to quench the fire,
Never could I, never,
And instead of "Fox will die"
Fox will live forever.

HEATH-ROSE.

Saw a boy a rosie bright
In the heath a rosie;
Clad she was with morning light.

He approached and at her sight
 Boy was warm and cozy.
Rosie, rosie, rosy-red,
 In the heath the rosie.

Said the boy: I come to pick
 In the heath the rosie.
Rosie answered: I will prick
And forever make you sick;
 Yes! I shall oppose ye.
Rosie, rosie, rosy-red,
 In the heath the rosie.

Wanton boy did roughly pick
 In the heath the rosie.
Rosie said: I can yet prick,
Though you 've cut me to the quick,
 Though I can't oppose ye.
Rosie, rosie, rosy-red,
 In the heath the rosie.

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

Oh, my bewitching Lillie,
You need not look so chilly
 With your sweet open eyes!
Did you not, blindfold, find me
And charmingly remind me
 That buff will never heart disguise?

Did you not grasp me sprightly?
Did you not hold me tightly
  And draw me in your lap?
But, when the buff was taken
From you, I was forsaken
  And coldly left to blind-man's hap.

At this and that I stumbled,
On that and this I fumbled
  And all made sport of me;
And if you do not love me
There is no sun above me,
  Blindfolded shall I ever be.

CHRISTEL.

At times I 'm troubled with the spleen,
  By far too thick 's my blood;
But after having Christel seen
  I'm happy as a god.
I see her here, I see her there,
  And never clearly see
In what and how and when and where
  And why she pleases me.

Her eyes so roguish and so dark,
  The darker brows above,
If I but see their vital spark
  My soul is all in love.

Has any girl a cheek as round,
  A mouth as sweet as she?
Does not her breast in charms abound
  Which I do crave to see?

And when I in a lively dance
  May have of her a hold,
I swing around, improve my chance,
  And feel so strong and bold;
And when at last in giddiness
  She needs must to me cling
And gently does against me press,
  I 'm richer than a king.

When she forgets the world around,
  Is tenderness all through,
Then, blind to light and deaf to sound,
  I steal a kiss or two
And feel that there along the spine,
  Far down into my toe,
A feeling creeps, I can't define,
  Of happiness and woe.

And more I want and more I crave;
  I find too short the day,
And willingly the night I 'd brave
  And till the morning stay.
Next time I shall not leave, oh no!
  But yield to my desire
That I may either end my woe
  Or at her breast expire.

THE COY.

Shepherdess in early morrow
Walked in spring; with what she sung,
Young and pretty, without sorrow,
All the fields and meadows rung.
So la la, le ralla, etc.

Thyrsis offered her a pair of
Charming lambkins for a kiss.
Little rogue, no notice thereof
Did she take, nor did she miss.
So la la, le ralla, etc.

And another offered ribbons,
And a third his soul and heart.
Not for lambkins, heart nor ribbons
With a sweet kiss did she part.
So la la, le ralla, etc.

THE CONVERT.

In the sunset's rosy light
Through the woods I went along;
Damon fluted; clear and bright
Sounded from the rocks his song.
So la la, le ralla, etc.

And he caught the lonely rover,
Kissed me gently, and I staid;

And I begged: Now play it over!
   And the charming fellow played.
      So la la, le ralla, etc.

Gone is now my peace forever,
   Am not joyous, cannot be;
Never do I sing, and never
   Think but of his melody.
      So la la, le ralla, etc.

SALVATION.

UNFAITHFUL had I found my girl
   And every joy of life I hated.
   Down to the stream I went, ill-fated,
But little cared for me its whirl.

I stood there, speechless, in despair,
   With gloomy soul and thoughts appalling;
   Into the stream I came near falling,
So giddy was, so strange my stare.

When all at once and from behind
   A cry came, meant to be alarming!
   And then a voice, so sweet, so charming,
Rung out: The stream is dangerous, mind!

And all my frame on tiptoe stood;
   I turn and see a maiden rosy.
   I ask: What may I call you?—"Josie!"—
My dearest Josie, you are good!

From death you saved me, and I owe
My life to you, but that 's no blessing
Unless you make it worth possessing,—
Unless *you*, Josie, make it so.

I told her all about my sore,
And she with downcast eyes reflected,
But little to a kiss objected,
And I—I thought of death no more.

THE STUDENT.

THROUGH fields and woods I ramble,
I hum an air and gambol,
Going from place to place.
Each song I sing with pleasure
And with its time and measure
My limbs hold ever pace.

For dew I long, the pearly,
For garden flowers, the early,
For blossoms on the tree.
With songs I do them cherish,
In songs they will not perish,
Though cold the winter be.

Amidst the festive revel,
Upon the icy level
Are winter's bloom and flowers.

And, when they melt in fading,
The joy of promenading
  Upon the hills is ours.

Near linden-trees and cherry,
Where boys and girls are merry,
  I 'm singing while I stay.
The buxom girl who dances,
Her rustic beau who prances—
  They 're happy, they are gay.

With winged feet I 'm wending,
Up hill and down its bending,
  My way, and so I roam.
I 'm happy as a student,—
But—when will it be prudent
  To stay with her at home?

FOUND.

In silent forest
  Musing I went;
To nothing serious
  My mind was bent.

In shade, the deepest,
  A flower I spied,
Like starlight twinkling
  And gentle-eyed.

When I would pick it,
    It sweetly said:
You do not want me
    So soon to fade!

With all its rootlets
    I dug it out,
And to my garden
    Brought it to sprout.

And there I planted
    My darling flower.
It thrives and blossoms
    This very hour.

LIKE LOVES LIKE.

A LITTLE bluebell
    Had rapidly grown;
In early season
    It sweetly shone.
A bee came flying
    And touched its cup;
I think for each other
    They have grown up.

DUET.

The Indifferent.

Come, be my partner and join me in dancing!
  Dancing is one of the sports of the day.
Though not as yet I adore you, I may soon,
And if I shall not, we dance all the same.
Come, be my partner and join me in dancing!
  Dancing is one of the sports of the day.

The Tender-Hearted.

You, my beloved, you are all that I care for;
  Darling, without you what would be a dance!
Did I not love you I should not be dancing,
And if you love me my life is a feast.
  You, my beloved, you are all that I care for;
Darling, without you what would be a dance!

The Indifferent.

Let them rejoice in their loving! we dance here;
  Love sentimental unfits for the dance.
Whilst we are whirling around in the sunshine,
May be the others retire to the shade.
Let them rejoice in their loving! we dance here;
  Love sentimental unfits for the dance.

The Tender-Hearted.

Let them rejoice in their whirling! we walk here;
  Walking in love is a heavenly dance.

Amor is near and he hears them abuse him,
Will be avenged, very soon be avenged.
Let them rejoice in their whirling! we walk here;
    Walking in love is a heavenly dance.

SELF-DECEIT.

The curtain of my neighbor fair
    Is moving as I see;
I 'm sure she tries to spy from there
    Into my room and me,

To know if my small jealousies
    Have lasted through the day;
And, if they have, then she agrees
    They must not pass away.

Alas! No maiden thinks of me,
    Nor near the window stays;
The evening breeze, I clearly see,
    Around the curtain plays.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

Fair like country lasses,
    Would I were so fair!
Beneath a yellow straw hat,
    Pink ribbons in my hair!

Fair I am and shall not
    Doubt it any more.
To that but lately my young blood
    So fervently swore.

Now in spring, alas! is
    Gone my wintry joy;
The girls in the country
    My darling decoy.

And at this very hour
    Doff I waist and train,
Take more of a bodice,
    An overskirt plain.

Wear a yellowish hat,
    Over linen my stays,
Cut down with the others
    The clover apace.

Oh! how soon will he look
    For the fairest of all!
My wanton but dear boy
    Will beckon and call.

And I timidly bring
    Sweet surprise to his place;
He pinches my cheeks
    And he looks at my face,

The lady will drive
  All lasses away;
Superior weapons
  Will carry the day.

LOVER IN EVERY SHAPE.

I WISH I were a fish,
A frisky I wish;
  'Bout you I 'd dangle
  As long as you angle.
I wish I were a fish,
A frisky I wish.

I wish I were a horse;
You 'd love me of course;
  Should gladly obey you,
  In carriage convey you.
I wish I were a horse;
You 'd love me of course.

I wish I were a purse
Your fancies to nurse;
  All gold for your buying
  I should be supplying.
I wish I were a purse
Your fancies to nurse.

I wish I were true,
My pet ever new;

Forsake her I should not,
And travel I would not.
I wish I were true,
My pet ever new.

I wish I were cold,
Were wrinkled and old;
For, should you neglect me,
Less would it affect me.
I wish I were cold,
Were wrinkled and old.

Were I only an ape
Of ludicrous shape,
I 'd cheer and amuse you
When others abuse you.
Were I only an ape
Of ludicrous shape.

Were I gentle and good,
Were I savage in mood,
A lamb or a leopard,
A wolf or a shepherd;
Were I gentle and good,
Were I savage in mood,

For you only were
I all that I were
In rank and in station,
The best of my nation.

For you only were
I all that I were.

I am, though, what I am;
Take me as I am!
   Why yourself will you bother
   To look for another?
I am, though, what I am;
Take me as I am!

THE YOUNG GOLDSMITH.

Forsooth, my neighbor opposite
   Is such a charming fairy;
As soon as at my work I sit,
   I look across, but wary.

To ring or chain I bend the gold;
   Of wire I am not chary.
I ever think: Oh, could I hold
   And beat a ring for Mary!

And when she takes the shutters off,
   The shop looks clean and airy;
And customers she has enough;
   All want to buy of Mary.

I file the wire, and now and then
   I spoil a wire, unwary;
The master growls at careless men;
   May be, he blames my fairy.

She will, when no one 's there to buy,
  Her occupations vary;
Will spin, will gladly spin and why?
  Because she hopes, my Mary.

Her little foot so sweetly treads;
  I think of ankles fairy
And to what work the garter 's bred
  I gave my dearest Mary.

And then I see the finest thread
  Close by the lips of Mary;
If I were to that region led
  I 'd kiss my darling fairy!

JOY AND PAIN.

In the sea on rock projecting
  Once I sat a fisher-boy;
Treacherous gifts I was perfecting,
  Sure to please and to decoy.
Hook went down the tempter vicious,
  Fish came up afraid of naught,
And I hummed a song malicious
  When the little fish was caught.

Oh, on shore right up the hollow
  Into shady wilderness,
Charming footsteps did I follow
  Till I found the shepherdess,

Till I saw her speechless, gasping.
    Snapping like a knife she brought
Face to face in gentle clasping,
    And the stripling thus was caught.

On some shepherd she 's bestowing
    Kisses now for all I see;
I am sailing, I am rowing
    Out into the boisterous sea.
Though I 'm sorry that to gasping
    Little fish I must do harm,
Ever crave I for her clasping,
    For the clasping of her arm.

MARCH.

SNOW fell on hills and valley.
    The time is not yet near
When flowers and flowerets dally,
When flowers and flowerets dally
    And bring us gladsome cheer.

The sunshine, though intrusive,
    As yet gives little heat;
The swallow is delusive,
The swallow is delusive,
    For one can't do the feat.

How can I be elated
  Alone with coming spring?
Let me be fitly mated!
Let me be fitly mated!
  That will soon summer bring.

ANSWERS FOR A SOCIAL GAME.

The Lady.

WHAT will give a woman pleasure,
  Be she lady, be she plain?
Novelty will in a measure,
  When yet fresh, in her obtain;
But far more true faith she 'll treasure,
  Which, though fruits hang on the tree,
  Ever yet will blooming be.

The Young Gentleman.

Paris knew all shaded waters,
  All the nymphs in woods and cave;
But when Zeus sent his two daughters
  And his wife to him, he gave
Paris trouble;—and he falters,
  For, embarrassed by the choice,
  He at neither can rejoice.

The Experienced.

Flatter women, coax them gently,
  You 'll succeed, on that I bet,

Or be bold, be so intently!
   You may do much better yet;
But, appearing eminently
   Quiet as to your success,
   You will conquer and possess.

The Contented.

Man's desires and wants are many;
   Anger will and care annoy;
Life is but a miscellany
   Of vexation and of joy;
But the greatest boon of any
   Is a joyous, happy heart;—
   So with that I 'm taking part.

The Wag.

Who observes man's foolish action
   And is fond of finding fault,
Ever feels sweet satisfaction
   When by fools a fool he 's called.
He bears more than any beast of
   Burden treading to the mill.
So do I, and not the least of
   Burdens is my heavy will.

DIFFERENT SENTIMENTS ON THE SAME SPOT.

The Girl

I SAW him! He doubled
His steps. I am troubled
   With seeing the boy!

For me he is spying;
Alas! I am flying,
  Am blushing and coy.
Timidity pushes
Me into the bushes.
Ye rocks and ye tree-tops,
  Keep from him my joy!

The Young Man.

'T was here I espied her!
Oh! Nothing will hide her
  From amorous boy!
For me she was spying,
And then she was flying,
  The blushing and coy.
What is it that pushes
Me into the bushes?
Ye rocks and ye tree-tops,
  Surrender my joy!

The Sentimental.

On earliest morrow
Here breathe I my sorrow
  Disconsolate boy.
The world is so bitter,
So hateful its twitter
  To one who is coy.
Be silent forever,
My heart, and may never
Men know of my sorrow,
  My innermost joy!

The Hunter.

To-day was not chary
Of chance to the wary
And frolicksome boy.
Of hares I have many
And fowls miscellany
So hard to decoy.
And here without watching
Birds have I been catching.
Good luck to the sportsman!
And blessed be his joy!

WHO WILL BUY CUPIDS?

Of all the goods, the many
Here on the stand, not any
Will please you half as well as
The handsome things from Hellas
I have for you imported!
Look at my sweet and gay birds!
I keep them here for sale.

This big one is quite haughty,
Is wanton and is naughty,
Hops down with ease and agile
From strongest branch to fragile
And off he goes as quickly.
Don't lay on praise too thickly!

Look at my wanton gay bird!
I keep him here for sale.

Now by his side the little
Looks grave, but to a tittle
As bad he is and naughty
As there the big and haughty.
His wantonness in quiet,
Still waters will run riot.
That wicked little grave bird,
I keep him here for sale.

Of doves see here the idol
Whom gentle love will bridle!
The she-birds are so clever
And mannerly for ever.
At times she may have pleasure
In dressing, but in measure.
This charming little sweet bird,
I keep her here for sale.

I wont take a denial;
Submit them to a trial!
They 're fond of change and straying.
As to their ever staying
With you, that I don't warrant;
The wingèd are so arrant.
How pretty are my gay birds!
Good bargains are for sale.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Of ev'n the smallest sprinkling
Of sadness he seems free
At first, but in a twinkling
His face by owl-like wrinkling
Distorted do we see.
You ask: What can that be?
Love is it or ennui?
'T is both, I have an inkling.

FETTERS OF LOVE.

You do deserve my jeers and blame;
Bad, fickle girls, indeed you do!
You do not play at cards; your game
Is not to hold the Dave and Alexander;
A bow needs but one string; why squander
Your strings of life by having two?

Still, I am wretched for the nonce,
With wrinkled misanthropic face
A slave to love, a silly dance!
Would I were rid of love and sorrow!
Alas! its hold on me is thorough,
Not jeers, nor blame will it displace.

TRUE ENJOYMENT.

A maiden's heart you cannot capture
By throwing gold into her lap.

Love is a gift of sweetest rapture
  And if it comes, it comes at hap.
Of votes, perhaps, gold buys you many,
  But not a single heart it buys.
Pay for your girl, if you want any,
  With love and self! That is her price.

And if no sacred bond should bind you,
  Find in yourself a stronger chain!
You can't be free and happy, mind you,
  Unless your passions you restrain.
Love only one, your heart's selection!
  If she be pure and loving found,
Be guided then by true affection
  As if you were by duty bound.

Be sure of love, young friend, then woo her
  And be yourself the maiden's choice,
A good and pretty one's, and through her
  You 'll be the happiest of boys.
I 'm so myself, and so enchanting
  I find the absence of all strife
That nothing but a priest is wanting
  To give us charming, married life.

Naught does she fear but my displeasure,
  Her prettiness my mind enslaves;
She 's ardent with me but in measure,
  With others modestly behaves.

For fear time may our joys disfavor
She yields no privilege to me,
And what she gives is grace and favor
And ever thankful must I be.

I 'm frugal and rejoice whenever
She smiles at me so roguish, sweet,
Or when at table she 's so clever
To make a foot-stool of my feet,
To pass the apple she is eating,
The wine-glass from her lips to me,
Or when a kiss, a robbed and fleeting
Gives me a chance her breast to see.

And when in quiet conversation
She talks of love and of its bliss,
I listen to her lips' narration,
I ask for words, not for a kiss.
Her mind serene like th' azure vault is
Her words bewitchingly caress;
She 's perfect and her only fault is
That she loves me with tenderness.

In her I worship all that 's sainted
And still I long for her embrace.
Young man, for joy so pure, untainted
Look out and for your darling's grace!
When from her side grim death should take you,
You would without transition go
To where the angels' songs awake you
To joys of everlasting flow.

THE SHEPHERD

Was like the seven sleepers
One of the sheep-fold keepers;
He cared not for his sheep.

Was by a young girl shaken;
Then was the slug forsaken,
Gone appetite and sleep.

Went off, and hills he mounted;
At night the stars he counted;
His sorrow he drank deep.

Girl pitied him and took him;
Since then no more forsook him
Thirst, appetite and sleep.

THE PARTING.

Let my eyes bless thee in parting!
For my lips, they never can;
So much sadness, so much smarting
Hardly bears the strongest man.

Taking leave turns into sadness
Brightest smile on loving lip,
And thy kiss seems void of gladness,
Cold and lifeless feels thy grip.

Formerly a kiss, a fleeting
Modest kiss, though robbed and arch,

Gave me joy like that of meeting
  Violets in the month of March.

But I shall no more pick any
  Flowers for thee in harmless glee;
Spring has come, my dearest Fannie,
  But like fall it looks to me.

THE BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

Yes, I leave, but not with pleasure,
  Yonder hut, my darling's home,
And in slow and solemn measure
  Through the desert wood I roam.
Luna breaks through oaks and bushes,
  Zephyrs herald her advent,
Birches nod and at her pushes
  Incense by them freely spent.

Oh! I feel, there is a bracing
  Coolness in a summer's night,
And it helps me now in facing
  Joyously my soul's delight.
I am happy, am so, truly;
  Thank you, Sky, for favors done;
Still, a thousand nights I 'll duly
  Give you, if she gives me one.

JOY AND DREAM.

Were not our forms in dreams appearing
As hand in hand the altar nearing?
   Were you not bride? Was I not groom?
Has not the waking been awarded
Quite often in an hour unguarded
   Some stolen kisses' transient bloom?

All happiness,—and all the frantic
Enjoyment of our love romantic
   Has gone from us to time a prey.
The mortal loves and hopes and misses;
Like dreams will vanish sweetest kisses,
   And like a kiss joy pass away.

KEEPSAKE ALIVE.

A bow or ribbon, when you steal it
From your beloved and then conceal it,
Must charm you both, I feel it,
   For not to do so would be rough.
A veil, or neck-tie, ring or garter
Is certainly a pretty barter;
   But then for me that 's not enough.

A living part of her sweet being
My darling gave me after seeing
That she would please me by agreeing

To what I begged of her with grace.
Now I do scorn your childish pleasure!
Her hair I hold, a living treasure,
The ornament of fairest face.

That I can't see you, dear, does worry
My heart, but, though I 'm deeply sorry,
I can with you yet favor curry
By petting, kissing your own hair.
That relic like myself does suffer.—
It can no·more its homage offer
By playing round her features fair.

Did we not both court her intently?
Did we not stroke her soft cheeks gently,
And long and try most diligently
Her heaving bosom to caress?
You, rival by no means alarming,
You pretty gift, you, booty charming,
Remind me of sweet happiness.

SEPARATION'S BLISS.

DRINK, O youth, love's strongest essence
Daily from your darling's presence
And her image shape your dream!
Be the luckiest of lovers;
Yet, who 's far from her discovers
A still brighter, purer gleam.

Powers eternal, time and distance,
Overcome my blood's resistance.
   Gentle stars, they rule and bless,
Soothe my pangs, the wild and dreary
And from day to day more cheery
   Grows my heart, my happiness.

Not that of her I am thinking
Less, though I am eating, drinking,
   Though my mind is free and clear;
Still by some mysterious motion
Love has changed into devotion
   And desire to tranquil cheer.

In the azure of the vaulted
Sky, offspring of th' sun's exalted
   Fervor, never vapor staid
As my heart in joy serenest.
Free of fear and envy meanest
   I adore, I love my maid.

TO LUNA.

Sister of the dazzling light,
   Sad love's image, love 's in mourning!
   Silvery vapors are adorning,
Though they veil, thy features bright.
   As thy noiseless footsteps near
Creep the day-light's gloomy haters

From their holes; thy faithful waiters,
Night-birds are and I am here.

Far looks out thy gentle glance,
Searching over endless distance.
Would I could! With thy assistance
Soon I should be in a trance.
Let this once the erring knight
Rest his eyes in quiet rapture
On her windows! let his capture
Be a peep at her at night!

Contemplation, still and deep,
Ever soothes lonely sorrow.
From thy light I 'll freely borrow
To give sharpness to my peep.
And the more I look the more
Shall I see her fine forms clearly;
And thyself, didst thou not dearly
Watch Endymion of yore?

WEDDING-NIGHT.

Aloof from noise, within your sleeping
Apartment Amor trembles lest
Into the bridal room be creeping
Some cunning and intrusive guest.
A sacred, though a mystic glory
Streams from the pale but glowing light

And incense fills the dormitory,
  Anticipating your delight.

The clock will strike; the guests, admonished
  By it, will leave and you—will pray
Her sweetest lips, and she, astonished,
  Will not reply but will obey;
Will follow you, half forced, half willing,
  Into your home and sanctuary,
Whose sacred fire by Amor's stilling
  Burns dim, for but a lamp you see.

And from your kisses, your embraces
  Her face and neck will be on fire;
A yielding mood her chasteness graces,
  For dutiful is your desire.
And Amor, though with you he 's vieing
  To free her from attire and dress,
Will modestly abstain from spying
  And on his eyes both hands will press.

MISCHIEVOUS JOY.

WOULD that after death I could
  Borrow butterfly's bright cover,
    Flutter over here and yonder
  And through love's asylums hover,
    Past the brooks and meadows wander,
Over hills and through the wood.

Listen to a loving pair
Would I, on her bonnet seated,
From its flowerets downward peering.
All my joys by death defeated,
Will at once be re-appearing;
What I 've lost I 'll find it there.

Smiling she embraces him,
And his mouth grows bold and bolder,
Seeking heavenly enjoyment
On its way from neck to shoulder,
And her hands give it employment;
And I see it from the rim.

She espies the butterfly;
Frightened by her lover's rapture
Back she starts and off I flutter.
"Dearest, come! Come, help me capture
Little beauty!" she will utter;
"Look, he 's there! he is close by!"

INNOCENCE.

Virtue's sweet-voiced Philomela,
Source of tender love and care,
More than Byron, than Pamela
Thou art an ideal rare!
Where another fire is glowing
Vanishes thy feeble light;

Thou art ours without our knowing,
But we know and feel thy flight.

Goddess, once thou wert united
With us in the paradise,
And at day-break on delighted
Meadows thou dost yet arise.
Gentle poets in their dreaming
Spy thy vapors in the dawn;
Phoebus' light upon them streaming
Chases them and thou art gone.

APPARENT DEATH.

Weep here, ye girls! At Amor's grave lament!
A mere hap-hazard did of life deprive him.
But is he dead? To death in earnest bent?
A mere hap-hazard may again revive him.

PROXIMITY.

At times not like yourself, my pet,
More like a stranger you appear!
I have no joy when on all sides beset
By staring men and chatting misses;
But then, how quickly in a dark night's silent cheer,
How well I recognize you by your kisses.

NOVEMBER SONG.

NOT to old Sagittarius,
Who lures the sun away,
And takes all warming rays from us
By decking him with gray,—

To th' shooting boy these lines belong,
The playmate of the rose!
He knows for what we dearly long,
He aims,—his arrow goes.

He bade in dreary winter's night,
So hideous otherwise,
Some distant friends with us unite
And ladies whom we prize.

Henceforth his charming image may
Th' eternal zodiac grace!
May give us light upon our way
And show a smiling face!

TO THE CHOSEN.

BY your hands' and lips' sweet pressing,
Dearest girl, be true to me!
Fare you well!—Against your blessing
What are perils of the sea?—
But when after storm and danger
I again shall reach the port,
To all sense I 'd be a stranger,
Should I not with you disport.

Nothing has who nothing ventures:
  And I have so well begun.
Cowards fear a night's adventures,
  But my stars are brightest sun.
Were near you I idly seated,
  Possibly I might despair;
But by longing spurred and heated,
  Far from you the world I dare!

Ah! I know and love a valley
  And to future joys I look,
When we of an evening dally
  And behold the running brook;
Know the poplars, tall, enchanting,
  Know the beech-trees in the grove!
And a hut will not be wanting,
  For we cannot always rove.

FIRST LOSS.

Days of young love, pure and bloomy,
Have so wholly I lost your rapture
That no transient hour will proffer
To revive your happy bliss?

Lonely from my sore I suffer
And forever sad and gloomy
I bemourn departed bliss.

Days of young love, pure and bloomy,
Who revives your happy bliss?

AFTER-FEELING.

WHEN to vines bloom brings revival,
Wine in casks becomes unruly;
When with roses roses rival
Pangs at once upon me dart.

Tears gush from my eyes; I 'm sobbing
Sadly, sweetly, ever newly,
And I feel there is a throbbing,
Fearful throbbing in my heart.

But when I begin to reason,
To myself confess I duly
That it was at such a season
Doris pressed me to her heart.

SWEETHEART'S NEARNESS.

I THINK of thee when sunlight bright is doting
Upon the sea;
I think of thee when moonlight pale is floating
On river's glee.

I see thee when on roads o'er distant ridges
The dust flies up;
In depth of night afraid on narrow bridges
Wayfarers stop.

I hear thee when the surf with roars and howling
The rock attains;

Through desert woods in search of sounds I 'm prowling
Where silence reigns.

I am with thee in spite of endless distance,
Thou 'rt near to me!
The sun goes down. O stars, with your assistance
Him may I see!

PRESENCE.

HERALDED is thy approach
Already the sun has arisen;
Soon thou wilt follow, I hope.

If in the garden thou shinest,
Thou wilt be the sweetest of roses,
Whitest of lilies, forsooth!

Shouldst thou be willing to dance,
At once in their orbits the planets
With thee, around thee revolve.

Night! Is it really night?
In grace thou outshinest the softest
Moonlight's enravishing face.

Lovely, inviting thou art
And flowerets, the stars and the moon swear
Proudly allegiance to thee.

Glorious light, be to me
A giver of earthly enjoyment!
Life and eternity give!

TO THE ABSENT.

So I have lost you! Cannot doubt it,
And you have gone from me, my dear!
Left me alone to think about it
When with your voice yet rings my ear!

Just as the wanderer's gaze will vainly
Be turned into the morning air
To see the lark whose song so plainly
Descends to him from over there.

Just so in vain a sad, persistent
Gaze on these fields and woods I turn.
My songs call loud for you, the distant;
Oh come, beloved! Oh do return!

BY THE RIVER.

Into oblivion's sea be floating,
Ye songs of love! That is your doom.
Unsung by young men, true and doting,
Unheard by maidens in their bloom.

I thought her fair, and true I thought her;
    Her friend she never will betray!
I sang. She did. Thrown into water
    Were you, my songs; so float away!

SADNESS.

Charming roses, you have faded;
    Never saw her pretty face.
Would you had! True love unaided
    Did not shield me from disgrace.

Sadly of the bliss of yonder
    Days I dream, my angel dear;
Through my garden would I wander,
    For the first of rose-buds peer.

Would each early flower and berry
    Lay with rapture at your feet,
And my heart would, hopeful, merry
    In my angel's presence beat.

Charming roses, you have faded;
    Never saw her pretty face.
Would you had! True love unaided
    Did not shield me from disgrace.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

To break our word is so inviting,
So hard our duty to fulfill;
A promise which we gave by spiting
Our heart, is it a promise still?

Again your siren-song you vary,
And him who 's hardly yet resigned
Into new dangers you entice, unchary
And to all consequences blind.

What you are after why not show it?
Had truth not better be employed?
Sooner or later I must know it:
Take back your word! I make it void.

I 've done my part as was expected.
Henceforth I shall no more be in your way.
Excuse your parting friend if, mournful and collected,
He would for leave of absence pray.

CHANGE.

On gravel I lie in the brook and in rapture,
With tender embraces the billow I capture,
The coming; it sinks on my feverish breast.
The flirt will forsake but will little distress me.
Another approaches: will love and caress me.
Change gives to my joy a peculiar zest.

And yet you are sad and you squander in sorrow
The vigor of youth and the brightness of morrow
For one who has loved you and loves you no more.
Revive your desires and indulge them discreetly!
The lips of the second will kiss you as sweetly
As those of the first ever kissed you before.

REFLECTION.

WHAT, I ask, shall man be after?
Shall he stay at home, be quiet,
And as steady as a rafter?
Shall he stir and move and riot?

Shall he pitch a tent, a lonely?
Build a hut where men assemble?
Build on rock's foundation only?
But ev'n rocks at times will tremble.

Ev'n is not for odd the measure!
What one likes makes others grumble.
Each according to his pleasure.
Onward, man! and do not stumble!

THE SAME.

NEVER by weeping,
Dreaming and sleeping,

Coward desisting
Any existing
Evil you conquer,
Nor will you be free!

Spirit and body
Throw in the bloody
Struggle, be daring,
Never despairing!
Gods are assisting
The brave, you will see.

CALM OF THE SEA.

SILENCE reigns in deepest water,
Motionless the sea is bound,
And uneasy sees the sailor
Level smoothness all around.
Not a breath of air will muffle
Through the stillness of a grave,
Nor the sleeping ocean ruffle
Gentlest stirring of a wave.

GOOD VOYAGE.

DISPERSED are the vapors,
The sky is transparent
And Æolus loosens
The strings in his hand.

Untied is the zephyr,
At work is the sailor.
Be quick! Be attentive!
The waves we are cutting,
The distance is shortened
And land I espy.

COURAGE.

Careless over the tempting plain,
Where not yet the boldest of bold
Predecessors paved you the way,
Cut a road for yourself!
Quiet, darling, my love,
Though 't crack, break it will not!
Though 't break, never with you!

MEMENTO.

Neither far away nor hidden,
At your door lies every good;
Nor is luck to you forbidden,
Only master it you should.

WELCOME AND PARTING.

Get on your horse! my heart commanded;
'T was almost sooner done than thought.

Rest had to men, eve, gentle handed,
    And blackest night to th' mountains brought.
Upon the road a threatening giant
    With vapors clad the oak appeared,
Whilst out of bushes, bold, defiant,
    With hundred eyes grim darkness peered.

The moon, by clouds assailed and hidden,
    Gave cowardly a feeble light;
The wingèd air, by tempest ridden,
    Around my ears trembled with fright.
A thousand monsters night created,
    But bold my spirits were and strong;
My heart was joyous, was elated,
    And in my veins what fiery throng!

I saw thee, and the rays of gladness
    From out thine eyes entered my soul.
Near thee my heart breathed free of sadness,
    Each breath for thee, for thee the whole.
Her lovely face in softness vernal
    Announced, a harbinger of bliss,
That she would give me, gods eternal!
    An undeserved but hoped-for kiss.

Too soon, alas! daylight oppresses
    With its behest of instant leave
Our sweet but innocent caresses
    And makes our souls despairing grieve.

I left; downward she looked, unwilling
To show her eyes with tears beset.
Oh! to be loved is rapture thrilling,
To love thee greater rapture yet!

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

Heart, my heart, where are you drifting?
Tell me of your wants and needs!
What the strange unusual shifting
Of desires within you breeds!
You forsake what once you cherished;
Former cares and grief have perished;
Gone is all your life and rest—
Are you happy or unblest?

Is it that her bloom, the early,
That her form or graceful ways,
That her glance the soft and pearly
All my will and feeling sways?
Though at times I feel that duty
Warns me I should flee her beauty,
Still I can't; I try in vain,
Back to her I must again.

With a magic string she ties me
That no strength of mine can tear;
Bold though gentle she defies me,
Yonder charming fairy there.

Have to live the way she orders,
Stay within her kingdom's borders.
    What a change has taken place!
    Love, have pity! Love, have grace!

TO BELINDA.

Why so irresistibly entice me
    Into splendor bright
Who, a happy boy, would let suffice me
    Stillness of the night?

Secretly into my room did lately
    Friendly Luna creep;
Fixedly she gazed at me the stately
    And I fell asleep.

Dreamt and felt for many hours unmeasured,
    Unalloyed delight.
With a joyous heart I loved, I treasured
    Held your image bright.

Am I happy when your presence graces
    Games for sordid gold?
When I must the most unwelcome faces
    Patiently behold?

Not by any means your charms possesses
    Early bloom of spring,
When you, angel, bring me love that blesses,
    When you Nature bring.

MAY-SONG.

To ME all nature
New vigor shows;
In dazzling sunlight
The young grass grows.

All trees in blossom
In vale and hill;
A thousand voices
The bushes fill.

And joy and pleasure
In every heart.
Oh earth! Oh sunshine,
How kind thou art!

Oh love of lovers,
Thy image lights
Like morning vapors
On yonder heights!

Thou blessest gently
The harrowed field,
Wishest the blossoms
In time may yield.

Oh maiden, maiden,
Love you too well!
Your eye let nowhere
But on me dwell!

Fond as the lark is
  Of air and song,
And flowers at day-break
  For dew-drops long,

So long for you I
  With passioned heart!
You bring me vigor
  And you impart

The love of poems
  And new-born glee.
Be blessed! Be happy!
  But do love me!

WITH A PAINTED RIBBON.

Fairy flowers and leaves as fairy
  With a light fantastic hand
Wove for me into an airy
  Ribbon Cupids soft and bland.

Wingèd Zephyr, serve me truly,
  Pass it round my darling's dress!
May her mirror show it duly
  To her mirth and happiness!

She will see that roses hold her
  Who herself is like a rose.
Pleased will smile the fair beholder,
  And my heart with rapture glows.

Look! if there is not within thee
   What I feel! Give me thy hand!
Not like roses will I win thee,
   For I am not soft and bland.

WITH A GOLD NECK-CHAIN.

This little chain, may I not send it?
   With thousand arms, all pliant bred,
It craves your neck. To them do bend it!
   Let them be happy and well sped!

Why not accord a beau a harmless,
   A modest innocent desire!
And in the day the chain 's not charmless.
   Drop it at night when you retire!

But when some one to you will offer
   A weightier chain of firmer hold,
Well may you pause at such a proffer!
   Not at your prudence shall I scold.

TO CHARLOT.

Charlot, though I am immersed in pleasure,
   Though my heart is sore, my mind not bright,
Still your image do I, no!—we both do treasure
   As we saw it on that night

When at sunset you had charmed us
  By a friendly welcome, and your face,
  Like the sweet surroundings of your place
  Beaming with an inborn grace,
Quick and cheerily had warmed us.

Glad I am I called you "good and true"
  When I met you first and judged you rightly,
  And what to my heart seemed clear and sightly
Without hesitation said to you.

From a modest, quiet home's seclusion
  Suddenly into the world we pass;
See of stirring life a wild profusion,
  Now we 're pleased and now displeased, alas!
Or are vexed and find that hourly our unruly
  Fancy by successive waves is tossed.
What at first we thought we cherished truly
  In the world's tempestuous sea is lost.

Well I know that we at times are bidden
  Quietly to bear a smart.
Who can know our feelings hidden,
  Charlot, who our silent heart?
Still it *would* be known and like a tributary
  Join the waters of a sympathetic stream,
Would, though life of happiness be chary,
  Onward float and of true friendship dream.

Then we search for a responsive heart, but vainly.
  There is none to help us on our way

And in frivolous distractions mainly
   Life's best part we throw away.
What you love one day the next will perish,
   Everlasting only be your pain.
'T is impossible a world to cherish
   Which has o'er again
Played so false with you, in hope and sorrow
   Kept so passively aloof from you!
Rather than the shape of blessing borrow
   You will mind and—heart subdue.

In such a mood to look at you was pleasure.—
   She 's worth the love of purest boy!
I said and prayed to God for blessing's fullest measure
   Which you, my friend, now at her side enjoy.

ON THE LAKE.

Is NOT my blood by change of food
   With new-born vigor blessed?
And does not Nature, kind and good,
   Now take me to her breast?
Our boat is rocked by gentle wave
   And driven by the oar,
And mounts that bold the welkin brave
   Seem nearer than before.

Why away from here you wander,
Ye, mine eyes, to visions yonder?
Off! thou dream; though sweet thy spell,
Here is life and love as well.

On the billows tremble
    Lights in glittering rapture;
Rising fogs assemble
    Distant peaks to capture;
Cooling morning breezes
    Fill the shadowy bay;
Lake's reflection pleases
    Verdure fresh and gay.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

DEAREST Lillie, if I did not love you,
    Would I ask for more than such a sight?
Or is it perhaps because I love you,
    Lillie, that I can in this and that delight?

WITH A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

THESE flowers the way I dressed them
    Greet you a thousand times!
I stooped for them and blessed them
    Perhaps a thousand times,
And to my heart I pressed them
    A hundred thousand times.

IN SUMMER.

ON lanes anew
How blinking the dew!

With pearly drops
How heavy the cups!
Soft breezes push
From bushes to bush!
Up in the air the sunlight's heat
The little warblers gayly greet!

But when I there
My maiden so fair
Met at a place
So little in space,
From sun's bright ray
So hidden away,
What did I care for all the earth,
Its light, its songs, and wider berth!

MAY-SONG.

Past the wheat or the corn,
Past the hedges or thorn,
  Past the meadow and trees,
    Where 's my darling?
  Tell me, please!

  Not at home I
    Found my dear;
  Longing roam I,
    Seek her here.

May brings ever
Blossoms sweet;
Shall I never
Darling meet?

Near the rock, by the brook
Where so gladly I took
First kiss given to me,
What do I see?
Is it she?

FORWARD SPRING.

HAIL! the reviving
Spring is at hand!
Forest is thriving,
Sunny the land!

Streamlets are flying
Richer in blood
Kindly the dying
Meadows to flood.

Th' air is so bracing,
Blue is the sky!
Fishes are racing
Golden and spry.

Bright in their plumage
Birds are about;
Whilst doing homage
Gayly they shout.

Blossoms are covering
    Shrubbery and trees;
Humming and hovering
    Suck busy bees.

There is a budding
    Stir everywhere,
Greeting and nodding
    Fragrance of air.

Is not a stronger
    Breath to be heard?
Not any longer;—
    May be, I erred.

No! for I feel it
    Still in my breast.
Muse, oh reveal it
    Why I am blest,

Why in a twinkling
    All is revived!
Muse has an inkling:
    Darling arrived.

AUTUMNAL SENTIMENT.

Grow luxuriantly, vines,
Along the espalier
Till my window you reach!
Draw near each other,

Swell, twin-berries, and ripen
Sooner to deepest color!
Enjoying the last of sunshine's
Parting rays, you are warmed by
Serenest azure's
Loving affection;
Are cooled by the moonlight's
Magical soothing breath
And are forever bedewed
From out mine eyes with
A tender perpetual yearning's
Enlivening moisture.

LOVE WITHOUT REST.

THROUGH torrent pouring
And tempest roaring,
Through cleft and hollow
The mist I follow:
Never stop, never stop,
Neither die nor drop.

Less are distressing
Hardship and suffering
Than is a blessing
Incessantly offering.
Our hearts' everlasting
Turning and bending

Gives us a blasting
Pain, an unending.

No flight will avail me,
Heart ever fail me;
Fruitless endeavor!
Mine be forever
Love without rest,
Blest or unblest!

SHEPHERD'S LAMENTATION.

FULL many a day and often
On yonder hill I lie;
And, leaning anxiously forward,
Into the valley I spy.

My sheep are moving and grazing,
My dog will guard them for me.
I 've come to the foot of the mountain,
As all of a sudden I see.

Before me stretches the meadow
With all its flowerets in bloom;
I pluck one after the other,
But little I know for whom.

I heed neither rain nor storm-cloud
When standing under the tree;
I wait, but the door is not opened
And naught but visions I see.

There, certainly, stands a rainbow
    Right over yonder hut;
But she is away and left it,
    Has gone to a distant spot.

Has gone to the plains and beyond them,
    Perhaps she has crossed the sea.
Pass onward, my sheep, pass onward!
    The shepherd has lost his glee.

COMFORT IN TEARS.

Why are you sad when all the world
    In festive glee appears?
Your eyes cannot conceal the truth,
    You have been shedding tears.

"And if I have been shedding tears
    In silence and alone,
My heart was comforted by them,
    My pain has milder grown."

Your joyous friends invite you now,
    Oh come, be glad with us!
If you have what you cherished lost,
    Confide to us your loss!

"You revel and you do not know
    What cares upon me throng.
Oh no! By no means have I lost
    For what in vain I long."

Rise quickly, then, in hopeful mood!
For you are young as yet.
With vigor in the prime of life
There 's chance the prize to get.

"I cannot get what I desire,
It is so very far;
Beyond my reach it shines so bright
As yonder twinkling star."

Who covets or desires the stars!
They gladden by their light,
And raptured we look up to them
In every cloudless night.

"And raptured I look back upon
More than one happy day;
But when at night I needs must weep
Then kindly say, I may."

NIGHT-SONG.

On softest pillow dreaming
Listen but half to me!
To music gently streaming
Slumber! So must it be!

To music gently streaming,
Blessed by the stars, I see
My heart itself redeeming.
9 Slumber! So must it be!

My heart itself redeeming
Lifts me and carries me
Beyond all earthly scheming.
Slumber! So must it be!

Beyond all earthly scheming
Am I, but near to thee,
Night's cold a blessing deeming.
Slumber! So must it be!

Night's cold a blessing deeming
Little I ask from thee.
On softest pillow dreaming
Slumber! So must it be!

LONGING.

What writhes within me?
What lures me to roam?
What wrings and what twists me
And drives me from home?
Dispersed are the vapors
And clear is the sky.
To th' rocks in the distance
Oh, could I but fly!

A sociable covey
Of ravens I spy;
I hasten to join them
And with them I fly.

Near hillocks and buildings
  We rock and we sweep;
I know that she lives there,
  For her do I peep.

I see her;—she rambles;—
  And, leaving the brood,
I hide as a songster
  Myself in the wood.
She stops and she listens
  And thinks in her glee:
"He warbles so sweetly,
  He warbles for me."

Whilst loveliest sunset
  Is gilding the heights
She muses; in that she
  But little delights.
She follows the streamlet
  Through meadow and lane;
Dark night is approaching,
  Is veiling the plain.

And all of a sudden
  I shine like a star.
"What twinkles above me,
  So near and so far?"
You may with amazement
  Have gazed at my light,
Now let me in kneeling
  Before you delight!

TO MIGNON.

Over vale and stream is carried
Gloriously the sun's bright chariot.
    In his course he will awake
Just as surely our deep smart
In the heart
    As another day will break.

Nor is night itself a blessing;
For unwelcome, sad, distressing
    Is the aspect of my dreams,
And the old undying smart
In my heart
    Secretly with anguish teems.

Many years I have been spying
In the stream the vessels plying;
    Every one has come to port.
But alas! The ruthless smart
Of my heart
    Not in current will disport.

Clad I am with festive dresses
Taken from my trunk's recesses;
    For to-day 's a holiday.
No one thinks that with my smart
All my heart
    Suffers, bleeds and is not gay.

Secretly I weep forever,
Cheerful, though, appear and clever,
And my face I tinge with red.
If 't were deadly this my smart
To my heart,
Long ago I should be dead.

MOUNTAIN-CASTLE

Up there upon yonder mountain
An ancient castle stands,
At whose gates whilom in ambush
Lay knights with horses and hands.

Its gates and doors are in ashes
And stillness reigns in the place;
Its walls are crumbling to pieces;
Unhindered I enter and pace.

Near by here was a cellar,
Was full of delicious wine,
But neither the buxom waiter
I see nor the tankards fine.

No more she serves the assembled
Loud guests as in days of yore,
Nor fills for the holy communion
The cup of the priest any more.

No more she stops in the passage
To offer the squire a drink,

Nor takes for so welcome a favor
His thanks just as welcome I think.

For all the ceilings and rafters
Have long ago been burned,
And staircase, landing and chapel
Been into rubbish turned.

But when with bottle and cithern
In sunshine warming and bright
I saw my prettiest darling
One day climb up to the height,

Then suddenly cheeriest comfort
Came back to the ruined walls
They had as solemn an aspect
As whilom had had the halls;

As if for guests of distinction
Prepared were parlor and room,
As if they expected a couple,
The bride along with her groom

As if the priest in the chapel
Were ready the union to bless,
To ask: Will you have each other?—
We smilingly answered: Yes!

A chorus, sweet but impressive,
We heard in our innermost heart;
The echo loudly on all sides
Assumed the witnesses' part.

And when in the lull of the evening
All nature with sympathy teemed,
The sun from the distant horizon
Once more on the mountain gleamed.

He greets the squire and the waiter
As lords of the ancient domain;
She offers, he thanks her for favors
Now over and over again.

THE GHOST'S GREETING.

THERE stands upon the ancient tower
The hero's noble ghost;
To every ship at every hour
He brings his standing toast.

"Time was my muscles were like stones,
My heart was firm and bold,
With knightly marrow filled my bones,
With wine my goblet gold.

"Full half my life I wildly spent,
Then stretched my limbs at ease.
Ye, men on board to ventures bent,
May favor you the breeze!"

TO A GOLDEN HEART HE WORE ON HIS NECK.

CHERISHED token of a bliss that vanished,
Firmly on my breast you keep your station.

And, though from our hearts all mutual faith is banished,
You do spin out our love's too short duration!

Lillie, though far apart, it seems we cannot sever,
For I have ever
Your prisoner from vales to hills been taken.
So easily my Lillie's heart
From mine could not be shaken.

When a caged bird in his start
For freedom tears the thread,
He takes as a stamp of disgrace
One end of the thread to his chosen place.
No more like a free-born bird's is a heart
That once in captivity bled.

BLISS OF SADNESS.

Do not dry, do not dry,
Tears of a love everlasting!
Alas! To eyes half dried but burning
How lifeless the world, how cold it appears!
Do not dry, do not dry,
Tears of a love unrequited!

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

THOU who comest from above,
All our pain and suffering stillest,

The disconsolate with love
  And with cheering comfort fillest,—
Tired of ecstasy unwitty
  Am I, of incessant smart
Peace, have pity!
  Take possession of my heart!

THE SAME.

In the tops the highest
  Is rest,
And thou espiest
  Naught but blest
Stillness around.
  Thou wilt like the birds out of number
  Fall into slumber
Tranquil and sound.

HUNTER'S EVENING SONG.

Through fields I stole, a hunter wild,
  My fowling-piece in hand,
When suddenly your image smiled
  On me, your image bland.

Perhaps you ramble still and mild
  Through fields and down the vale.
Have you but for a moment smiled
  Upon the image pale

Of him whose wearied body draws
A moody, bitter heart
Along from east to west because
He had with you to part?

I feel, if I but think of you,
The full moon's soothing light.
A gentle peace all through and through
Chases away my spite.

TO THE MOON.

BUSH and vale again you fill
With transparent haze,
Bliss and comfort you distill
Out of your soft rays;

Look on what is mine, or was,
Soothing from on high,
Like a friend into the cause
Of my pains you spy.

To the echoes of the past
Listens now my heart.
Lonesome am I, but am cast
Midst its joy and smart.

Stream away, you darling stream!
Bliss is gone, alas!
So has gone our rapture's gleam,
With the troth it has.

Still I feel I once possessed
What was earthly bliss;
Of remembering what was blessed
We can never miss.

Murmur, stream, and flow along
Restless through the vale!
Murmur, whisper to my song
Your melodious tale!

How in waning winter's night
You with anger swell,
Or in spring and sunshine bright
Thirsty meadows well.

Happy is who without hate
From the world retires,
And conjointly with a mate
Like him in desires,

Does enjoy what hardly guessed,
Hardly known to man
In his labyrinthian breast
Hidden life began.

SELF-RESTRAINT.

WHAT I like here I cannot say,
Nor why I do not get away
And spell-bound in this circle stay.

Am I not wont to strangest fate
At all times quickly to surrender?
Do I not feel that it of late
Has threatened me with thankless tender?
Would I had measured all things rightly!
Just now I have to stand aloof
And strong, against misgiving proof,
I firmly hope that coming days will shine more brightly.

HOPE.

What my hands have undertaken,
Shall not be by thee forsaken!
Strength I need, for I am weary,
But no empty dream I cherish:
These my leafless sets wont perish
But give shade and fruit, the cheery.

PROPERTY.

I know, naught does to me belong
But my own thoughts as they freely throng
Upon my soul overflowing;
But my own faculty to enjoy
Whatever fate of transient joy
Upon me is bestowing.

TO LINA.

DEARESt, if these songs should ever
Reach you, go then, be so kind,
To the piano bright and clever,
Thinking that I stand behind.

Touch the chords and set them ringing,
Now and then look at the book!
Do not read! Be always singing!
All is yours, you need not look.

Printed with unfeeling letters,
Any poem cheerless grows
Which will lay a heart in fetters
When it from your sweet lips flows.

Social Songs.

Songs in which we all take part,
Come from heart and go to heart.

SOCIAL SONGS.

NEW-YEAR SONG.

NEAR the beginning,
Near to the ending
Year we are wending
Hither our way.
Trusting in future,
Let us the rival
New-Year's arrival
Musing delay!

Parted at times by
Hateful employment,
Neither enjoyment,
Shared we nor pain;
Happier days, though,
Soon reunited
All and invited
Merriest strain.

Pleasure or sorrow!
  Neither we banish;
  Joyous and clannish
Think of the year.
    Fate ever kindly
  Gave us protection;
  Old in affection
Young we appear.

Fortune and fate were
  Mild and caressing.
  Many a blessing
Do we enjoy;
    Gratefully cherish
  Glee unaffected,
  Or an accepted
Love, or a coy.

Some, in familiar
  Faces a wrinkle
  Noticing, sprinkle
Pitying dew;
    But we are warmed by
  Sympathy cheering;
  Newly appearing
Welcome the new.

Just as in dancing
  Partners will ever
  Smilingly sever,

Smiling return,
Let us in life have
Smiles for the flying,
Smiles for the nighing
Year in its turn!

GLEE-CLUB ANNIVERSARY.

Why in the garden, neighbor fair,
Alone do I you see?
If fields and house you will attend
Let me your servant be!

To th' waiting maid my brother went,
Will not let her have rest;
A cooling drink she gave to him
And kiss the doubly blest.

My cousin is a clever wight
And sweet upon the cook;
He turns the spit for her and takes
His pay in loving look.

These six a party jubilant,
Consumed a wholesome meal,
When couple number four with songs
Into the hall did steal.

And welcome came and welcomed was
The merry number five,

So full of news and anecdotes,
To happy jokes alive.

There was yet room for riddles, wit,
For charming social game,
But for a moment only, for
The sixth of couples came.

Still one was missing yet, indeed,
And missing much it was.
A loving couple came at last,
A faithful,—let me pause!

Be sociable, eat undisturbed!
There is no lack of spice.
In one another now enjoy
The sacred seven twice!

SPRING ORACLE.

Will you, bird prophetic, you
Friendly songster, you cuckoo,
In the most enchanting season
With a youthful couple reason?
Listen, dearest bird, oh do!
Yes! you will; but answer, you,
Your cuckoo, your cuckoo,
More and more cuckoo, cuckoo.

Do you hear, to plight our troth
Right before the altar-cloth
Is our wish; and virtue's blessing,
Being young, we are possessing.
Will it be so very late?
Say, how long have we to wait!
Hark! Cuckoo! Hark! Cuckoo!
Nothing more; I counted two.

That is not so very late;—
Two years more we have to wait.
Will our hearts, at last united,
Be by pa-pa-pa delighted?
We shall certainly not cry,
If you many prophesy.
One! Cuckoo! Two! Cuckoo!
And so on cuckoo, cuckoo, koo.

There will, if we counted right,
Half a dozen give delight.
Now, pray, do reveal us whether
Long we shall both live together!
That we do not wish to quit
Very soon, we must admit.
Koo, cuckoo, koo, cuckoo,
Koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo.

Life is such a joyous feast,
Seems unlimited at least.

But, if many years are given,
Will our troth be never riven?
If that ever came to pass,
All would then be gone, alas!
Koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo, koo.
(Gracefully *ad infinitum.*)

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

How welcome was and truly
In time this vernal rain!
Dear wife, has it not newly
Shed blessings on the plain?
Through bluest sky with endless
Delight our eyes can roam;
Here is no creature friendless,
For love has here its home.

Look at those doves alighting,
A snow-white bride and groom,
Where near the hedge inviting
Our double violets bloom.
There, with each other vieing,
We 've plucked a bunch of old,
And of our love undying
Have first each other told.

But when our troth was plighted
In church by solemn "Yes,"

We left the priest delighted,
   Quite sure of happiness.
Then seemed the sun much brighter,
   Much friendlier the moon,
And every burden lighter
   And life a glorious boon.

Some thousand times and over
   Our covenant was sealed,
In groves, in blooming clover,
   In bush or in the field.
From ruined walls to hollow
   Along the rocky steep
Was Amor sure to follow
   Ev'n into waters deep.

A happy two, we could not
   But think two must it be;
But fate decreed we should not
   And told us we were three.
And four, five, six at table
   Were seated in due time.
Now all that growth is able
   To live in every clime.

And in the plains unbounded
   That house there near the brook
By poplar trees surrounded,
   Does it not cheerful look?

Who, having wrought and waited,
Has built the house and shed?
Who but our fitly mated,
Our good and active Fred.

And where the brook is flowing
With haste in rocky bed,
On whom is it bestowing
Its everlasting tread?
Some men are fond of speaking
Of millers' pretty wives;
We know his wheels are creaking,
We know our son there thrives.

But where the grass so brightly
Around the chapel grows,
The pine-tree, tall and sightly,
Its branches upward throws,
There are our children sleeping
Who prematurely died;
Though mourning them and weeping
We still in God confide.

I see down hill is turning
A glittering host of men;
Our army is returning,
And peace they won again.
But who with flying banner
Does proudly lead the way?

I know his gait and manner,
   It is our Charles, I say!

Now will her guest, her dearest
   Receive his longing bride;
The day is near, is nearest
   With him to be allied.
Then will our friends assemble,
   All will most happy be;
More than the rest will tremble
   With joy our youngest three.

By music's lively measures
   Let us our mirth enhance,
And think of by-gone pleasures
   And how we liked to dance;
Think that another blessing
   May come within a year.
There 's nothing like caressing
   A grandchild! Is there, dear?

FRATERNITY SONG.

In future, when in merry
   And genial mood we meet
Our cares in glee to bury,
   Let us this song repeat!
Are we not here united
   By God and in His name?
A fire which He has lighted
   Will warm with cheerful flame.

To-day it blazes brightly;
  At one are one and all.
May happiness as sprightly
  In future to us fall!
Drink of the wine, the purest,
  And each fraternal kiss
Shall be a pledge, the surest,
  Of past and coming bliss!

No present member suffers
  From melancholy mood,
For sweetest comfort proffers
  Sincerest brotherhood.
So shall it be forever!
  Heart cling to kindred heart!
No discord shall us sever,
  No anger shall us part!

For God gave us His blessing
  And made us open-eyed.
Is not the world progressing?
  Is it not far and wide?
Our impulse, never harrowed
  By whims, is bold and strong;
Our thoughts, by fear not narrowed,
  Upon our fancy throng.

With every footstep brightens
  The prospect of our life,
And every progress heightens
  Our honest onward strife.

We do not fear, nor tremble
 Upon our chosen way,
And often shall assemble
 As we have done to-day.

EVERLASTING IN CHANGE.

WOULD for *one* hour only lasted
 Sweetest charm of forward spring!
But already blossoms blasted
 In the air by myriads swing.
Shall my eyes with leaves be flattered?
 Shall I pray for cooling shade?
Soon by storms they will be scattered
 And much sooner they will fade.

If of greens you are a lover,
 Take your share without delay!
When their ripeness you discover
 Is the seed not far away.
After heavy rains will ever
 Change the valley and the brook,
And in swimming you will never
 Twice upon one billow look.

And yourself! The sights that greatly
 You in former times admired,
Ruins, walls and palace stately
 From your vision have retired.

Shriveled has your lip that boldly
  Craved a sympathetic mate,
And no more your foot is coldly
  Challenging the chamois' fate.

Ev'n your hand so quick and ready
  Formerly to help and bless,
Though yet vigorous and steady
  Shows some signs of weariness.
What you now are fond of calling
  By your old familiar name
Is a billow, rising, falling,
  Bound to go the way it came.

Draw the end and the beginning,
  Draw them quickly into one!
Yours will be an honest winning
  When you feel what you have done.
In the Muses' faithful keeping
  Will eternally endure
What in thought you have been reaping
  And your love of what is pure.

TABLE-SONG.

Really, I do not know
  Why I feel so merry.
Is it that up to the stars
  Unawares I flurry?

But I must in candor say:
Great is not my hurry,
Since I can in wine and song
Every trouble bury.

Do not call what I just said
Silly or alarming!
For, indeed, upon the earth
Everything is charming.
Therefore solemnly I swear
That, afraid of harming
Others and myself, I shall
Hold to it by farming.

But considering that as yet
We are all united,
Neither wine nor poets' words
Should by us be slighted.
Some of ours will leave us soon
Whereat we are spited,
But to drink with them once more
Let us be delighted!

Those who foster life shall live!
That 's my doctrine, truly;
First of all then live our king!
Him we honor duly.
Off he keeps our outer foes
And our inner ruly;

How to make us rich and strong
He deliberates coolly.

Now I toast my lady fair
Whom I love so dearly,
Inwardly each cavalier
Sees his own love clearly.
If a lady in our midst
Out and out, or nearly
Feels she 's meant, and does not thank,
She will act most queerly.

Now the third I bring to friends
Who, alive and clever,
With me what I have and dream
To enjoy endeavor,
From my mind all moodiness
Gently cut and sever;
Old or new, may long they live!
Be my friends forever!

First a streamlet, now a brook,
Wider grows our feeling
And we toast all those who have
Virtue and fair dealing;
For they teach us that no sore
Is without a healing,
If we to ourselves and friends
Strongly are appealing.

Many are in many spots
   Like ourselves in session;
May they cherish in their hearts
   Every good's possession!
Many mills enjoy in turn
   Rivulet's progression;
Let us for all men to fate
   Now make intercession!

CUSTOM BECOMES A SECOND NATURE.

Ere now I have loved, and I shall to my grave!
I have been a servant and now am a slave.
   First was I obedient to many;
Now do I belong to the sweetest of all
Who 's ready to do what I want at a call,
   Who pleases me better than any.

Ere now I 've believed; a devote I am now!
I reason no more on the why and the how,
   My faith is so strong, so unshaken.
For ever as yet the invisible powers
In danger, in need and in gloomiest hours
   Have helped me, the blind and forsaken.

Ere now I have eaten; at present I dine!
Contented and happy, I rather incline
   To lengthen the charms of our meeting.
Though youngsters will swallow and soon will have done,
At table I like to have plenty of fun,
   I taste and I relish my eating.

Ere now I have sipped; but at present I drink!
For wine is a tonic and, truly, I think
Our minds and our lips it unfetters.
Make free with the old! I respectfully ask;
Whoever will help me to empty a cask
New wine he undoubtedly betters.

Ere now I have danced, and I reveled in dance!
Now neither in waltz nor in gallop I prance;
Square dances I covet at present.
Who gathers of flowerets a charming bouquet,
Though losing a few of his flowers on the way,
Will find the remainder as pleasant.

Hence go with the stream! Neither tarry, nor wait!
When roses awards you a merciful fate,
Their thorns will but playfully tickle.
To-morrow the stars are as bright as to-day;
Don't listen to what hypochondriacs say!
Be joyous! The joy is not fickle.

CONFESSION.

WORTHY friends, do deal to-day
With my warning fairly!
For in serious mood I find
You so very rarely.
When I see so much shortcoming,
Not denied but not becoming,
I must blame you squarely.

Penitent all men must be
Whether dull or clever;
Therefore do confess your sins
All and whatsoever!
Do not run the length of error!
Timely, without fear or terror
To reform endeavor!

Yes, we have—be it confessed!
When awake been dreaming,
Have not emptied every glass
When the wine was streaming;
Have been negligent of misses
And the boon of stolen kisses
Far too little deeming.

Have been close and taciturn,
When Bœotians prated,
Of sublimest poetry
Their opinions stated
And condemned with indignation
That which noblest inspiration
Had to us dictated.

Absolution give to us!
And we shall forever
To remember your command
Faithfully endeavor;
Wholly love all worth and beauty
And from doing half our duty
Resolutely sever.

At Bœotians first of all
Shall we snap with pleasure;
Not by sipping shall we wine
But by drinking treasure;
Shall not love with timid glances,
But our kisses' length by chances,
By our wishes measure.

COPHTIC SONG.

SCHOLARS' disputes are, we know, never ending;
Careful and strict has a teacher to be;
Still ever will with a smile a pretending
Wizard be found upon this to agree:
That on a fool you are losing your labor.
Children of wisdom, a fool is a neighbor
Bound to be fooled, be the butt of your sport!

Merlin, the old, in his grave phosphorescent
Whom I have questioned a lad adolescent,
Gave me an answer of kindred import:
That on a fool you are losing your labor.
Children of wisdom, a fool is a neighbor
Bound to be fooled, be the butt of your sport!

All I have learned on East India's mountain
Or at the ancient Egyptian fountain
Prompts me as sacred the truth to support:

That on a fool you are losing your labor.
Children of wisdom, a fool is a neighbor
    Bound to be fooled, be the butt of your sport!

THE SAME.

TAKE advantage of my winking,
Boy, be wise! My word is truthful—
    Have your fortune in your hands!
Not for old men, nor for youthful
    Poised the balance ever stands.
Rising is the scale or sinking.
You will either win and govern
Or will lose and serve forever.
Not the anvil be! Be clever,
    Wield the hammer with your hands!

VANITAS, VANITATUM VANITAS.

FOR naught I do at present care,
                Hurrah!
With me no better could it fare;
                Hurrah!
My boon companions those shall be
Who fully with me at heart agree
And who will drink with me.

Ere now I cared for gold and wealth,
                Hurrah!

Whereby I lost my joy and health;
O faugh!
All coin is rolling to and fro;
In catching it I was not slow,
Nor was it slow to go.

For women after that I cared,
Hurrah!
Would I had all my loving spared;
O faugh!
To leave the faithless I was glad;
The faithful tired me soon, bedad!
No good one to be had.

For traveling, then, I cared some time,
Hurrah!
Forgot my home in foreign clime;
O faugh!
But found no home, of that I 'm sure;
The food was strange, the bed was poor,
My happy jokes obscure.

For honor cared I, then, and fame,
Hurrah!
But found that was a losing game;
O faugh!
The moment I success achieved
And all my neighbors felt aggrieved
I saw I was deceived.

I cared for war just then begun,
Hurrah!
And many victories we won;
Hurrah!
We ev'n the boundary river crossed
Pursuing; although 't was to my cost,
For there a leg I lost.

But now for nothing do I care,
Hurrah!
Am always happy, everywhere;
Hurrah!
I am so now, though gone and past
Seems all our wine and light repast.
Come! Let us drink the last!

FREE AND EASY.

With girls in peace uniting,
Our hostile rivals fighting,
With credit, without cash,
That 's how we cut a dash.

A costly thing 's a revel,
But little 's on the level,
Provided you possess
A wealth of merriness.

Be not in that deficient!
Else take what is sufficient,

And those who will gainsay
Put them out of the way!

Don't mind the neighbors grudging
Your quick and skillful dodging!
Be jolly as you go!
That is the A and O.

Move on to lively measure!
Find in the world your pleasure!
To weal and woe agree!
That is the A B C.

CHANCE OF WAR.

Not to be wounded is, indeed,
In war a cruel thing.
You fight and fight and do not bleed,
Though victory to you cling.
You stack your arms, you shoulder arms,
In sweltering heat you tramp
Along the road through wasted farms,
You rest and sleep in camp;

Or you are quartered now and then
A burden on the boor,
A hateful guest to noblemen,
To burghers rich or poor.

If you are civil, bad 's your fare,
  If you are rough 't is scant,
And if to help yourself you dare
  The provost says you can't.

At last when balls again rebound,
  When crackling fills the air,
When trumpets, trot and drums resound
  There is no time to spare.
And as the tide of battle turns
  You yield and suffer loss,
Or you advance, your brave heart burns,
  It burns without a cross.

Till in the end a musket lead,
  A Godsend, wounds you in the leg,
When all at once you are well-sped.
  They carry you, you need not beg,
Into the town the victor shields,
  Be he your friend or foe.
Fair woman's fear to pity yields
  And kindness they bestow.

The cellar opens like their hearts,
  The kitchen sends you food,
The feather-bed, thanks to your smarts,
  To you seems twice as good.
The children's talk, their mother's care
  Is wounded's common stint;

For him is what they have and wear
   Pulled into softest lint.

As soon as by one woman's care
   The hero 's nearly well,
By chatting will another fair
   His gloomy thoughts dispel.
A third will join her in her task,
   A fourth and fifth will come
Till finally all gently ask
   What has of him become.

The king, when hearing that you live
   And active service crave,
Will quickly cross and ribbon give
   To cheer the wounded brave.
For any honest soldier's heart
   That 's certainly the best!
And from your friends you then will part
   A grateful, honored guest.

OPEN TABLE.

All will come, I hope and wish,
   To my dinner-party.
Poultry have I, game and fish,
   Many viands hearty.
Invitations have been sent,
   Gladly been accepted.

Johnny, go, look out for them,
For the guests expected!

Charming girls I hope to see,
Innocent, unknowing
Of the pleasure one may feel
When a kiss bestowing.
Invitations they received,
Gladly have accepted.
Johnny, go, look out for them,
For the guests expected!

Married women will be here,
And of them says rumor
That, the more the husband 's cross,
They the more him humor.
Invitations when received
Were by them accepted.
Johnny, go, look out for them,
For the guests expected!

Exquisites will grace the feast
Whom none ever curses,
Who are modest, never vain
Ev'n with well-lined purses.
No excuse would, told them so,
Be from them accepted.
Johnny, go, look out for them,
For the guests expected!

Gentlemen I asked to come
    Whom the chasteness graces
Not beyond their wives to look
    Out for pretty faces.
They acknowledged they were pleased,
    Kindly have accepted.
Johnny, go, look out for them,
    For the guests expected!

Poets promised they would come,
    Poets bright and clever
Who will praise their rivals' songs
    But their own ones never.
All of them to this agreed,
    Cheerfully accepted.
Johnny, go, look out for them,
    For the guests expected!

But no one has come as yet;
    Time and food are wasted,
All the broth will boil away,
    Roasts be too much basted.
Foolish was my offer, faith!
    And by rights rejected.
John, methinks not one will come
    Of the guests expected.

Johnny, run and do invite
    Now another party!

Let them come the way they are,
Men and women hearty.
That 's the way I should have done!
All the town accepted.
Johnny, see how at the door
Crowd the guests expected!

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

Master.

Come! There 's wine enough, my hearty;
But for peevishness there 's none.
First, if you will join our party,
Say, have you your duty done?

One.

Had a girl a youngster smitten
Who was, like his lady fair,
Either playful like a kitten
Or as savage as a bear.
When he saw her drooping, musing,
He would have a jealous fit.
Through some remedy of my choosing
They are from their troubles quit.

Chorus.

You are right in our opining
And entitled to a drink!
For with pining and with whining
You have done to-day, we think.

One.

Met an orphan who felt sadly.
"Would, she answered, I was dead;
For my guardian robs me badly.
I shall have to beg for bread!"
Then to have the child protected
Had the scoundrel brought before
Upright judges,—and reflected
That the child would weep no more.

Chorus.

You are right in our opining
And entitled to a drink!
For with pining and with whining
You have done to-day, we think.

One.

To an inoffensive stripling
Who was neither strong nor brave,
Did an overbearing, tippling
Bully cruelly behave;
And I felt a manly itching,
Felt a dutiful desire,
And by striking a bewitching
Slash made him at once retire.

Chorus.

You are right in our opining
And entitled to a drink!

For with pining and with whining
   You have done to-day, we think.

One.

Nothing good and nothing clever
   Have I done; nor do I boast
For to-day I was as ever
   Nothing but a jolly host.
Still my business have I tended
   And in cooking done my best;
All were pleased, not one offended,
   Satisfied was every guest.

Chorus.

You are right in our opining
   And entitled to a drink!
For with pining and with whining
   You have done to-day, we think.

One.

One was busy at reviving;
   In his work, though, failed with me.
Eyes half rolling, half conniving
   Never can a patriot's be.
So I cursed the silly prater,
   Taking counsel of my heart.
First do quench the fire, and later
   Have built up the ruined part!

Chorus.

You are right in our opining
  And entitled to a drink!
For with pining and with whining
  You have done to-day, we think.

Master.

Every one of you 's invited
  To relate what he has done.
Fuel needs a fire once lighted,
  Voices needs a song begun.
Honest deeds, the very oddest,
  By our mandate are allowed.
Nobodies by rights are modest,
  But the brave by rights are proud.

Chorus.

You are right in our opining
  And entitled to a drink!
For with pining and with whining
  You have done to-day, we think.

Three Voices.

Poets who are bright and cheerful
  We shall welcome to our feast.
As to whimsical and tearful
  Poets we, to say the least,
Do suspect there may be hiding
  Under whims and gloominess,

Under looks, severe and chiding,
Villainy or emptiness.

Chorus.

Poets are in our opining
Not entitled to a drink
Till with pining and with whining
They have done for good, we think.

ERGO BIBAMUS!

Assembled we have for a laudable end
Associates! Ergo bibamus!
Whilst raising the glasses your chatting suspend!
Remember the "Ergo bibamus!"
No older, no truer a word do I know,
No better from neighbor to neighbor to go,
At banquets in value and volume to grow
Than glorious "Ergo bibamus!"

But shortly ago when my darling I spied
I thought of the "Ergo bibamus!"
Approached her and smiled; on her turning aside
I quickly repeated: Bibamus!
And when reconciled she will pet me and kiss,
Or when I her tenderness painfully miss,
For want of a better I cherish the bliss
Of comforting "Ergo bibamus!"

Stern fate has decreed; and I have to obey,
To part from you. Ergo bibamus!
No load shall I carry unless you will say
Repeatedly: Ergo bibamus!
Unlike to the miser's emaciate frame
The joyous will fatten and thrive all the same,
His comrades will duly acknowledge his claim
And help him by "Ergo bibamus!"

The present occasion, allow me to say,
Is one of an "Ergo bibamus!"
To-day is, indeed, a peculiar day,
Suggesting forever: Bibamus!
Our joy is so inward, our feelings so bold
That up in the skies like the faithful of old
We clearly our angels, our idols behold
Who lovingly whisper: Bibamus!

THE MUSES AND GRACES IN THE MARCH.

THERE 's no beauty in a city;
Masons should be let alone!
King and burghers, 't is a pity
Have so little wisdom shown.
Opera and balls are killing;
Come, my darling, to my farm!
Poets' shrieks are all too thrilling;
Do to simple nature harm.

Yes! But why my soul so glad is,
  Darling, let me plainly say.
You love nature, all our laddies
  Will upon the dunghill play.
And in rambling will most sweetly
  Show your taste; for through the mire
You will like to wade discreetly
  And of wading will not tire.

Then we 'll walk through sand and slowly
  But most safely will proceed,
Take a lane where of the lowly
  Burs, my dearest, do take heed.
There 's the village!—now I let you
  Gaze upon its pointed spire.
In the inn the beer, I bet you,
  Though 't is sour, you will admire.

Tell me what 's the use of heaping
  Praise on Maidenburghian land,
When our seeds, our dead are sleeping
  Quietly in lightest sand!
Science prospers here, is heeded
  By us, though we don't deny
That we grow what most is needed
  And we get it cut and dry.

There is here what slightly touches
  At the bliss of sinless men;

Neither Abigail nor Duchess
  Have we, but a cackling hen.
Not for peacocks proud and snarling
  Do we care;—we care for geese;
All the gray belong to darling,
  To the white ones mother sees.

Never mind the witling's taunting!
  Happy is the German who,
Having friends, is never wanting
  In applause for what they do.
There is comfort in the feeling
  That a worthy 's one of ours,
Double comfort in revealing
  That he spent with us some hours.

In our songs all sounds grow duly
  Into syllables and rhymes;
Though no rhyme fits "German" truly,
  Still in German we can chime.
Lacking grace, perhaps, and boldness,
  Still of one thing we are sure,
That in plainness and in oldness
  We resemble nature pure.

EPIPHANY.

THE three wise men of the East, when on their way,
Are eating and drinking but not willing to pay,

Are eating, drinking on their way,
Are eating and drinking but not willing to pay.

The three wise men of the East have come to this spot;
There are only three of them, no four in the lot;
And when with the three a fourth you see
One more wise man of the East will be.

The first one I 'm; am fair and very white
I look much better in sunshine bright.
Though spices I bring, alas! never will
My sight the soul of a girl with rapture fill.

But I 'm the brown one, am quite tall and strong,
Well known to women; I like a jovial song.
Instead of spices I bring gold
And shall be welcome, I hope, to young and old.

But I 'm the last, am little and am black;
Still now and then I like a joke to crack.
I like to eat, I like to drink,
And thank the better the more I eat and drink.

The three wise men of the East we 're rightly styled
We look for the mother and the child,
For pious Joseph sitting by,
For ox and ass and where on straw they lie.

Along with gold we bring sweet myrrhs likewise;
May be the ladies here will incense prize?

Give us some wine! Of good we agree
To drink like six, though we are only three.

But as we see only gents and ladies spry
And neither ox nor ass on the litter lie,
We know we have not come to the spot,
The right one, yet; we thank you and off we trot.

THE JOLLY OF WEIMAR.

THURSDAY means: to Belvedere
    Friday is the Jena day,
For that is, indeed, a very
    Charming city, I must say.
Saturday is somewhat fickle,
    But the pick-nicks Sunday claim.
Zwäzen, Burgau, may us tickle,
    Schneidemühlen be our aim.

Monday's melodram is charming;
    Tuesday, as a rule, is tame,
But its tameness not alarming,
    For the evening brings a game.
Wednesday brings new sensation,
    For a drama is performed.
Thursday! There 's the old temptation!
    Belvedere must be stormed.

That 's the sum of joys precisely
    Which are weekly offered here.

Thank your fate! Secure them wisely
    Fifty-two times in the year!
Theatre and dance, game, chatter
    Pleasantly our blood renew;
There 's no need of Vienna's "prater!"
    Weimar, Jena, that will do!

SICILIAN SONG.

Black eyes, half smile half frown,
    Your fiery flashes
Make houses tumble down.
    Lay towns in ashes.
This wall of coward starch
Before my bosom,
Will it—just think of that!—
Resistance offer?

SWISS SONG.

On th' mountain
Have I sat and
Watched the birds, the
    Dear and blest;
How they sing when,
What they bring when
        A building
    A nest.

In th' garden
Have I stood and
Watched the buzzing
Bees around;
How they spy and
How they fly and
Where honey
Is found.

Through th' meadow
Have I passed and
Watched the slender
Dragon flies;
All the hissing
And the kissing,
Their tender
Sweet eyes.

Who 's to meet me
But my Johnny;
T' him do quickly
Then I show
How they do it;
Sees he through it:
Let 's do it
Just so!

FINLANDER SONG.

WOULD he came the dear and well known
Back the same he parted from me!

Kisses on his lips I should press,
Though the blood of wolves had dyed them;
Grasp his hand I should, though all his
Fingers into snakes were growing.

Wind, if thou wert sympathetic,
Thou wouldst hither, thither carry
Now and then at least some cheering
Words between two distant lovers.

Rather will I miss all dainties,
Ev'n the sacred food of priesthood,
Than forego my friend's embraces
Whom I won with summer's shortness,
Whom I tamed with length of winter.

GIPSY SONG.

In drizzling rain, in the deepest snow,
In desert forest, in coldest night
The howls of the hungry wolves I have heard,
The hideous screech of the owl:
 Wille, wau, wau, wau!
  Wille, wo, wo, wo!
  Wito hoo!

A cat I had shot near the fence one day;
'T was Anna the witch's beloved black cat;

When right in the night seven wolves approached,
Seven village women in rage.
  Wille, wau, wau, wau!
    Wille, wo, wo, wo!
    Wito hoo!

I knew them, I knew them all very well;
'T was Ursula, Annie and Kate,
'T was Lizzie, Barbara, Eve and Bess.
They stood in a circle and howled:
  Wille, wau, wau, wau!
    Wille, wo, wo, wo!
    Wito hoo!

I called them by name; aloud I asked:
What ails you, Annie? What ails you, Bess?
They shivered at first, they trembled at last,
And howling they hurriedly fled.
  Wille, wau, wau, wau!
    Wille, wo, wo, wo!
    Wito hoo!

From Wilhelm Meister.

Let again upon you throng
What those genii have sung.

FROM WILHELM MEISTER.

MIGNON.

Bid me not speak, forbid it rather!—
   For silent have I yet to be;
I wish to speak to you as to a father,
   But dare not brave stern fate's decree.

The sun will at the proper time bring light
   To here and there, and night will be forbidden;
The rocks, breaking their silence, with delight
   Will give the earth at last their wells, the deeply hidden.

Like others to a friend I crave to say
   Why I am sad, what causes all my sorrow;
But by an oath my lips are sealed to-day
   And will be till a God brings on the morrow.

THE SAME.

WHO has a heavy heart
Knows my dejection!
From every joy apart,
Shorn of affection,
My thoughts forever start
In yon direction.
Far 's he who loves my heart
And imperfection.
How deadly is the smart
Of this reflection!
Who has a heavy heart
Knows my dejection!

THE SAME.

WHAT I shall be I now am seeming;
This snow-white dress I wish to keep.
Away from friends and sunlight's beaming
Soon shall in loneliness I sleep.

My rest will not be long, however;
I shall awake with joyous mind.
Then from this dress I 'll gladly sever
And wreath and girdle leave behind.

What there 's above of heavenly beauty
Is not in men nor women spied;

To hide their forms is not their duty;
  No dresses need the glorified.

Though tranquilly I have been living
  Still have I felt enough of pain,
Of withering pain and unforgiving.
  May youth undying come again!

HARPER.

ALAS! who wants to be alone
  Need but himself refrain;
Each has a life and love his own
  And leaves him to his pain.

Do leave me to my woe! I pray,
And if I can one day
Myself bemoan,
I shall not be alone.

Has not a lover his love in sight
  To know when she is alone?
Just so is watched by day and night
  My lonesome self by pain,
My lonesome self by woe.
Would in the grave below
  I were! For I would fain
  Die to be lone again.

THE SAME.

CRAWLING to the door-stead slowly
Shall I humbly stand and wait.
Food the pious give the lowly,
But "Go Onward" whispers fate.

Who will look at me will duly
Feel he 's happier than I,
Will shed tears, will shed them truly,
But I dare not ask him, why.

THE SAME.

WHO never ate with tears his bread,
Who never by remorse persistent
For nights was kept awake in bed
Does not yet know that God is distant.

That we are born and have desires
That lead us into sin, He suffers;
And wretchedness till life expires
To make atonement for He offers.

PHILINE.

DO NOT sing such mournful dirges
On the lonesomeness of night!

In companionship it urges
You, good girls, to find delight.

That to man was woman given
As his better half is trite;
Just so life in two was riven
And the better half is night.

Does the day give satisfaction?
Does it joyous hearts befriend?
Bustle brings it and distraction,
But it serves no other end.

But at night there 's bliss in labor,
When the lamplight softly glows
And a mouth upon its neighbor
Charming mirth and love bestows;

When the fiery boy suppresses
His impatience of delay
And, content with slight caresses,
Graciously does with you stay.

When the nightingale, the peerless
Friend of love-sick hearts, is near,
Warbling gayly,—none but cheerless
Prisoners hear "Alas, O dear."

Then you will, I know, with trembling
Twelve times listen to the peal,
Will the torture of dissembling
And the bliss of safety feel.

Therefore, through all day and gladly
Do remember, my good soul:
Days will often treat you badly,
Nights are pleasant, on the whole.

Ballads.

Strangest legends, old or new,
Poetry will stamp as true.

BALLADS.

MIGNON.

DOST know the distant land? where lemons grow,
Gold oranges in darkest foliage glow,
A gentle breeze stirs in the deep blue sky
And crouching myrtles stand near laurel high,—
Dost know the land?—Oh there, oh there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, repair!

Dost know the house? Its roof on pillars rests;
Resplendent are the hall and rooms for guests,
And marble statues stand and look at me
And ask: Poor child, what have they done to thee?
Dost know the house?—Oh there, oh there
With my protector, thee, would I repair!

Dost know the mount and its ascent through clouds?
Where fog the mule in ghastly vapors shrouds,

Dark caves are with the dragon's brood alive
And toppling rocks the waters downward drive,—
Dost know the mount?—Oh there, oh there
With thee, my father, let me now repair!

THE MINSTREL.

BEFORE the gate some one I hear,
  Or on the bridge he 's singing;
Why not have here close to our ear
  The walls with music ringing?
Thus spake the king; the boy obeyed;
The page returned; the king then said:
    Do usher in the old one!

Be greeted, noble lords, and ye,
  Fair ladies, be ye greeted!
Here 's heaven! For star by star I see;
  Here 's fame in glory seated!
Within this hall of glittering light
Be closed, mine eyes! You have no right
    To gaze in selfish wonder.

The minstrel pressed his eyelids down
  And struck the chords with vigor
Before the knights' defiant frown,
  The ladies' chastest rigor.
The king who liked the minstrel's lay,
To honor him for song and play
    Him with a chain presented.

Not on a golden chain I 'm bent,
By which a knight feels flattered
Whose valiant looks in tournament
Have spears and lances shattered.
His or the chancellor's be the chain!
This golden burden he will fain
With other burdens carry.

I sing just as a songster sings
On forest trees alighting;
The song when through my throat it rings
Is in itself requiting;
But, if in sunshine I shall bask,
Let noble wine, I humbly ask,
In gold to me be offered.

He set it to, he drank it down.
A blessing is such flavor!
And ten times blessed must be your crown,
If that 's a trifling favor!
If well you fare, for which I pray,
Thank God as warmly as to-day
I thank you for my drinking.

BALLAD

OF THE COUNT'S FLIGHT AND RETURN.

Come in! You are old, you are kind as we see;
Down here in the door-way alone we shall be
To fasten the doors we are willing.

For mother is praying and father—oh he—
  Bad wolves in the woods he is killing.
Oh, tell us a tale, to my brother and me
  And help us in our recitation!
Good minstrel, begin! We are waiting for thee,
  And children enjoy a narration.

'Midst terrors of darkness and threatened by foes
Away from his castle, the lordly, he goes;
  His gold in the ground he has buried.
He carries a bundle, the count, and he knows
  Why thus through the wicket he hurried.
What 's under his cloak? Is he sane? Is he wild?
  In flight will he find his salvation?—
His daughter he saves and asleep is the child—
  The children enjoy the narration.

The sun is above him and fertile the ground;
And shelter and food in the woods he has found,
  Been kindly by villagers treated.
At times from the length of his beard he is bound
  To think of the time that has fleeted;
But often he looks at the child on his arm
  So lovely in spite of privation,
And blesses his cloak that has kept her from harm,—
  The children enjoy the narration.

And year after year he is poor and forlorn;
His cloak is discolored, is ragged and torn,
  Too small for his daughter, the growing.

The father, espying her beauty, is shorn
  Of grief and with joy overflowing.
Her bearing betokens she 's noble by birth,
  Though humble in dress and in station;
She comforts her father, inspires him with mirth,—
  The children enjoy the narration.

A chivalrous marquess is galloping by
And halts; but the maiden of begging is shy.
  No alms do I give her, oh never!
He seizes her hand; with a flash in his eye:
  I want her, he says, and forever!
The old one replies: You have chosen a wife
  Deserving your love and your station.
Therefore be betrothed, be happy in life!—
  The children enjoy the narration.

In church she is married, and then as a bride,
A faithful, she has by her groom to abide;
  She parts from her father with anguish.
Though happy, the old one in sorrow has sighed
  And, may be, forever will languish.
I long for my daughter, I long for a bright
  Grandchild and I feel my privation.
I bless them by day and I bless them by night,—
  The children enjoy the narration.

He blesses the children; a knock at the door,
Their father's, is heard; and they open before
  He knows it, the minstrel, the old one:

I 'll teach you to look after children, you bore!
  A beggar you are and a bold one.
Ye men, to the dungeon with him! he commands.
  The mother with sweet animation
Pleads mercy, imploringly raising her hands,—
  The children enjoy the narration.

The menials, obedient, advance, but retreat
When mother and children the father entreat.
  The prince for a moment suppresses
His rage, but in meekness to bear his defeat
  His humor, the haughty, oppresses.
You 're beggars at heart! You are beggars by race!
  Unworthy my blood and my station!
Well merited is, I confess, my disgrace,—
  The children dislike the narration.

The minstrel as yet is erect in his place
And proudly he turns from the menials his face,
  When fiercely continues the haughty:
My marriage was naught but an act of disgrace,
  Its offspring is equally naughty.
Gentility can't by the lowly be won,
  At least not in one generation.
A beggarly mother, a beggarly son!—
  The children dislike the narration.

If boldly your husband disowns you, my child,
And those you have borne without cause has reviled,
  Come back to your father's protection!

A beggar I have been improperly styled,
  Though old I have grown by dejection;
For *mine* is the castle! Your race has of old
  Acquired it in war by spoliation,
But still do my right of possession I hold,—
  The children enjoy the narration.

At last our legitimate king has returned;
No more will the claims of his faithful be spurned;
  Then shall I unbury the treasures!
My heart is not set on, my mind is not turned
  To any but mildest of measures.
Take comfort, my son, and with anger be done!
  I know that I bring you salvation,
For blood has the mother and blood has the son.—
  The children enjoy the narration.

THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET on the meadow stood,
A modest, little known but good
  And unpretending violet,
When with her sweet and joyous face
The shepherdess with quickened pace
  Along, along
  The path approached and sang.

The violet thinks a brilliant flower
I wish to be at such an hour,
  I wish but for a while it,

That I may please this charming maid,
Be plucked and on her breast may fade
    But for, but for
    A quarter of an hour.

Poor violet, no attention paid
Alas! to it the passing maid,
    But trod upon the violet.
It broke and died, but did not sigh:
For if I die, through her I die,
    Through her, through her
    And at her feet I die.

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

THERE was a wicked paramour,
    Arrived from France last season,
Who had a maiden young and pure
    Embraced without good reason,
Had petted her and hugged and kissed,
No chances of a lover missed
        And her at last forsaken.

She found it out the brownish maid
    And then she lost her senses;
She laughed, she cried, she swore and prayed—
    And died—Her soul now hence is.
But at the very hour she died
The knave turned pale, and terrified
        He fled away on horseback.

He madly set the spurs and rode;
He rode in all directions,
Across the fields and back the road,
Then into other sections;
Rode seven days and seven nights
Through raging storm, from vales to heights
Across the swollen rivers.

He rode into some ruined walls
Midst fearful claps of thunder;
He halts, dismounts and inside crawls
There to be buried under.
But as he gropes and feels his way,
No stones are there, there is no clay;
He falls a hundred fathoms.

In coming to himself again
At lights, at three he 's glancing;
He creeps for them, he crawls with pain;
Away the lights are dancing.
They lead him in the dark astray,
Upstairs, downstairs, through passage-way
Into deep mouldering cellars.

When all at once he stands aghast
At being on the level
With grinning skulls, at being cast
A guest into their revel;
And at the foot his girl he spies;
She 's in a shroud and there she lies,
But turns when——

THE ERLKING.

WHO 's riding so late through th' endless wild?
The father 't is with his infant child;
He thinks the boy 's well off in his arm,
He grasps him tightly, he keeps him warm.

My son, say why are you hiding your face?—
Oh father, the Erlking 's coming apace,
The Erlking 's here with his train and crown!—
My son, the fog moves up and down.—

" Be good, my child, come, go with me!
I know nice games, will play them with thee,
And flowers thou 'lt find near by where I live,
A pretty dress my mother will give."

Dear father, oh father, and do you not hear
What th' Erlking whispers so close to my ear?—
Be quiet, do be quiet, my son,
Through leaves the wind is rustling anon.—

" Do come, my darling, oh come with me!
Good care my daughters will take of thee,
My daughters will dance about thee in a ring,
Will rock thee to sleep and will prettily sing."

Dear father, oh father, and do you not see
The Erlking's daughters so near to me?—
My son, my son, no one 's in our way,
The willows are looking unusually gray.—

"I love thee, thy beauty I covet and choose,
Be willing, my darling, or force I shall use!"
Dear father, oh father, he seizes my arm!
The Erlking, father, has done me harm.—

The father shudders, he darts through the wild;
With agony fill him the groans of his child.
He reached his farm with fear and dread;
The infant son in his arms was dead.

JOHANNA SEBUS.

[In memory of the fair and noble-hearted young woman of the village of Brienen who on the 13th of January, 1809, in the 17th year of her age, perished on the occasion of the breach of the dam of Cleverham, whilst trying to save her neighbors.]

The dike is breached, on fields it pours,
The water washes, the moorland roars.
"I 'll carry you, mother, be quick though, do!
The flood is not high, I can wade through."
"Oh help us also! A watery grave
Awaits these children, unless you save
Their lives and mine; I 'm weak, oh stay!"
She saves her mother, she 's on the way,
Can't stop. "Take refuge to the wall!
I 'll soon be back and save you all.
The mound is not far, you can reach it yet,
My goat I beg you not to forget."

The dike gives way, on fields it pours,
The water dashes, the moorland roars.
She puts her mother on rising ground;
Fair Susie bravely returns to the mound.
"Don't go! Don't go! The big waves lash;
There is no dike, do not be so rash
To enter the deep and merciless sea!"
"I 'm bound to save them and saved they shall be!"

The dike is gone and a billow pours;
An ocean-billow advances and roars.
Fair Susie walks the familiar dike
Right through the waves that upon her strike
Up to the mound where the children wait
And mother, but—they are doomed by fate.

The dike is gone, an ocean pours
Upon the hillock; the ocean roars.
Wide yawns the sea and it foams and it whirls
Engulfing the woman and her three girls.
One to the goat clings to the last;
Their lots are thus at the same time cast.
Fair Susie, strong in womanhood,
Yet stands. Who will save the unselfish and good?
Fair Susie stands as yet like a star,
But all her wooers and friends are far.
She might be reached from all around;
No boat is driven up to the mound.
Once more for help to her God she applies
And then in the billowing ocean—dies.

No dike, no field; may be you see
Yet of the village a broken tree.
And naught but water is met with there,
But Susie's image is everywhere.
The water falls, and land appears;
Fair Susie is yet remembered with tears,
And him who does not praise the brave
From shame neither life nor death shall save.

THE FISHER.

THE water purled, the water swelled
Into the fisher's ear;
His eyes upon his angle dwelled,
His head was cool and clear.
And as he sits and forward bends.
The water moves somewhere
And slowly from below ascends
A woman wet and fair.

She sang to him, she spoke to him:
You lure my brood; but why?
Man's cunning is so hard and grim,
For all my fishes die.
If you but knew how happy may
A fish be down below,
You would not here a moment stay
But with me you would go.

Does not the moon bathe in the sea?
　Does not the sun bathe there?
Arising from the waves is he
　Not twice as bright and fair?
Does not the sky's reflection show
　A moist and tender blue?
And your own face—is it not so?—
　Enjoys undying dew.

The water purled, the water swelled;
　It gently touched his feet;
His soul upon a vision dwelled
　Of love and rapture sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him
　A most seductive lore
With flattery bland and cunning grim,—
　The boy was seen no more.

THE KING IN THULE.

A KING in Ultima Thule
　Was faithful to his grave;
His dying sweetheart truly
　A golden cup him gave;

Above all things he praised it
　And much the cup he used;
But whensoever he raised it,
　He drank with eyes suffused.

Before his last he breathed,
His cities he counted up;
All to his heir bequeathed
Except his golden cup.

He sat with vassals loyal
At table, with his knights
Within his palace royal
Upon the sea-girt heights.

Once more the old carouser
With love of wine was stung;
The cup, his sacred rouser,
Into the sea he flung.

He watched the falling, drinking
And sinking golden cup;
His eyes were closing, sinking;
Drank never another drop.

THE FLOWERET WONDROUS SWEET.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE COUNT.

The Count.

I KNOW a floweret wondrous sweet
And have for it a craving;
But I 'm imprisoned, cannot meet
What else would be my saving.

I miss it much, my heart is sad;
For, when my freedom yet I had,
Before my eyes it blossomed.

This castle rises high and steep;
My eyes, though sharp and busy,
In vain look down into the deep,—
My prison's height 's too dizzy.
Whoever brings it before my eyes
Through knightly deeds or otherwise
Will win my lasting friendship.

Rose.

Am I not here? Have I not close
By you in beauty risen?
I 'm sure you think of me, the rose,
You, noble knight in prison.
Who has a noble turn of mind
Is to my queenly charms not blind,
Nor to my royal splendor.

Count.

Your purple in tight green over-skirt
To flames of love adds fuel;
That 's why the pretty girls who flirt
Like you and gold and jewel.
You do improve a handsome face,
But still I miss in you the grace
I cherish in my floweret.

Lily.

The rose is wont all flowers to slight
And in its pride is silly;
Sometimes a maiden chaste and bright
Prefers the snow-white lily.
Who has a true and faithful heart,
Who 's pure by nature, not by art,
Will know and feel my value.

Count.

I think that I am chaste and pure;
It was not sin but failing
For which captiv'ty I endure
Behind this iron railing.
A charming image and a true
Of beauty virginal are you,
But what I crave is sweeter.

Pink.

May be you crave for me, the pink;
I 'm free from all pretension
And sweet,—would else the warder think
Of paying me attention!
I 'm many-leaved, compact and round;
In fragrance always I abound
And shine in thousand colors.

Count.

The pink 's the gardener's true delight;
It is his darling baby:

He gives it shade, he gives it light
As frequently as may be.
But not at colors, shape and smell
The count rejoices half so well
As at his modest floweret.

Violet.

I stand here hidden, slightly bent,
Am not to talking given;
But into it by your lament
Somehow I now am driven.
If I 'm the flower you crave, good man,
I 'm sorry then, for I never can
Send up to you my fragrance.

Count.

The violet I would fain admire,
The modest, good and fragrant;
But for my woe I more require
And my desires are flagrant.
Let me at once confess to you:
Upon these sterile heights I do
In vain look for my darling.

But where the streamlet's waters play
My faithful wife is sighing
And will be till the happy day
Of my return is nighing.

She plucks blue flowerets on that spot
And when she says: "Forget me not!"
  I feel it at a distance.

Yes! At a distance feel we the power
  That binds two hearts together!
Could else I 've lived within this tower
  And faced the stress of weather?
When, broken hearted, at this spot
I do exclaim "Forget me not!"
  My life 's again reviving.

SIR JOHN CURT'S WEDDING-RIDE.

WITH a bridegroom's satisfaction
  Did Sir John his steed bestride
To obtain by solemn paction
  An estate and noble bride.
But when in a solitary
  Gorge he 's challenged by a knight,
And he meets his adversary
  Without words in single fight.

Fierce and stubborn is the duel;
  But Sir John 's the better man
And in spite of all his cruel
  Punishment proceed he can,
But not far,—for in the bushes
  There 's a woman plainly dressed,

Young and fair; at him she pushes
    With a baby at her breast.

Noble lord, where do you hurry?
    Do not look so grim and wild!
May I not with you now curry,
    Not hold up to you your child?
Sir John Curt, in passion warming,
    Feels the truth of what she said,
And he finds the mother charming,
    Just as charming as the maid.

Now his servants' horns are sounding:
    He 's to join his noble bride,
And through towns with life abounding,
    Village fairs he has to ride.
There he buys what 's pressed upon him,
    If it fit and proper seem;
When the Jews advance and dun him
    Former pledges to redeem.

'T is a fact he owes a peddling
    Sum and must in court appear.
Cursed be all such intermeddling
    With a noble knight's career!
All delay such mercenaries
    On a gallant bridegroom bring!
Women, debts and adversaries
    Ever to a knight will cling.

WEDDING-SONG.

We 're ready to sing, we are ready to say
  That whilom a count here resided
Whose grandson because of his marriage to-day
  This banquet for us has provided.
His ancestor had, an adventurous blade,
Won honor and fame in a holy crusade;
But when for his castle he finally made
And reached it, he found it unshaken,
By wealth and his servants forsaken.

At home in your castle, my lord, you are now!
  A comfortless home and a dreary;
Free ingress the windows, the broken, allow,
  And storms are of blowing not weary;
'T is late in the fall and inclement the night.—
Worse quarters than these I have had, and a knight
Sees often that darkness is followed by light.
There 's moonshine! enough there is of it
For me by the straw and the bedstead to profit.

And when in obedient slumber he lay,
  Right under him something is stirring.
A rat is a rustling and rustle she may,
  Though crumbs I have not for the erring.
But 't is not a rat! a diminutive wight,
A dwarf is before him; he carries a light,
Makes gestures and looks very cunning and bright,

Whilst straight at the count he is peeping
Who would be but is not yet sleeping.

Up here, I acknowledge, our feasts we have held
  Since you had the castle deserted.
Supposing that still at a distance you dwelled
  A feast for to-night we concerted.
If you will permit it and harbor no fear,
The health of the bride we shall drink and shall cheer,
For she is the host and as guests we appear.
The count in his dreams: I entreat you,
Stay here! I am happy to meet you.

Three riders on ponies are leading the van,
  Right under his bed they had halted—
Then shouting and singing they come, to a man
  All dwarfs, but with glory exalted;
And wagon by wagon with vessels of gold,
All useful and pretty and sweet to behold,
Such riches as kings at their banquets unfold,
But lastly in carriages enter
The guests with the bride in the centre.

All hurry and bustle, and never they stop
  Till ladies are properly seated
And gentlemen either to waltz or to hop
  Successfully have them entreated.
There 's whistling and fluting and scratching of strings,
There 's gliding and sliding and forming of rings,
There 's tittering and twittering and jocular flings;—

The count in the midst of the bustle
Is fevered in nerve and in muscle.

A clapper and rattle is heard in the hall,
Of tables and benches a shoving;
For supper is ready and anxious are all
Beloved to be close by the loving.
On sausages, hams, very little but fine,
On roasts and on fish and on poultry they dine;
They empty their glasses and fill them with wine;
All cares by their chatter they banish;
They toast and they sing and they vanish.

And if you will have me continue the tale,
Stop quickly the boisterous revel!
Events that I drew by so dwarfish a scale
Grew afterward up to his level;
For trumpets have sounded inside of the hall.
On horseback, in coaches they came to the ball,
And still they are coming and courtesying all.
The guests are not wanting, oh never!
The bride is as charming as ever.

THE DIGGER AFTER TREASURES.

Poor in shift, in courage failing,
Dragged along my life I slowly
Cursed forever are the lowly!
Riches are the highest good.

Shall I be forever ailing
    When there yet are treasures hidden?
    Take my soul! Here 's the forbidden
        Contract written with my blood.

And I drew some lines mysterious
    And arranged the flames enchanting,
    Bones and herbs crosswise or slanting
        Till the exorcism was right.
Then I dug and shoveled, serious,
    For the site was indicated
    And the treasure there, the fated.—
        Dark and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light that glistened
    Like a star in darkness looming;
    And the clock struck twelve and booming
        Came, nay, shot it through the air.
While in dread suspense I listened,
    Suddenly I stood in clearness
    And beheld in closest nearness
        With a cup an angel fair.

Flowers were on his forehead twining;
    In his eyes was sweet indulgence,
    From his cup streamed forth effulgence
        When upon the lines he trod.
And he bade me drink the shining
    Fluid, and I thought this clever

Boy with such a gift can never
Satan be,— he 's like a God.

Drink of life, drink faith unfailing
In yourself! 'T is your salvation,
And no more a conjuration
Mutter trembling in this dell!
All your digging 's unavailing.
First hard work, then chat with neighbor!
Feasting after weeks of labor!
Be henceforth your magic spell!

THE RAT-CATCHER.

I AM the well-known sing—and snatcher,
Of rats the most notorious catcher
Of whom this ancient town, indeed,
Cannot but sorely stand in need.
If there be rats ever so many,
Of weasels, skunks a miscellany,
From all of them I clear the place
And *nolens volens* off they pace.—

Besides, the jolly sing—and snatcher
Can be at times a children catcher;
His golden songs—that is his fame—
The most obstreperous will tame.
And be the boys ever so daring,
The eyes of girls ever so staring,

The moment I begin to play
I take them all out of the way.

And furthermore the sing—and snatcher
Occasionally 's a maiden catcher.
As soon as he in town arrives
A pretty girl at him connives.
And be the girls ever so blushing
And virtuous wives ever so hushing,
All, when they listen to his song,
With amorous desires are stung.

THE SPINSTER.

At my rock I sat and span
  Quietly, intently,
When a young and handsome man
  Came and praised me gently,

Praised my thread so fair and square.—
  Could that be alarming?
Said he thought my flaxen hair
  Was as smooth and charming.

May be there was some ado,
  For he was so winning,
And the thread was torn in two
  Which I had been spinning.

Many stones of yarn since then
  Have I spun unbroken,
But of them no other men
  Have their praises spoken.

When I took the yarn at last
  To the weaver's dwelling,
In a fever was I cast
  And my veins were swelling.

Now is in the sun to-day
  All my linen bleaching;
But I 'm weak and stooping say:
  Would my hands were reaching!

What I secretly have spun
  Does as yet lack beauty;
To expose it to the sun
  That 's, I know, my duty.

IN COURT.

WHOSE offspring I bear and have in my womb
  I never shall confess.
Fye! you may cry and call me a wench,
  I 'm honest nevertheless.

With whom I am married I shall not confess.
  I love him all the same,
Whether a golden chain 's on his neck
  Or a straw hat puts him to shame.

If there 's disgrace, if there is shame,
  I 'll bear it all alone;
I know him well, he knows me well;
  To God 't is also known.

Your Honor and your Worship, please,
  Don't ask me any more!
In spite of you it is my child
  As much so as before.

THE PAGE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Page.

You leave,—but where?
Tell me, maiden fair!
  Your name is?

Daughter.

Tillie.

Page.

You 're going—but where?
With the rake in your hand?

Daughter.

On my father's land,
  On the mead, the hilly.

Page.

You go all alone?

Daughter.

The grass has been mown;
  I am ready for raking.
In the orchard near by
Ripe are the pears, very nigh
  The time for breaking.

Page.

Is there not an arbor, a cozy, too?

Daughter.

There are even two
  Of them, but whether——

Page.

I 'll follow you soon.
When you are resting at noon
  Then in one we 'll hide together,
Darling—and build for ourselves a nest?

Daughter.

  Don't fancy we might so!

Page.

Then to my heart I 'll have you pressed.

Daughter.

  Not quite so!
If with the miller's daughter you stayed,
You will certainly be betrayed.

Suffer will your fine dark dress
Great distress
    From being whitened.
Like loves like! and in that is joy!
    That I know and I am enlightened,
For I do love the miller's boy;
    He 's neither darkened nor brightened.

THE BACHELOR AND THE MILL-BROOK.

Bachelor.

WHAT are you bound for, rivulet?
    You hurry;
What does your happy mind beset
    And flurry?
What do you in the vale espy?
Listen to me, to me reply!

Brook.

I was a rivulet, young blood.
    Men lately
Have built this leat and now my flood
    Is greatly
Increased and feeds the mill below;
And much more quickly now I flow.

Bachelor.

Off for your peaceful work you start,
    For milling,

While with desire my love-sick heart
  Is thrilling.
Say, on the miller's pretty maid
Have you not yet your young eyes laid?

Brook.

She opens with the sun's first rays
  Her shutters;
Bathing her face near me she stays
  And flutters.
Her breast is full, as white as snow;
I 'm steaming whilst I onward flow.

Bachelor.

If water into steam she 's sure
  Of turning,
What must my blood and flesh endure,
  The burning!
Who once beheld her beauty must
Forever writhe with frantic lust.

Brook.

Then do I rush upon the wheel
  With roaring,
And every ladle has to feel
  My pouring.
Since that fine girl is at the mill
17 I know I 'm working with a will.

Bachelor.

Good brook you do not feel love's pain
  Like others.
She smiles at you; a quiet swain
  She pothers;
Or could the fair ev'n you entrance
And hold you back by a loving glance?

Brook.

I find it hard to leave the place
  And wholly
Unnerved along this mead pace
  So slowly;
And if I could the way I would
At once to her return I should.

Bachelor.

I part,—like me you suffer pain,
  I greet you!
Do murmur joy when I again
  Shall meet you!
Meanwhile reveal to her to-day
And oft my ardent love, I pray.

THE TREACHERY OF THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT makes our friend an early riser
  And drives him out of doors at dawn?
Has he of late grown so much wiser
  As to the chapel to have gone?

And barefooted he walks, the daring,
   On ice,—is he of sense bereft?
And says his morning prayers by swearing
   Aloud within a snow-bound cleft.

Alas! Out of his bed he 's driven
   Where he of love and joy had dreamt;
But for his cloak he would be given
   Up to all decent men's contempt;
Has by that ancient rogue been cheated,
   Of every particle of dress
Been robbed and sent away ill treated
   In father Adam's nakedness.

Why did he walk the path forbidden
   And crave the sweet delicious fruit
That, as in paradise, grew hidden
   In yonder mill of good repute?
Now he will shun an undertaking
   In which blood is so easily spent.
Our friend, in winter's cold is breaking
   Out into desperate lament.

"There was not in her fiery glances
   Of perfidy the slightest trace!
How can a woman in love's trances
   Think of a deed so foul and base?
Such treacherous thrusts I cannot parry
   When dreaming in her arms I lie;

Besides, she bade sweet Amor tarry
And with her wish he did comply.

"To be at one with one another
All through the long and endless night,
And then with cries to wake the mother
At the approach of morning light!
Of relatives at least a dozen
Upon me brought her little game;
In peeped some aunts, there was a cousin,
A brother and an uncle came.

"There was an uproar and a howling
Like to the shrieks of savage brood.
They claimed half threatening and half scowling
From me the daughter's maidenhood.
Why of your wrath so full a measure
Give to a youth who 's innocent?
I was too late to win the treasure
The loss of which you now lament;

"For Amor 's wide-awake and clever.
For sixteen years he seldom will
Leave unassailed a heart, but never
A charming beauty in a mill.
They took my clothes after their gabble
And of my cloak ev'n would me rob.

How came they to the house, this rabble
Whom fitly knights of theft I dub?

"Then sprang I forward pale with fury,
Bound to break through that thievish set,
But first looked at the treacherous houri
And thought her beautiful as yet.
All to my savage onset yielded,
The women and the cursing men;
I gained the door and thus was shielded
From all the dangers of the den.

"The country girls are as perfidious
As city belles; they flirt and lure
And in their ways are not fastidious
How to despoil a paramour.
If you will ape gallant adventure
And dare virtue to overlook,
Have lovers, take them at a venture,
But don't betray the men you took!"

In winter's cold he sings his ditty
When neither herbs nor trees will grow,
And for his sore I feel no pity,
For well deserved it is, I know.
So shall it fare with those whose dodging
Good truthful hearts with anguish fills
And who at night apply for lodging
In one of Amor's bastard mills.

REPENTANCE OF THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Youth.

Be gone, brown witch! Quickly be gone!
I hate you and never will house you.
I 'm angry, do obey! Don't fawn!
I 'll touse you.
That girls for absent lovers pant,
Have troth and cherish love, is cant;
To that I will not listen.

Gipsy.

Of her repentance I relate
And of her troth and sobbing;
How with desire her heart of late
Is throbbing.
Not much for her mother's threats she cares,
And rather her brother's violence bears
Than her sweetheart's anger and hatred.

Youth.

Of selfishness sing, of treachery tell,
Of stealing, beating and killing!
To hear of actions base and fell
I 'm willing;
How her share in the booty 's the lion's share,
Worse than with gipsies with her men fare; —
I know a similar story.

Gipsy.

Alas! I feel my guilt and doom.
In vain my hook I 'm baiting;
The fish swims never up for whom
I 'm waiting.
And then to my beating heart I say:
Be still! For I did myself betray
That night's sweet joys to mother."

Youth.

Alas! my siren's voice had a sound
Through ear and body thrilling.
To let me in my darling I found
Quite willing;
Soon after, though, the tumult began;
Her relatives came, every woman and man
Looked wildly or swore and assailed me.

Gipsy.

"And when approaches that hour of the morn
My cruel woe is distressing.
I forfeited joy and forever I mourn
Love's blessing.
Have pity, do! for I was so young,
And in my brother it was so wrong
To deal with my sweetheart so roughly."

The Poet.

The brownish woman suddenly flies
To the well behind, to the shaded

And cools with water and washes her eyes
  Till faded
And gone 's the brown, and white and fair
The miller's daughter fixes her stare
    Upon him who spoke so harshly.

The Miller's Daughter.

Afraid of your scowling I am indeed,—
  I love you so well and so proudly—
Not of ill usage;—if I bleed,
  More loudly
From love and pain shall then I speak;
For at your feet here life I seek
    Or death, if darling will say so.

Youth.

Why lurking hast thou, sympathy, lain?
  Why hast my heart forsaken?
Whose power could into life again
  Thee waken
But love's! for that will never die.
Love ev'n does perfidy defy,
    Love is a boon immortal.

Miller's Daughter.

If you but love me still as well
  As you that night protested,
No more from us shall love's fresh spell
  Be wrested.
Yours is the woman that you crave!

Take her, she 'll be your faithful slave
Her body 's unpolluted.

Both.

Now let the sun go down and arise!
The stars let twinkle and darken!
To love's sweet lisping in paradise
We hearken.
As long as the well down here will spring,
So long we shall to each other cling
With deep and true affection.

TRAVELER AND TENANT.

He.

SAY, fair maid whose beauty has no rival,
May not under this fine tree a stranger
Rest and through your kindness find a manger
Filled with food and drink for his revival?

She.

If Ulysses asks it is befitting
To comply, and want you shall not suffer.
Butter, bread and fruits I can you offer
Though I know 't is not a fair acquitting.

He.

Truly I do feel as if I knew you
And I needs must think of hours delicious.

Some resemblances are meretricious,
Yours is wondrous! All my thoughts pursue you.

She.

'T is no wonder that a traveler fancies
That he meets with those he had been meeting,
For may not a blonde at the first greeting
Seem brunette and Kates resemble Nancies.

He.

Yes! Before to-day my eyes have rested
On these lovely forms with deep-felt pleasure.
At a party first I saw this treasure,
Saw a belle, as crowds of beaus attested.

She.

Certainly! It should alike be stated,
For that is a story-teller's duty,
That a purple dress set off her beauty
When you met her first, as you narrated.

He.

So it was! From truth you are not straying.
How do *you* come by such revelation?
But go on, tell us in your narration
That her eyes were pearls and jewels slaying.

She.

This at least has been to me confided:
That the belle, too proud to make advances,

Cast into the future furtive glances
To no purpose, for from her you glided.

He.

Glided?—Do not say so! I was driven
Off; have searched the world for gold and honor
Till to-day; on my return upon her
Image as herself to look to me is given.

She.

Not her image, her you see, no other
But the girl of noble blood and manner,
Mary, former owner of the manor
Who lives here a tenant with her brother.

He.

And this large estate, so fine and bonny,
Is not by its present owner cherished?
Though by springs pastures and meads are nourished
And its fields are fertile, rich and sunny?

She.

He 's away; around the world he 's flying.
Some pretend he 's dead. Myself and brother
Now are well off and some day or other,
When he 's dead, may have a chance of buying.

He.

You may now beome proprietary
Of this place, my lady, by fulfilling

His conditions; for to sell he 's willing:
But the stipulated price is Mary.

She.

Life's enjoyment tore us from each other;
Strangely we are now in love united.
There he comes! Oh, how I am delighted,
How I want to speak of it to brother!

EFFECT AT A DISTANCE.

The queen in her lofty parlor winks,
'T is brilliantly lighted and sunny—
Her page she orders: "My purse! Methinks,
I 'll gamble, you get me my money!
It lies at hand
Upon my candle-stand."
The boy on an errand so trying
Ran through the castle flying.

And close by the queen her sherbet sips
A maiden of honor, a charming;
Unluckily breaks when approaching her lips
The cup, that 's truly alarming.
Embarrassment! Shame!
And ruined dress, poor dame!
She 's off, on an errand so trying
All through the castle flying.

The boy on the home stretch running came
And met the disconsolate beauty.
They loved each other in secret, the dame
And page and thought it their duty.
So they improved
Their chances and moved
And brought into contact their faces
By mutual loving embraces.

But from each other they tore at last;
Up to her rooms she is slipping.
In spite of swords and of fans very fast
The boy 's to her majesty tripping.
In scrutiny rest
Her eyes on his vest;
She knows antecedent and sequel,
Queen Shebah's unquestionèd equal.

The queen for the lady stewardess sends.
"You latterly as a corrective
Gave us the statement that none pretends
That power 's on an absent effective;
On the present alone
Effect can be shown;
To stars may absence or distance
Effectually offer resistance.

"Look here! the sherbet is spilt; our maid
To suffer by that is allotted;

But also the vest of this innocent blade,
 The vest of the absent is spotted.
A new one, indeed,
Good boy, you will need;
But, as you have helped me in holding
My ground, I will pay without scolding."

THE WALKING BELL.

THERE was a boy who would not go
 To church on Sunday mornings,
But in the fields run to and fro
 In spite of mother's warnings.

She said to him: The church-bells ring,
 They call for you and watch you;
Unless to church you quickly spring
 A bell will come and catch you.

The boy thinks: Pshaw! There is the bell
 Nailed to the belfry yonder;
If after school, may not as well
 To-day through fields I wander?

The bells, the bells are silent now.
 Why! mother only babbles.
But what 's behind me?—'T is so! How?
 The bell behind me wabbles.

It wabbles, wabbles fast, it seems,
For wild and panic-stricken
The child moves on and frightful dreams
Of bells his footsteps quicken.

But in his flight with fear and foes
The child knows how to grapple;
Past meadows, grove and field he goes
At last into the chapel.

On Sundays now, and holidays,
He minds the bells, affrighted;
By them I shall no more, he says,
In person be invited.

THE TRUSTY ECKART.

Oh! were we at home! What a horrible sight!
They come toward us like the terrors of night,
They come, the unmerciful sisters;
And when they arrive, overtaking us here,
They 'll drink what we brought such a distance, the beer
And leave us the emptièd pitchers.

The children, affrighted, are ready to fly
When all of a sudden a man they espy:
Be quiet, my child! Oh, be quiet, ye children!
The sisters are thirsty, they come from a chase.
Do give them a drink! If you do so with grace,
The wayward's arrival 's a blessing.

No sooner he said it than howling aloud
Up came the unreal and shadowy crowd
To drink and to swallow refreshment.
And gone is the beer, but the pitchers are left;
And onward again into hollow and cleft
Move howling the sisters, the wayward.

The children are running as fast as they can;
But soon overtakes them the comforting man:
Ye darlings, you need not be frightened!—
They 'll beat us, at least they will dreadfully scold.—
They will not, I tell you, provided you hold
Your tongues as to what you have witnessed.

And he who advises you knows what he says;
He 's friendly to children and with them he plays;
'T is Eckart the old and the trusty.
Of him I am sure they have told you before.
He speaks to you now, is as kind as of yore;
Do try him! Your chance is a rare one.

At home they arrive and the pitchers they hand
Each child to his parents and humbly they stand
Awaiting a scolding or whipping.
But lo! they are drinking and praising the beer,
Drink twice all around and, tho' strange it appear,
Not empty are growing the pitchers.

They drink into night and they drink into day
And like such a wonder, explain it who may;
All question, however, the children,

Who knowingly smile; and of Eckart the old
They stammer and stutter till all they have told
And gone is the beer in the pitchers.

Remember, ye children, a word of advice
From father or teacher or friend is of price.
Obey them and do what they tell you!
From talking, when silence is better, abstain!
By holding your tongues you will frequently gain,
And beer you will have in your pitchers.

GOODMAN AND GOODWIFE.

To-morrow is St. Martin's Day.
As Goodwife loves her man,
She 's busy kneading cakes and then
She bakes them in the pan.

She 's done, and both are now abed,
When lo! up springs a breeze
And Goodman says to his good frow;
Go, bolt the door! Oh please!

To leave one's bed when one gets warm,
In that there is no fun;
The door may rattle a hundred years,
The bolting can't be done.

They thereupon a wager laid
By whispering to and fro,

That bolt must he who first will speak
And to the door must go.

Two travelers enter at night the room
And feel their way in the dark;
No light, no fire is there, no trace
Of servants or host, but hark!

They cry: Is no one here awake?
Our patience 's nearly gone.
Both hear it, but—think of the door;
No answer 's from them drawn.

They found the cakes, and first the white
And then the black they ate.
Goodwife scolds inwardly, but not
Aloud, for she has bet.

One to the other says: I 'm sure
My throat is so very dry;
Half open 's the pantry; of gin it smells;
To find some I shall try.

I struck the bottle of gin, I have;
That 's lucky! I declare.
Now let us drink by turns, good friend!
With us well does it fare.

But out of bed did Goodman jump
And did to speak begin:

You drank my gin, take out your purse
  And pay me for the gin!

And out of bed did Goodwife jump
  And say to him with pride:
You, Goodman, were the first to speak,
  Go, bolt the door! Don't chide!

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

The warder 's awake in the steeple above
  And looks on the graves of the parted.
Though midnight is passed, by the moon's gentle love
  Soft light to the yard is imparted,
And there is a stirring inside of the tombs,
And girls are arising and searching for grooms,
    Their shrouds ever trailing behind them.

With grace they are moving, are eager and fleet;
  The poor with the wealthy are prancing
And stretching and turning their arms and their feet.
  Their trains interfere with their dancing;
But since not a cover their nakedness needs,
They throw on the ground what their motion impedes
    And scatter their clothes in the church-yard.

Their swinging of legs and their ludicrous whims,
  Their gestures immodest and drastic,
The chatter and rattle of jaws and of limbs,
  Their dancing so quaint and fantastic

Amuses the warder. He laughs and with zest
Obeys he the tempter's unholy behest:
        Get one of the shrouds or the grave-clothes!

'T was done in a trice; in precipitate flight
    Returning, he hides in the chapel.
Though yet in the full moon's beneficent light
    The dancers deliriously grapple,
One after the other, by turning aside
And donning his shroud, with a shadowy stride
        Retires to his tomb, the deserted.

One only is left, and he stumbles and trips
    And visits the graves in succession.
Not into the tombs of the dead did it slip
    But into a mortal's possession.
In vain does he batter the door with his fist;
The crosses of metal, the sacred, resist
        And shield the unfortunate warder.

He 's after his shroud, he is after it still
    In spite of the door and the crosses;
Outside on the portal he climbs with a will
    And upward he crawls and he tosses.
Poor warder, alas! very near is your doom.
From buttress to window the man of the tomb
        Advances, a spider a long-legged.

The warder is pale and he trembles with fear;
    To give him the shroud he is willing,

But there!—It is gone!—Through his body a spear,
A sharp and a pointed is thrilling;
And dim is the moon disappearing, and—One,
One thunders the clock, and the skeleton!—Upon
The walls it is hurled and is shattered.

THE WIZARD'S APPRENTICE.

GONE 's for once the old magician
With his countenance forbidding;
I 'm now master, I 'm tactician,
All his ghosts must do my bidding.
Know his incantation,
Spell and gestures too;
By my mind's creation
Wonders shall I do.

Flood impassive
With persistence
From a distance
Want I rushing
And at last abundant, massive
Here into my basin gushing.

Come, old broom! For work get ready,
Dress yourself, put on your tatters
You 're, I know, a servant steady
And proficient in such matters.

On two legs stand gravely,
Have a head, besides,
With your pail now bravely
Off, and do take strides!

Flood impassive
With persistence
From a distance
Want I rushing
And at last abundant, massive
Here into my basin gushing.

Like a whirlwind he is going
To the stream, and then in hurry
Like an engine he is throwing
Water for my use; with flurry
Do I watch the steady;
Not a drop is spilled,
Basin, bowls already
Are with water filled.

Fool unwitty,
Stop your going!
Overflowing
Are the dishes.
I forgot the charm; what pity!
Now my words are empty wishes.

For the magic charm undoing
What I did, I have forgotten.

Be a broom! Be not renewing
  Now your efforts, spell-begotten!
Still his work abhorrent
  Does the wretch resume;
Where I look a torrent
  Threatens me with doom.

No, no longer
  Shall I suffer
  You to offer
    Bold defiance.
I have brains, I am the stronger
    And I shall enforce compliance.

You, hell's miscreate abortion,
  Is this house doomed to perdition?
Signs I see in every portion
  Of impending demolition.
Servant, cursed and senseless,
  Do obey my will!
Be a broom defenseless,
  Be a stick! Stand still!

Not impunely
  Shall you ravage.
  Wait! you savage,
    I 'll beset you,
With my hatchet opportunely
    Shall I split your wood, I bet you.

There he comes again with water!—
How my soul for murder itches!
First I stun and then I slaughter,
That is good for beasts and witches.
Well! he 's gone!—and broken
Is the stick in two.
He 's not worth a token;
Now I hope, I do!

Woe! It is so.
Both the broken
Parts betoken
One infernal
Servant's doubling. Woe! It is so.
Now do help me, Powers eternal!

Both are running, both are plodding
And with still increased persistence
Hall and work-shop they are flooding.
Master, come to my assistance!—
Wrong I was in calling
Spirits, I avow,
For I find them galling,
Cannot rule them now.

"Be obedient
Broom, be hiding
And subsiding!
None should ever
But the master, when expedient,
Call you as a ghostly lever!"

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

An Athenian youth with joy elated
For the first time Corinth's walls espied.
He 's a stranger, none 's to him related,
Though in friendship he 's with one allied;
For their fathers had
Hoped and settled that
Their two children should be groom and bride.

But his welcome, will it be a hearty?
He 's a heathen; will his hand be prized?
Will they try to draw him to their party,
They who now are Christians and baptized?
With a new belief
Often come to grief
Former troth and love and are despised.

He arrives. The house is still, and father,
Daughters are asleep; but mother wakes.
She 's surprised, indeed; not angry, rather
Pleased her guest she to her state-room takes,
Nor the sacred rights
Of her guest she slights;
Bids good-night and brings him wine and cakes.

But in spite of food's plentiful offering
Nourishment is not that hour's behest;
From fatigue the youth is so much suffering
That he sinks upon his bed to rest.

Though he slumbers, still,
Passing o'er the sill
He beholds a strange, unhoped-for guest.

And his lamp reveals a thin transparent
Veil and snow-white robe of ample fold.
'T is a maid; her chasteness is apparent,
Round her head 's a ribbon black and gold.
When the youth she spies,
Either in surprise
Or in fear up does her hand she hold.

Am I, she exclaims, to know forbidden
Ev'n a guest's arrival and his name?
In my cell am I so deeply hidden
That unknowingly myself I shame?
On the pillow, you,
Slumber, stranger, do!
For I shall retire the way I came.

Stay, fair maiden! says the youth entreating,
Whilst he rises from his couch apace,
Ceres' gifts and Bacchus' boon are greeting
You who bring me Amor's charming grace.
Do not harbor fear!
For 't is right, my dear,
Confidence in joyous Gods to place.

Youth, do not come near me! for you offer
Joy to one who must not joyous be.

Know ye that so much did mother suffer
That at last she took an oath that He,
As my Lord and God,
Should my flesh and blood
Rule in future and in spite of me.

All our ancient Gods, the bright and cheerful,
Left at once our dreary home and thus
One above invisible and fearful
They adore, their Saviour on the cross.
Neither lamb nor steer
Do they offer here,
But themselves and glory in their loss.

And he listens to her words intently,
Weighs their meaning, and he clearly sees
That it is his bride who, speaking gently,
From his love and his embraces flees.
Stay with me and rest!
For our union, blest
By our fathers, can't the Gods displease.

Yours I shall not be, my friend, oh never!
But my younger sister is your bride.
I'm imprisoned in my cell forever.
When she drinks your kiss to me denied,
Then remember me,
My beloved, and be
Happy, whilst in death my pain I hide.

No! And by this flame that Hymen lighted
   Now with solemn oath to you I say:
Mine you shall be and in joy united
   In my father's house we both shall stay!
Do with me remain!
Darling, let us twain
   Celebrate our wedding-feast to-day!

And a golden chain to him she offers
   And proclaims herself his faithful slave,
But the shining silver cup he proffers
   She refuses, looking sad and grave.
Not your cup I need;
That 's a trifling meed!
   Sweetheart, of your hair a curl I crave.

Midnight came, that hour of dread. Her sadness
   Growing less, she seemed no more to pine,
And her lips, though deadly pale, with gladness
   Sipped and drank the dark and blood-red wine.
But of cakes and wheat
Bread she would not eat,
   Would all food persistently decline.

And the cup she to the youth presented
   Who, like her, with keen enjoyment drank;
But his blood, by lust and wine demented,
   Craves with kisses for her love to thank.
Though the maid resists,
Yet the youth persists
   Till at last upon his couch he sank.

She approaches. Over him reclining:
    Painful are your sufferances to me!
She exclaims; in spite of your repining
    I must tell you what you do not see.
Snow-white am I; cold
Are my limbs and bold
    Is the man who does not from me flee.

Still upon her frame his hands he places,
    Yielding to his ardent passion's bent.
You will yet grow warm in my embraces,
    Though up from your grave you had been sent!
Mingled breath and kiss!
Life-restoring bliss!
    Is my fire in vain upon you spent?

And he presses to his heart his capture.
    Whilst her tears give his enjoyment zest,
From his glowing lips she drinks sweet rapture
    Till they both find happiness and rest.
For the frenzied youth
Warms her blood, in truth,
    Though withal no heart beats in her breast.

Meanwhile mother, through the hall-way gliding,
    Carefully into all noises spies.
Who, she asks, can in that room be hiding?
    When she, listening, hears some curious sighs,
Such as she presumes
Are a bride and groom's
    Amorous prolonged ecstasies.

Bound to know the truth, not from her station
    Does she move; she listens and with pain
Hears, unbroken, sweet love's protestation
    Pass from mouth to mouth between the twain.
Hush! The day is near;
But to-morrow, dear,
    You will come!—and kisses now again.

Then the mother, chafed out of all measure,
    Turns the latch; open the door is thrown.
Those who make my home a house of pleasure
    Should, I think, also to me be known.
Through the door she steals,
And the lamp reveals
    To her sight, oh God! her child, her own.

Thus surprised, the loving youth in terror
    Throws the veil upon the maiden's face,
Grasps the rug; she notices his error
    And the veil at once she does displace.
Like a spectre, still,
Slowly, with a will
    Rising, on the bed she keeps her place.

Mother, mother, how can you be grudging
    My enjoyment of this happy night!
Love, for once, has given me a lodging,
    But *you* bring despair, my joys *you* blight.
Was it not enough
That you sent me off
    To the grave away from warmth and light?

From its cold and darkness I am coming
    Back to life and light, that is my fate!
For in vain your priests are praying, humming,
    And their blessings have but little weight.
Neither salt nor flood
Cools a young girl's blood,
    Nor does earth an ardent love abate.

Promised was this youth to me, and Venus
    Knew, the Goddess, we were groom and bride.
By a later vow you stepped between us,
    Severed us and thus the Gods defied.
Gods do not allow
That by such a vow
    Be a loving bride her groom denied.

From my grave I rise to find that pleasure
    Which in life, alas, I had to miss,
And, though dead, my husband still I treasure
    And to drink his blood I deem a bliss.
Blessed I am! I found
My beloved. He 's bound
    Soon to die like others from my kiss.

Blooming youth, you will not live much longer!
    You will perish, darling; that I know;
For, though you are strong, my chain is stronger;
    With your curl of hair I leave and go.
Brown it is to-day,
But to-morrow gray.
    After death 't will brown and curly grow.

Mother, for one favor let me ask you!
    Build a funeral pile for him and me!
Take out of the ground your child, I task you,
    And in flames let us united be!
From the sparkling flashes
And the glowing ashes
    To our ancient Gods we crave to flee.

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

For the sixth time Mahadoh is
    On the earth; the God's intent
Is to learn what human woe is.
    So a man to men he went,
Lived among them as their equal,
    Bore of joy and pain his share;
Will henceforth know, as a sequel,
    Whom to punish, whom to spare.
And when he has looked at the men of a city,
Surprised at the rich, at the wretched in pity,
    At night he departs to the next to repair.

Through the outskirts passed th' Untainted,
    Saw a dwelling here and there,
And in one a girl with painted
    Cheeks, unfortunate but fair.
Maid, be greeted! — Thank you, dear Sir!
    Wait! I 'll join you in a trice. —

So you are? — A bayadere, Sir,
And my room is clean and nice.
She stirs and the cymbals she beats and she dances,
She whirls and she courtesies and gracefully prances
And hands him a nosegay, a cunning device.

Lured by her, by her invited,
Steps the God inside, in truth, —
When my lamp I shall have lighted
You will feel at home, fair youth.
From fatigue, perhaps, you suffer,
Let me bathe your feet — and rest!
Pleasure, love to you I offer,
Only tell me your behest!
And ailment he feigns. She is gentle, unceasing
In soothing his pain; to the God she is pleasing,
For vice has not ruined her heart in her breast.

What he asks of her is slavery;
Still she willingly obeys
And unselfish woman's bravery,
Not design, her zeal betrays.
There 's for every thing a measure
And the fruit succeeds the blow;
Where obedience is a pleasure,
There affection soon will grow.
Still in his wisdom he lengthens her trial.
First he imposes upon her denial,
Then after rapture the bitterest woe.

For her painted cheeks he kisses,
  Fills her heart with ecstasies;
What she feels and what she misses
  In her weeping eyes he sees.
At his feet she sinks, love's capture,
  Not from lust and not for gain;
Torpid are her limbs, sweet rapture
  Has the courtesan in her slain.
And for the enjoyment of love and affection
The hours of the evening the veil of protection
  Are weaving and lulling to slumber the twain.

Late asleep from love's embraces,
  Early up, not needing rest,
When her dear beloved she faces
  She beholds a lifeless guest.
Neither do her cries awaken,
  Nor her hands the youth; — he 's dead.
Soon his corpse by priests is taken
  And of fire is built his bed.
At work are the priests with the funeral dirges;
She hears them and forward she presses and urges.
  Stand back! for a ground, a forbidden, you tread.

Near the barrow, wild and shrieking,
  She bewails her cruel doom.
I 'm my darling husband seeking,
  I must join him in his tomb!
To destroy such forms is duty
  Of a consecrated priest.

Mine he was! Mine was his beauty
    For one happy night at least!
The priests in a chorus: The aged we bury
When weary and suffering, are not in a hurry;
    We burn and we bury the young when they feast.

Listen to our solemn preaching:
    Not your husband was this dead!
Bayaderes, that is our teaching,
    Must not crave the flaming bed.
Shadows cast all living bodies
    And with them the shadows die;
Such desire in wives not odd is,
    But no others should apply.
Blow, trumpet, and help us in our lamentation!
Ye Gods, we beseech you, this youth of our nation
    Do welcome in flames! for we bid him good-bye.

Thus the choir. Their want of pity
    Sharpens her despair and shame,
And the girl, through love unwitty,
    Rushes into fire and flame.
But the God-youth, fair and shining,
    Rises from the burning pile
With the girl on him reclining
    Upward with benignant smile.
All Deity's joy is a sinner repenting.
The Gods, the immortal, are kind and relenting
    And kiss into virtue the loathsome and vile.

PARIAH.

THE PARIAH'S PRAYER.

MIGHTY Brahma on the mountain!
Of thy seed there is no famine
And of justice thou 'rt the fountain!
Why then is it that the Brahmin
And the Rayah's and the wealthy
Claim alone thy proud parentage?
Have not apes the same advantage,
Or are we an offspring stealthy?

Nobleness was not awarded
To ourselves, there 's no denying;
As an insult is regarded
What ourselves is multiplying.
That is not in men surprising,
But in *thee* so far above them;
For their outcasts, thou canst love them,
Thou, the great and all-despising.

Though I pray to thee in blindness,
In thy heart do not demean us!
Do create a God in kindness
Who shall be a link between us!
To the Bayaderes but lately
Thou a Goddess hast accorded;
If a God 's to us afforded,
We shall praise thee adequately.

HINDOO LEGEND.

Water brings the fair and virtuous
Wife of him the high-born Brahmin
Who is faultless in discharging
All the duties of a judge.
Daily from the sacred river
Does she carry blessed refreshment; —
But where is her pail? her pitcher?
Neither of the two she needs. —
To a sinless heart and pious
Hand into a crystal ball will
Roll itself the flowing water;
And she will then, free from sorrow,
Chaste in feeling and demeanor
To her husband take it home.

So to-day in early morning
She stands praying at the Ganges,
Bending o'er its sheet unruffled,
When from far above a charming
Image, passing through the welkin,
In the flood she sees reflected, —
Image of bewitching grace,
Of a lofty youth created
By the God's sublimest rapture
With a vision of his soul.
At its sight within her bosom
Sentiments, unknown, confusing,

All her thoughts and fancy capture,
Keep before her eyes the image
And her dipping hand is trembling
When she tries to draw the water.—
And alas! She draws no water,—
For the sacred flood, the limpid,
Seems to shun her touch and flee her,
And beneath its whirling eddy
Fathomless the depth appears.

Though her arms hang down and tottering
Is her gait, she still goes homeward.
Can she flee or can she tarry,
Or consider when reflection
Is and thought to her denied?—
Thus she steps before her husband
In whose eyes she reads her sentence.
And he takes his sword in duty,
Leads her to the hill where, bleeding,
Criminals atone for trespass.
How could she resistance offer?
How, though innocent, excuses
Find and thus disprove her guilt?

With his bloody sword and gloomy
Thoughts his quiet home he enters,
When his son inquires: "Oh father,
With whose blood your sword is reddened?"—
With the criminal's!—"By no means,

For it does not stain your shining
Sword with marks of loathsome vices;
Forth it streams as from a wound.
Mother, mother, help me question!
For unjust was father never;
Tell me what he did to-day!"
Hers it is! Be silent, silent!—
"Whose, you say?"—Oh, do be silent!—
"Mother's blood you say it is!!!
What has happened? Was she guilty?
Mine 's the sword! I have and hold it.
Of your wife you are the master,
But my mother she is still.
On the funeral pile her husband,
Her beloved, a wife must follow,
But the sword that struck the mother
Equally must strike the son!"—

Stop! oh stop! exclaimed the father,
There is time yet, hurry! hurry!
Join at once her head and body,
Touch her with this sword!—return to
Life she will and follow you.

Off he speeds; in breathless haste he
Finds the bodies of two women
Lying crosswise, heads alongside.
Frightful sight! More frightful choice!
And his mother's head he seizes,

Does not kiss the pale and lifeless,
But upon the nearest body
Does he place it and he blesses
With the sword his pious work.

And a giant woman rises.—
From his mother's lips, enchanting
By their smile of heavenly sweetness
Comes to him this fearful word:
Son, my son, what fatal rashness!
Yonder lies your mother's body
And aside of it the head
Of that sinful woman, punished
For her hideous crimes with death.
Now my soul upon her body
You have grafted for hereafter.
Thinking rightly, acting wrongly,
I shall live among the Gods.
Though before my eye-glance hovers
Blessedly God's youthful image,
In my breast and brutal senses
Savage cruelty it feeds.

And it will return for ever,
Rise forever, sink forever,
Now be glorified, now darkened:
That I feel is Brahma's will.
He has made it fair and wingèd,
Noble-visaged; for its slender,

God-like limbs of fine proportions
Had to lure and to seduce me.
From above comes all allurement
And the Gods do rule our senses.
I, the Brahmince, henceforth shall
With my head their heaven inhabit
And shall feel an outcast Pariah's
Wretchedness upon the earth.

Son! I send you to your father
To console him. Not expiation,
Pious suffering, nor abiding
Chain you to the wilderness!
Wander forth in all directions
And at all times in the future
Do proclaim to every outcast
That to Brahma he may pray!

In His eyes none is an outcast—
Whether paralyzed in muscles
Or an idiot or a maniac,
Whether helpless or despairing,
Whether Brahmin or a Pariah,
Let him turn his eyes to Heaven!
He will feel and will experience
That a thousand eyes are spying,
That a thousand ears are listening
To his moaning from above.

When before His throne I argue,
When He looks at me, the horrid
Monster of his own creation,
He must pity me forever,
And will pity you, besides.
And I shall beseech him gently
Or denounce him wild with fury,
As my mind will rightly counsel
Or my savageness will have it.
What I think and feel, however,
That a secret must remain!

THE PARIAH'S THANKSGIVING SONG.

Mighty Brahma, I acknowledge
That thou art the world's creator,
For to me has come the knowledge
That of none thou art a hater,

That thy thousand ears not only
Listen to the rich and true-born,
But as well to outcasts lonely;
That through thee they now are new-born.

Pray to her who, first a woman,
Now a Goddess, yet does suffer!
None but thou, the superhuman,
Could have made us such a proffer.

LAMENTATION OF ASAN AGA'S NOBLE WIFE.

FROM THE MORLACKISH.

SOMETHING white I see in yonder forest,—
Is it snow, indeed, or swans? I wonder.
If 't were snow, long since it would have melted;
If 't were swans, long since they would have left us.
No! It is not snow, nor swans 't is either,
'T is the shining tents of Asan Aga.
He 's confined inside, for he is wounded;
And his mother came, also his sister,
But his wife 's too bashful to rejoin him.—
When after some time his wounds were healing
To his faithful wife he sent this message:
"Don't expect to see me at my manor!
Don't expect to greet me with our children!"

When his wife received these cruel tidings
She was overcome by grief, the faithful.
Frightened by the noise of stamping horses
She imagines, Asan comes, her husband.
From the tower to throw herself she rushes
Up, and anxiously two daughters follow,
Try to stop her and exclaim with anguish:
"These are not our father Asan's horses;
Come and greet your brother Pintorovitch!

Asan's wife returns; by way of greeting
Places she her arms around her brother,

Weeping. "See, I am disgraced, your sister 's
Cast away, the mother of five children!"

Silent is her brother; from his pocket
Does he draw, in bright red silk enveloped,
Signed and sealed, the bill of separation:
She to leave forthwith and join her mother,
To be free to choose another husband.

When she saw this document of mourning,
Both her sons she kissed upon the forehead,
Kissed the cheeks of both her daughters.
But alas! her baby in the cradle
Was a sight to make her faint with sadness.
Forcibly her wild impatient brother
Seizes her and puts her on his charger;
And he hastens with the sobbing woman
Straight up to his father's ancient manor.

Shortly after, at the expiration
Of a week,—too short by far, indeed, some
Noble gentlemen the widow courted
And of marriage spoke to our good lady.

But the foremost was Imoski's Cadi.
Of her brother begged with tears our lady:
"By what you think holy I implore you
Not to give me to another husband,
For, when I shall meet again my children,
I am sure my heart will break in sorrow."

But in spite of all her prayers her brother
Says that she must take Imoski's Cadi,
And the good one, yielding, asks a favor.
Send at least, I beg of you, my brother,
This my message to Imoski's Cadi:
"Sir, by this sends love the youthful widow
Who awaits you and requests politely
That, when you arrive with all your Swaties,
You will bring a veil, a long and heavy,
That she may when passing Asan's manor
Hide her face and not behold her orphans."

Scarcely had the Cadi read her message
When his Swaties he at once assembles;
And he starts to meet the bridal widow
With the veil, as he had been requested.
They arrived in safety at the manor
And with her in safety left the manor.
But when they approached the house of Asan,
From above the children saw their mother
And exclaimed: "Return to your apartments!
Eat your supper with your loving children!"
With despair the former wife of Asan
Hears them and she prays the lord of Swaties:
"Do let all your Swaties and the horses
Halt before the gate and wait until I
Shall have given presents to my children!"

And they halted at the gate and waited;
And she gave her orphan children presents;

To the boys gave boots with gold embroidered,
To the girls gave long and costly dresses;
To her helpless baby in the cradle
Also gave a frock to wear in future.

From aside at her looked Asan Aga
And with sadness called his darling children:
"To your father come, my little orphans!
For your mother's breast is cold as iron
And her heart not moved by love and pity."

Asan's wife, when hearing these reproaches,
Turned as pale as death; her heart was broken,
Her tormented soul fled from her body
When she saw her children flee from her.

Approaching the Antique Forms.

Let us now ourselves behold
Clad with ample Grecian fold.

APPROACHING THE ANTIQUE FORMS.

LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK. 1785.

[Youngest son of Duke Charles and nephew of Frederick the Great, born 1752, commanded a regiment of infantry in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and more than once protected the city from the ravages of inundation. In one of his daring attempts to rescue the imperiled inhabitants of a suburb he was drowned in 1785.]

Forcibly seized you the ancient lord of the turbulent river,
Holds you for ever and gives half of his kingdom to you.
Quietly you may rest for a while in the peaceable current
Till you awake to your brave deeds in the floods of the spring.
Then be a help to the people! And all you have dared as a mortal,
Dared and failed in,—a God do it for them and succeed!

TO THE PLOUGHMAN.

Under a light thin cover the seed-corn lies in the furrow,
Under a deeper your own bones will be buried at last.
Joyfully plough and sow! Here 's new life budding and shooting.
Trust, and remember that Hope lovingly clings to the grave.

ANACREON'S GRAVE.

HERE, in the midst of roses, surrounded by vines and by laurel,
Close to the crickets' and doves' amorous cooing and chirp,
Whose is the grave adorned with life by propitious Gods and
Fragrant with odor of flowers?—This is Anacreon's grave!
Spring he enjoyed and summer, and fall that happiest poet;
Winter's inclemency has never invaded his tomb.

THE BROTHERS.

SLUMBER and sleep, the Olympian Gods' confidential servants,
Were at Prometheus' wish sent to his race as a boon;
But these heaven-born ruled upon earth the inferior clay-born,
Slumber to them being sleep, sleep being death unto men.

TIME-PIECE.

EROS, you look so strange! In each of your hands is an hour-glass.
Never before you have twice measured the length of our joys:
"Sluggishly run from one the hours of love at a distance,
But at the lovers' embrace gush from the other the hours."

WARNING.

DO NOT awake God Amor, the boy! How sweetly he slumbers!
Go and attend to the day's various duties at once!
For to her house attends wise mother the moment her boy sleeps,
Knowing he will very soon claim her affection and time.

SWEET CARES.

SORROW, begone! But, alas, too firm is your hold on a mortal.
Never will sorrow, nor care leave him as long as he lives.
Well, if it must be so, then come, ye sorrows of sweet love,
Enter my bosom and chase all of your brothers away!

SOLITUDE.

YOU, sympathetic nymphs who live in trees and among rocks,
Kindly receive us and grant even a silent desire!
Give consolation to sad men, give advice to the skeptic,
And upon lovers a safe charming asylum bestow!
For upon *you* Gods lavished the gift, not given to man, to
Sympathize with and to help all who appeal to your heart.

HAPPINESS OWNED.

WHAT either one or another will give considerate nature,
That undivided it has freely bestowed upon you,
And the recipient of all, the one so beloved by so many,
Gave an adorable, kind fate to my happiest self.

DISTANCE.

KINGS, they say, by nature enjoy much more than the rest great
Power at a distance and reach farther and hold from afar;
Still I myself, the lowly, received such princely endowment,
For at a distance I hold Lida in fetters of love.

THE CHOSEN ROCK.

Here in the quiet of night the lover remembered his sweetheart.
Cheerfully said he to me: Rock, be my witness, I pray!
Bear in mind, however, you will have many associates,
For each stone upon which, dreaming of love, I alight,
For each tree in the forest on which I lean in my ramblings
Beg I to stand as my joy's monument here in the vale.
Only to you, though, do I impart sweet voice as the Muse from
Out of a thousand selects one by a kiss on his lips.

RURAL PLEASURES.

Think, ye nymphs of the brook, ye Dryads of shadowy groves, with
Love of the absent, prepare joy for your gathering friends!
Those far off will join in the feast in quiet remembrance,
Whilst we 're treading the old path of undying delight.
Amor, we hope, will enliven the day; the Olympian God in
Absent and present alike quickens the craving for love.

NIGHTINGALE.

Surely you were brought up, you sweetest of singers, by Amor's
Care and received from the sharp point of his arrow your food.
Thus your throat was tainted by poison, and now by your warble
You irresistibly lead men into amorous dreams.

SACRED SPOT.

When at night to the rows of nymphs assembled in full moon
Down from above and by stealth step up the Olympian Graces,

Then has the poet a chance to listen to melodies charming
And to observe their dances' and sports' mysterious motion.
Heaven-born splendor and charms and whatsoever the earth brings
Forth in its happiest moods he sees, awake in his dreaming.
All he relates to the Muses, and they advise him in kindness
Not to offend strong Gods but to keep to his bosom the secret.

THE PARK.

WHAT a delightful park springs forth from sandiest desert,
  Growing, abounding in life, fostered, adorned by the sun!
Gods upon earth, most skillfully *you* have aped the Creator!
  Lakes imbedded in rocks, bushes and deer I behold.
But no Eden you can create unless you implant man's
  Happiness there and the sweet rest of the Sabbath be yours.

TEACHERS.

EITHER Diogenes, out of his tun and basking in sunshine,
  Or Calanus, overjoyed mounting his funeral pile,
Might have served as a warning the bold rash son of Philippus,
  Had not the lord of the world been so surpassingly great.

TEMPTATION.

SINCE Eve gave the pernicious fruit to her husband and bade him
  Eat, and he foolishly ate, has been ailing his race.
Now of the body of Him who feeds our souls and redeems them
  Are you partaking, devout Lydia, penitent child.

Therefore I send you in haste this fruit of earthliest sweetness
   Lest you, enchanted by heaven, should not remember my love.

UNHAPPILY MATED.

Even Olympian Gods for once were not very well matched;
   Psyche maturing by age less pleased Amor the child.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Is not the child so sweet, so blessedly happy the mother,
   Having no other delight but a reciprocal love!
Truly, I should myself look at this picture in rapture,
   Did I not know that I was sainted as Joseph himself.

EXCUSE.

Don't call woman a flirt for turning from one to another!
   May be she looks for the most constant of men, but in vain.

IN THE CAMP. 1790.

Turf is the floor of our room; its walls are pierced by the sunlight,
   Whilst overhead on the tent's linen is warbling the bird.
Soldier-like we 're mounting our steeds; from Silesia's heights we
   Look with an eager desire down the Bohemian vales.
Still, no hostile man we espy, nor woman. Oh, may sweet
   Cupid engage us in strife, since we 're cheated by Mars!

TO THE COMPANY OF MINERS AT TARNOWITZ.

SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1790.

YOU, who live in the realm's most distant portion, by whose aid
  Do you the treasures untold bring to the light of the day?
Only by honesty's aid and a clear mind's. Both will at all times
  Be an industrious man's road to success here below.

SAKONTALA. 1792.

IF all bloom of the spring, all fruit of the fall and the summer,
  All that enraptures and charms, all you enjoy as a food,
If all heaven and earth you *will* call fitly by one word,
  Call it Sakontala, then! All is contained in the word.

THE CHINESE IN ROME.

ONCE a Chinese I met in Rome. The whole of the structures,
  Modern as well as antique, blamed he as heavy and coarse.
Oh, the deluded! he sighed, they never *will* comprehend how
  So much better a roof looks, if supported by small
Pillars of wood; how trellis and carved work gilt, even pasteboard
  Heightens the joy of the trained eye of the true connoisseur.
Thus I beheld in him, embodied, one of our dreamers,
  Madly comparing the thin web of his fanciful thought
With the perpetual bloom of nature, imagining sound health
  Tainted to give to his own frailty the semblance of strength.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS.

[In a book published under the above title in 1778, Musaeus assailed in a somewhat trivial manner the well-known theories of Lavater, the physiognomist.]

The Physiognomist.

Must we accept as true that rough man's brutal assertion,
That man's shape and appearance of all things visible bears false
Colors and that to pretend to have found what 's silly or noble,
Narrow or great in the lines of his face is boldest presumption,
Ventured upon or believed by fools either cheated or cheating ?—
Thus we 're now thrown back on the unknown path of deceitful
Life, and to glimmering light succeeds an absolute darkness.

The Poet.

Raise your spirits, combat your doubts, my worthy and kind friends!
Do not deserve just blame for listening to this or to that man!
Why are *you* so forgetful of those true masters in Pindus?
Ask for advice yon Nine, the Graces' nearest relations!
Given to them alone is the power to help you in earnest,
Deep contemplation. In wrapt attention a vigilant ear may,
Certainly, hear their whispered truth. I need not assure you
That their views bear no resemblance to those of Musaeus.

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

Bent on adorning herself, the Muse in earliest morning
Followed the rippling brook in search of water unruffled;
But by her own quick gait, and the brook's, for ever her image

Moved on the surface and was distorted. In anger the Muse turned.
Then in a scoffing tone spoke out the brook: It is your fault
If you dislike the truth, and not to be blamed is the mirror!
Quietly had, meanwhile, disappeared the Muse; by a lake's clear
Water she stood, and rejoiced that flowers would give her a new
charm.

PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

Maïa's son, the alert, once had with the ruler of Delos
Quite a prolonged dispute over a coveted prize;
Hermes claimed the lyre as his own, and so did Apollo.
Either in wishes and hopes cherished emptiest dreams,
For fierce Ares approached; by force he decided the question,
With an unmerciful hand dashing to pieces the lyre.
Hermes at once broke out into laughter, the wicked; but gentle
Phœbus, surrounded by all Muses, despairingly grieved.

THE NEW AMOR.

Amor, a child no more, but a youth, sweet Psyche's seducer,
Impudent, sure of success, brought on Olympus disgrace.
When he espied that fairest of all immortals, the gentle
Venus Urania, at once fell he in love with her charms.
Though immaculate, chaste, she could not resist the temptation,
Could not escape her divine paramour's fiery embrace.
Thus to the world was given a new, sweet, innocent Amor,
Like to his father in mind, like to his mother in heart.

Ever you find him the Muses' true and faithful companion,
  Shooting his arrows upon passionate lovers of art.

THE NEW SIREN.

HAVE we not heard of Sirens?—Oh, yes! Melpomene's daughters
  Charmed us from under their rich tresses with sweetest of smiles.
Birds, though, were they below the chest, most dangerous lovers,
  Singing seductive and soft songs with rubiest lips.
One of the sisters, down to the girdle a Grecian beauty,
  Chaste as the snow of the north, modestly covers her knees;
Still, as of old, she charms by her voice all mariners windbound
  Just as in times gone-by far-famed Helena did.

THE WREATHS.

KLOPSTOCK forbids us to go to the Pindus, and not for the laurel
Shall we compete henceforth; with native oak be contented;
Still he himself leads that crusade hyperepic upon far
Golgotha's hill, and foreign Gods he is fervently praising.
Whether upon that hill or another he gather the host of
Angels, and wheresoever the grave of the goodly is honored,
Wheresoever a saint or a hero died, or a poet
Sang and through his life and his death bequeathed us a noble
Model of courage and faith sublime,—there properly will all
Nations unite, and will kneel down and adore in a transport
Either his laurel or thorn, his famous deeds or his suffering.

THE SWISS ALPS.

URI, OCTOBER 1, 1797.

YESTERDAY your summit appeared deep brown; and my distant
Darling I thought I beheld looking at me from afar.
Prematurely I see your brown locks changed into white locks,
Changed in a day by the night's snow and tempestuous storm.
Youth is, alas, as near old age, though life is between them,
As last night to to-day through a succession of dreams.

Roman Elegies.

To my mind you now recall
Days, the happiest of all.

ROMAN ELEGIES.

I.

GIVE me a sign, ye stones! Speak out, ye palaces mighty!
  Streets, do utter a word! Genius, quickly awake!
All is so full of life within thy eloquent sanctum,
  Great, perpetual Rome; but it is silent to me.
Who is to whisper to me which window will in the future
  Show me the woman who will soothe me with passionate fire?
Am I not dimly aware which road will, ever and ever
  Leading to her and away, rob me of precious time?
Now I behold the palace and church, the ruins and columns,
  Like a conscientious man fitly embracing his chance.
But it will end very soon, but *one* will remain of the temples,
  Amor's temple alone, dear to the acolyte's heart.
Truly, a world thou art, Rome; but, if it were not for love, the
  World would not be the world, Rome would never be Rome.

II.

HOMAGE be done to whom you desire! I have found an asylum.—
Ladies of beauty and rank, gentlemen of the world,
Ask as to uncle's health and to aunt's and to cousin's adventures,
And the conventional talk end in a tedious whist.
And ye innumerable friends in parties and at the fireside,
Who have many a time brought me to wildest despair,
Read and repeat with emptiest words political maxims
Which, wherever he go, harass the traveler's march,
Just as of old the song of Marlboro' followed the Briton,
Down from Paris to Nice, then from Firenze to Rome,
Greeting again at Naples and, when he had landed in Smyrna,
Marlboro' awaited him there, Marlboro' the song in the port.
So I have constantly been tormented by hearing them blame the
People's violent acts, blame the intrigues of the kings.
Not very soon you will now be able to trace my asylum,
Given by Amor the King's royal munificent hand;
For right under his wings I am hiding; my Roman beloved is
Neither afraid of the Gaul, nor of the Frenchman's approach.
Never she asks me for news, my Roman friend, but intently
Watches her master and lord's amorous whims and desires;
Eagerly listens to him, the ruddy and vigorous stranger,
When he of mountains and snow, wood-built houses relates;
Shares in the warmth of the fire she kindles and feeds in his bosom,
Knowing he clings to his gold less than the native of Rome.
Better is now her table, she is not in want of a new dress,
Nor of a carriage to take her to the opera-house.
Mother and daughter alike enjoy the northerner's presence
And the barbarian lords over his Roman domain.

III.

Do not repent, my beloved, of having surrendered so quickly!
  Not any less for that do I esteem your love.
Diversely wound the arrows of Cupid: not deeply at times when
  Year after year by the slow poison is ailing the heart;
But when, feathered and sharp, the arrow, in making a deep wound,
  Goes to the marrow, it sets quickly in passion the blood.
In the heroical times, when Gods and Goddesses loved, the
  Lust was close to the look, close the enjoyment to lust.
Do you suppose the Goddess of Love was long in deciding
  When on Anchises she gazed in the Idæan precincts?
Had not Luna at once been kissing the beautiful sleeper,
  Envious Aurora, perhaps, would have aroused him herself.
During a feast was Hero seen by Leander, and swiftly
  Rushed he, maddened by love, into the boisterous sea.
Rhea Sylvia, the King's own daughter, walks to the Tiber
  For a refreshing drink, when she is seized by the God.
Thus has Mars begotten his sons! And the milk of a she-wolf
  Nursed the twins — and Rome claims to be ruling the world.

IV.

Piously loving we are and we quietly honor the dæmons,
  Try to propitiate Gods, ask for the Goddesses' grace.
Thus we resemble you, victorious Romans; to all the
  Gods of the conquered world gave and prepared you a home,
Whether of black basalt the Egyptian formed a morose God,
  Or an enchanting of white marble the fanciful Greek.

Still we do not offend Olympus by offering to *one* God
  More than to others a sweet incense with heartiest thanks.
Yes, we admit, our prayers and rites and our invocations
  Are to the honor of *one* Goddess, the sweetest of all.
Roguish and gay, though much in earnest, we are in the secret
  Service and solemnly bound nothing at all to reveal.
Sooner we would by criminal acts attract to our heels the
  Frightful Furies and would sooner incur by our deeds
Jupiter's wrath, would roll the wheel or be chained to the hard rock
  Than to deny to our souls what is enrapturing bliss.
This our Goddess is called Opportunity; make her acquaintance!
  Often she meets you, my friends, always in different form.
Proteus' daughter she might be, born by Thetis, her mother,
  Whose metamorphosing craft harmed many heroes of old.
Equally tricky the daughter ensnares the innocent, timid,
  Teases the dozer but fears open and vigilant eyes.
Willingly does she surrender to none but the active and bold man.
  Tame he will find her I know, playful and tender and sweet.
Once she appeared to me a brownish maiden; her hair fell
  Dark, luxuriant and rich over her forehead and brow;
Short curls ringled around the elegant form of her neck, and
  Loose and unbraided her hair crisped on the crown of her head.
Nor did I let her pass in slothful ease, but I seized her
  And in embrace and in kiss made her a charming adept.
Happy I was, indeed, but stop! That time is forgotten,
  Now I am fettered and chained firmly by Roman braids.

V.

Joyous I feel, profoundly inspired on classical ground now,
  Lend an attentive and charmed ear to its present and past.
Counsel I take of my heart, run over the works of the ancients,
  Busily passing the day's hours in the study of art.
But for the quiet of night God Amor brings occupation,
  What in my learning I lose, doubly I gain it in joy.
And am I not instructing myself by espying the bosom's
  Delicate form, by the hand feeling the curve of the hip?
Now I admire much better the marble; I see and compare, for
  Touch is as keen as the sight, sight is as full as the touch.
Though the beloved will rob me of valuable hours in the day-time,
  More than she takes she bestows on me in hours of the night;
For after kiss and embrace we sensibly talk to the purpose.
  When she succumbs to sleep, revels productive my mind.
Many a time in her arms I composed a poetical fancy
  And the hexameter's rhythm have I with fingering hand
Counted upon her back. Her breast heaves gently in slumber
  And her continuous breath fans the desire in my heart.
Amor attends, meanwhile, to the lamp, remembering the times when
  He in a similar way gave the Triumviri help.

VI.

"Can you indeed, you cruel, attempt to grieve me with such words?
  Do in so bitter a way talk loving men in the north?
If I am blamed by the people, I must submit to and am I
  Guiltless, perhaps, if you please? Guilty I am, but with you.

These very clothes are quite sufficient proof to the neighbors
    That the widow has ceased mourning her husband's loss.
Did you not carelessly come very often at moonlight and was not
    Grayish your coat and your hair cut all around on the back?
Did you not choose yourself for fun the familiar priest-mask?
    Then, if it must be a priest, well then! *You* are the priest!
No!—In pontifical Rome, incredible as it appears, has
    Never a clerical man gained any favor from me.
Poor, to be sure, I was, and known to the worst of seducers;
    Falconieri himself frequently stared in my face;
One of Albani's bawds by letters tried to decoy me
    First into Ostia and then down to the four-armed fount.
But they waited in vain for the girl. I cordially hate them,
    Whether strutting in red stockings or violet ones.
For 'in the end you, girls, are sure to be cheated' so used my
    Father to warn us, although mother was not so severe.
And so I have been cheated at last! You play the offended,
    Wounded and jealous because flight is your purpose and aim.
Go! You do not deserve us women! Not only the children
    Bear we; we equally bear all to ourselves the faith.
But you men, so wasteful in strength and passionate fury,
    In your embraces you waste also the feeling of love."
Thus did speak the beloved. She took her boy from the chair and
    Petted and kissed him, and tears copiously came to her eyes.
Deeply ashamed I felt that invidious slander of bad men
    Had such a vaporous mist cast on her radiant face.
Still, but an instant the fire burns low, and vapors arise when
    Water is thrown on the fire, chasing and hiding the heat;
For, in a trice, it returns and, dispelling the vapors, it does shoot
    Up in renewed and increased strength into powerful flames.

VII.

Oh! how happy I feel and thankful in Rome! I remember
How very dark, in the north, gloomy and damp was the day.
Heavy and gray the sky was lowering down on my head; so
Colorless, formless the world seemed to the wearied eye,
That I began to dwell on myself in sad meditation,
Anxious to fathom the true cause of disordered thought.
Now by the mild ethereal light my brow is illumined;
Phœbus, the brilliant, calls colors and forms into life;
Starry and soft is the night; it resounds in melodious songs and
Bright is the moon; it outshines even the sun of the north.
Bliss immortal is felt by a mortal! I dream! Do I enter
Now the ambrosial house, father Jupiter's guest?
Yes, I am here and I touch thy knees with my hands and implore thee,
Graciously listen to me, Jupiter Xenius, do!
How I have come here I could not tell thee. Hebe, in taking
Hold of the wanderer, brought quickly me into the hall.
Didst thou command her to lead a hero up to Olympus?
Was she mistaken? Forgive! Mine be the benefit then!
Mine for Fortuna's sake! Thy daughter, in blindly bestowing
Gifts on whom she prefers, is a capricious girl.
Thou art called the friend of the guests,— then drive not the comer
From the Olympian heights down to the valley below!
"Poet, thy mind is wandering!" Forgive me, I know I am right here.
On the Capitoline hill stands my Olympus and thine.
Jupiter, suffer me here till Hermes, leading me past the
Cestius' pyramid, shows down to the Orcus the way.

VIII.

When you assert, my beloved, you were as a child not admired by
  Many, that mother herself thought very little of you
Till you had grown to be tall and properly formed: I believe you;
  For I imagine you were quite a particular child.
Color is wanting and shape to the blossom of vine; but the berry,
  Juicy and ripe, is a boon cherished by men and by Gods.

IX.

In the autumnal chill the fire starts up on the hearth and
  Crackles, illumines and shoots up from the copse and the sticks,
And it appears more cheery to-night, for, before into coal the
  Fagot is burnt, consumed, falls into ashes and dies,
Comes my loveliest girl. Then sticks will flame and the brushwood,
  Warming the room for the night's quiet and brilliant feast.
Early at dawn she busily leaves love's peaceable couch and
  Stirring the embers she knows how to rekindle the fire;
For by especial grace God Amor gave her the gift of
  Fanning a glimmering spark quickly to vigorous flames.

X.

Alexander and Cæsar, and Henry and Frederic the great ones
  Would very willingly give half their acquired renown,
If I but would for *one* night offer to each my enjoyment.
  But the unfortunate men are in the Orcus and dead.
who are living, rejoice in the love-warmed sanctuary! Soon will
  e's atrocious flood moisten your fugitive heels.

XI.

Is not a poet allowed to lay on the offering altar,
Graces, in homage to you, buds of his fancy and flowers?
And he is anxious to do it. An artist is fond of his workshop,
Fonder the more it appears Pantheon-like to his eye.
Jupiter thoughtfully knits, whilst Juno is raising her eyebrows;
Phœbus is striding unchecked, shaking the curls of his head;
Dryly Minerva looks from above, whilst Hermes the wingèd
Furtively glances and leers, roguish and tender at that.
But upon Bacchus the soft, the dreamer, Cythera has set her
Eyes of voluptuous desire, moist in the chiseled stone.
Rapt into past enjoyment she smiles and seems to be asking,
Whether the glorious son should not be close by her side.

XII.

On the Flaminian road do you hear, my darling, the tumult?
Singing and shouting, I think, reapers return to their homes
Far away; they 've cut and gathered the crops of the Romans
Who 're unwilling to make garlands to Ceres themselves.
No more feasts are given in praise of the Goddess who kindly
Changed from acorns to wheat man's indispensable food.
Let us alone by ourselves do honor to her! An assembled
People, undoubtedly, are lovers in happy accord.
Are you informed, my dear, as to those most mystical rites which
Early the conquering foe brought from Eleusis to Rome?
Greeks had founded the worship, and none but Greeks ever shouted
Even in ancient Rome: "Come to the hallowed night!"

Then the profane disappeared; and waiting trembled the novice,
Clad in immaculate white, chasteness' symbolical garb.
Wandering about, bewildered in mind, through circles and groups of
Strange extravagant forms, did he imagine he was
Deeply in dreams, when thrown among coiling serpents and boxes,
Locked and wreathed with ears, borne by enravishing girls?
Did he encounter the priests' significant gaze and the hums in
Patience? Or did he not crave cruel novitiate's end?
But not before he had passed through trials and ordeals would the
Hallowed circle's occult meaning to him be revealed,
And what was it he learned? That Demeter, the great and immortal,
Had in weakness succumbed, once, to a hero's desires,
When she to Jason the king, the stalwart king of the Cretians,
Granted in love the occult charms of Olympian frame.
Then was plenty in Crete; the nuptial bed of the Goddess
Swelled with ears, and the fields sank by the weight of the crops.
But in the rest of the world was famine; unmindful of duty,
Ceres neglected her task, rapt into pleasures of love.
Pleased and astonished hears the initiated the story,
Nods to the fair at his side: Take, my enchantress, the hint!
There is a hallowed spot right under the shade of the myrtle;
Our felicity can't injure the world in the least.

XIII.

AMOR is ever a rogue and who will trust him is cheated!
Said with hypocrisy: Friend, trust me for once, for to-day!
Truly, I love you and all your life and poetical homage
Must, of necessity, make strong my affection for you.

Even to Rome I have followed *you;* I am anxious to be of
Some little service to you, whilst you 're staying abroad.
Travelers often complain of wretched accommodations;
When introduced by me, Amor, they never complain.
Daily you stand amazed at the sight of antiquity's ruins,
Wandering with artist's delight over the classical ground.
More yet are you in love with the fine and beautiful relics,
Formed by artists in whose workshops I had my abode.
Surely, myself I have shaped these forms! Forgive me, I do not
Emptily boast, and you will gladly confess I am right.
Since to a certain extent you deserted my service, the beauty,
Color and form of your works, have they not left you and fled?
Are you again, now, bent on creating? The school of the Greek is
Open to you, will remain open to you and to all;
And I myself, the teacher, am young and fond of the young ones.
Not prematurely morose be, nor precocious the art!
Was the antique not at one time new and enjoyed by the living?
Live to be happy, you will live in antiquity yet!
Subjects you want for a song? Well then! I will give you the noblest,
And the sublimest of styles naught will teach you but love.—
Thus he in sophistry proved. Who can contradict him? Besides, I
Am so accustomed to do what he desires me to do.
Now in a treacherous way he keeps his promise; he gives me
Subjects for song, but he does rob me of time and of strength.
Glances and pressure of hands and kisses, familiar converse,
Syllables, broken but sweet, travel from lip to the ear.
Lisping is audible talk and stuttering voluble language;
Such an erotical hymn needs no prosodical rhythm.

Was not Aurora in times gone by a friend of the Muses!
  Tell me if Amor, the God, cunningly led you astray;
For you appear as the best of his friends and never arouse me
  But at the feet of his throne to the enjoyment of light.
Do I not see the fullness of curls on my breast and her small head
  Resting in peaceable sleep on my subservient arm!
Hours of profoundest sleep, I thank you for holding discreetly
  Past joys' monument up to the re-opening eyes.
Hush! She is moving;—she starts and falls in another position,
  Turning away, but she leaves kindly her hand in my hand.
Sympathy is, and a heartfelt love our constant companion;
  There 's no change but in what fancy inventively brings.
Now by a grasp of my hand I aroused her; the heavenly eyes are
  Open again. Not so soon! Let me but dwell on the form!
Do be closed! You intoxicate and confuse me; you rob me
  Far too soon of intense joy in a plastical mould.
Noble, indeed, these forms are, pure the lines and harmonious!
  From an Ariadne so fair, Theseus, could you have fled?
After a kiss on her lips? Go, Theseus, now! Or you will not.
  Look in her eyes, she awakes!—Flight is impossible now!

XIV.

MAKE me a light, good boy!—"It is clear yet; wastefully will you
  Burn your oil and the wick. Open the shutters and wait!
Hidden from view is the sun by houses, not by the mountain:
  Half an hour we will yet wait for the evening bell!"
Luckless, go and obey! For I am expecting my maiden;
  But in the meantime burn, lamp, be the herald of night!

XV.

HARDLY I should have followed to far off Britany Cæsar,
Easily Florus to his nasty Popina in Rome!
For much more I detest the dreary fogs of the north than
All the rapacious and thick crowd of Italian fleas.
But henceforth, from to-day, I 'll greet you gratefully, taverns,
Osterias you are fitly and properly called
For you have shown me to-day my girl by the side of her uncle
Whom she so often deserts, pleased to have me in his stead.
Here, at the wall, our table stood, gay Germans around it;
There, by her mother's side, looked the girl for a seat,
Pushing the chair repeatedly till she so well had arranged it
That she by half had her face, fully her neck toward me;
Spoke unusually loud for a Roman and, filling the glasses,
Looked toward me and poured, missing adroitly the glass.
Wine was spilled on the table and then, with daintiest finger
Taking the moisture at will, drew she line upon line,
Joining my name to hers; and I did most eagerly watch her,
Follow her finger and she,—certainly, knew that I did.
Then of a sudden she drew a Roman five and before it
Quickly a vertical dash. Then, being sure I had seen
All that I should, ran line into circle destroying the letters;
But an indelible four burned and illumined my eye.
Silent I kept my seat and, much amused by her cunning
Tactics, I bit on my lips dried by impatient desire.—
Far off yet 's midnight, and then—four hours in addition!
And thou 'rt taking thy time, Sun, in beholding thy Rome!

Nothing so grand and sublime thou ever beheldst, never wilt thou,
As in enraptured soul Horace predicted, the priest.
But don't tarry to-day! From the seven hills of the city
Turn thy glances away sooner, obligingly soon!
And for the sake of a poet, for him do shorten the glory
Of the majestic descent, painters' enravishing sight.
Glowingly look on the proud façades and part in a fiery
Kiss from the cupolas first, columns and obelisks last!
Hurriedly sink into water to see more early to-morrow
What in the course of untold centuries gave thee delight;
See these banks overgrown with reeds ever moist and undying,
Gentle and beautiful hills shaded by bushes and trees.
Sparsely covered by huts thou knew'st them; then, of a sudden,
Thronged by the busy and bold robbers' tumultuous crowd,
Gathering, bringing in haste to the spot art's marvelous treasures,
Making the rest of the earth little attractive to thee.
Truly, a world arose and a world, then, fell into ruins;
Out of the ruins thou saw'st rise a superior world!
How much longer I *would* with thee, transported, admire it,
Would but the Parcae be slow spinning the thread of my life!
But for the hour, the craved for, quickly be it approaching!—
Does it already? The clock strikes; it is three, not yet four!
So you again, kind Muses, have helped me to lessen the time of
Cruel, impatient desire by your affectionate smile.
Now farewell! I am off, and I know you 'll not be offended,
For, though proud, you are yet yielding to Amor the God.

XVI.

"Why did you not to-day, my beloved, come up to the vineyard?
As I had promised, I was waiting for you and alone."
Dearest, I was there, had just entered when I perceived your
Uncle at work on the vines, turning about and about.
Then I escaped by stealth. "What fatal error! A scarecrow
Put you to flight, nothing else. Skillfully was it contrived,
And the atrocious man consisted of reeds and of old clothes.
What I constructed in fun turns to my injury now.
Well! Good uncle has had satisfaction; the gayest of birds was
Scared to-day, you, the bold thief of his garden and niece."

XVII.

Many a sound is unpleasant to me, but more than the rest is
Hateful the barking of dogs; frightfully tears it my ear.
There 's one cur, however, I hear with cheery emotion
Yelping and barking, the one owned by a neighbor of mine.
Once in the past he barked at my girl when secretly stealing
Into the house; and he did nearly betray us by that.
Now, the moment I hear him yelp, I think she is coming,
Or I remember the time when the beloved had arrived.

XVIII.

One thing, more than another, may be annoying, but what is
Truly abhorrent and does curdle the blood in my veins,

Even the thought of the thing; my friends, do let me confess it!
Very annoying I find night, when I pass it alone.
Most abhorrent it is to have fear of snakes on the flowery
Passage of love and to drink poison in fragrance of rose,
When in the hoped-for height of supreme unalloyed enjoyment
Sorrow and whispering doubt harass the somnolent head.
But Faustina insures my happiness; truly, she shares most
Gladly my couch and she gives troth to the true in return.
Youth in its dash is so fond of hindrance's charm; I prefer, though,
Quietly, long to enjoy what I can safely possess.
Oh! what bliss is embrace, undoubted and mutual! It passes
Breath into life and, absorbed, throws new life into breath.
So we enjoy the length of the night and attentively listen,
Sheltered by love, to the wild storm and the torrent and rain.
So we await day-break; — and the hour of the morning again with
Redolent flowers adorns festively daylight's return.
Do not, Quirites, grudge me my happiness! Kind and propitious
Gods, on a mortal bestow once in his life such a boon!

XIX.

HARD do we find it to keep our good reputation; for Fama
Does not with Amor, my lord, live on the friendliest terms.
And do you know how it came that there is hatred between them?
Trite is the story and old which I am going to tell.
Fama, the Goddess, you know was not much liked in society,
Where she, in spite of her power, never commanded respect.
Actually hated she was for her voice of bronze at the banquets
Up in Olympus by all Gods, whether little or great,

Where one day, without provocation, she uttered the boast of
    Having completely enslaved Jupiter's favorite son.
"Father of Gods" she exclaimed triumphantly, "surely, in due time
    Bring I my Hercules up, changed and remodeled by me.
Not any more your Hercules is he, born by Alcmena;
    His adoration for me makes him a God upon earth.
When he is raising his eyes to Olympus, you think he is searching
    For your powerful knees;—pardon! He looks toward me
Into the ether, he does, that worthiest man, and to gain *me*
    Treads his heroical foot ground never trodden before;
And quite frequently do I appear to him in his journeys,
    Praising his name in advance of the accomplished feat.
Give him to me for a husband! I beg you; the Amazon's tamer
    Tame me in turn, and I shall yield to his prowess in grace."
All were silent, afraid of provoking the insolent vaunter
    Who in her anger and spite is an implacable foe.
Amor, however, had left unseen and by cunning device he
    Made the hero at once love the fairest of fair.
Then he disguises the pair; the skin of the lion he places
    Over her shoulders and drags, panting, the club to her side;
Powders the short and refractory hair of the hero with flowers and
    Offers the rock to his fist, which acquiesces in it.
Thus he arranges in haste the charming group and in flying
    Through Olympus he cries: "Great are the deeds of the day!
Never has heaven and earth, nor has the unwearied sunlight
    In its perpetual course seen such a wonder before!"
All came quickly, deceived by the boy; for seriously had he
    Spoken; and Fama among them very hurriedly came.

Who, do you think, was glad to see the hero degraded?
  Juno, indeed! and she gave Amor her sweetest of smiles.
Fama, however, ashamed stood there, embarrassed, despairing,
  Though she audaciously said: "Gods are deluded by masks!
Do I not know too well my hero? Tragedians boldly
  Try to impose upon us!" Vexed, she acknowledged the truth.
Less than the thousandth part of her spite was felt by Vulcanus,
  When he perceived in love's meshes his wife and his friend,
When the intelligent net well chose the propitious moment
  First to entangle the wrapt, then to continue them wrapt.
How those boys were amused! both Bacchus and Mercury, both were
  Glad to confess that it was quite a remarkable thought,
Such an ardent embrace of Olympian charms, and entreated:
  Do not, Vulcanus, as yet part them! — we cherish the sight.
And both ends of the net he pulled, the inveterate coxcomb.
  Fama, in anger and rage, left in precipitant flight.
Since that time an unceasing war is between them. As soon as
  She is in favor of one, Amor will give him the chase.
Who does honor her most is sure by him to be wounded,
  And to the moral and good he is especially fierce.
Worst does come to the worst when one does try to escape him:
  Girls he will offer to him; if he refuses the gift,
Then his breast will at once be assailed by poisonous arrows,
  Turning the man upon man, turning the man upon beast.
Who is ashamed of him will have to suffer; he gives the
  Hypocrite treacherous joys marred by conscience of crime.
But in her turn, the Goddess with eyes and ears will pursue him;
  Shows you her enmity when Amor is friendly to you;

Looks at you with stern contemptuous frowns and attaches
    Quickly an evil repute to his habitual resorts.
Now she is cross with me. I suffer a little. The Goddess,
    Watchful and jealous, inquires after my secret delight.
That is a sacred law and tradition I silently honor,
    For by the quarrels of kings suffered the Greeks and myself.

XX.

STRENGTH and boldness, indeed, embellish a man; but I dare say,
    Silent discretion endows him with superior charms.
Thou, Discretion, of yore hast been much stronger than strongholds,
    And, as a Goddess, thou hast wisely directed my life.
What an unheard-of outrage is done! The Muse, in obeying
    Amor the rogue, has revealed how I have secretly loved.
Difficult proved the task to hide the defects of an old king.
    Neither concealed by the crown, nor by the Phrygian cap
Could be the asinine ear of Midas; the valet discovers
    What he considers a weight past his endurance to bear.
So he intrusts it at once to the earth, and tries to be rid of;
    But any secret of such nature will sprout in the earth.
Reeds sprang up; in the breeze they whispered one to the other:
    Midas, Midas the prince covers his asinine ear! —
Just as heavy a weight does prove my sweetest of secrets,
    And to the feverish lip billows the fullness of heart.
Not to a woman I dare intrust it, afraid of her scolding;
    Not to a friend,—for he might play me a treacherous trick,
And to confide it to groves and rocks, to rejoice in the echo,
    Neither sufficiently young am I, nor lonely enough.

To the hexameter be it and to the pentameter trusted
  How in the day she has pleased, how she has loved me at night!
Tempted by many, she keeps most bravely aloof from the traps laid
  Boldly for her by the bold, slyly for her by the sly,
Passes, or skillfully jumps over them, and follows the path on
  Which, she is sure, her beloved eagerly watches and waits.
Tarry, oh Luna! She comes. The neighbors must not perceive her.
  Rustle, ye leaves, in the breeze! None must hear her approach.
And ye, beloved songs, grow and develop, blossom and gently
  Waft in the sunny and mild air of the flattering breeze!
And in the end, like yonder reeds, do tell the Quirites
  All you have heard of the sweet secrets of happiest love!

Elegies.

Pictures sweet and passions strong
Gladly dwell in poet's song.

ELEGIES.

ALEXIS AND DORA.

Every moment the ship goes irresistibly onward
    Through the billows and foam, farther and farther away.
Long is the furrow behind in the wake of the ship, and the dolphins
    Follow it, sporting in hope over a possible prey.
Everything betokens a prosperous voyage; the boatman
    Quietly rests on his seat, leaving the work to the sail;
Flying before the wind are men's thoughts, flags and the streamers,
    All but the dreams of the *one* who, overpowered by grief,
Looks at the mountains, blue in the distance; sees them immersed
        and
    Sunk in the sea, and his hopes sink and expire in his breast.
Equally lost to your sight is the ship, and of your Alexis
    Does it, oh Dora, deprive *you*, of the lover and friend.
Vainly you turn your eyes toward me; in strongest affection
    Still for each other our hearts beat, but not breast upon breast.
True! but a moment I have intensely lived; but the moment's
    Vigorous life outweighs all of my spiritless past.

Since that feeling of life unawares, as if sent by the Gods, came
Into my frame, when I held you in my parting embrace,
Will but in vain thy brilliant light illumine the ether,
Phœbus, and hateful to me will be the glare of the day.
Into my soul's twilight I retire to live in remembrance
Over and over her sweet daily appearance to me.
How did it happen I saw her beauty and was not enamored?
Why so obtuse to her sweet heavenly charms was my mind?
Do not accuse yourself! — So the poet, constructing a riddle,
By an arrangement of words puzzles the wit of his friends.
All are amused at the curious way of suggesting ideas,
But are, nevertheless, far from obtaining the clew.
When they at last succeed in finding the word that is wanted,
Then the poetical joke doubly rejoices the mind.
Why at so late an hour did Amor loosen the bandage
Which he had laid on my eyes, why not a little before?
Did not the ship wait long for a wind, all carefully laden,
Till from the mountain at last blew a propitious wind?
Days of my youth, and future plans, you are equally empty!
You disappear; in my soul lives but that precious hour.
Yes, it remains and happiness with it. Oh, Dora, I hold you!
And an unquenchable hope shows me your image alone.
Oft I have seen you go to the temple, modest and festive,
You and your mother with slow, solemn, appropriate steps.
Lively and brisk you carried the fruit to the market; in coming
Back from the fountain your head balanced boldly the jar.
Then to advantage showed your throat, still more so your neck and
Every pliant and quick movement's symmetrical grace.

Often I feared the jug would fall from its lofty position,
    Needlessly though, for it stood firm on the ringlet of cloth.
Thus, fair neighbor, I had accustomed myself to beholding
    You, as we look at the stars, just as we gaze on the moon.
Gladdened we are, and pleased by the sight, without ever feeling
    Any desire to possess them or be nearer to them.
Years went quietly on. Only twenty odd paces between her
    Dwelling and mine, and I thought never of entering her house.
Now is between us the frightful sea. Thou liest in reflecting
    Heaven! thy beautiful blue, wave, is the shadow of death.
All were stirring on board, impatiently waiting; a boy came
    Up to my father's house, calling me down to the beach;
Set is the sail, so come! he said; it is filling, the wind tears
    Hard at the anchor rope, loosening its hold in the sand;
Come, Alexis, oh come! — Then rested my worthiest father's
    Hands on my curls, and he gave, blessing, a silent farewell.
Mother prepared with loving concern an additional bundle,
    Wishing repeatedly good luck and a happy return.
Quickly I seized the bundle and left and, passing along the
    Wall, I descended and, then, found you in front of your gate,
Standing alone in the garden. You smiled and asked: Alexis,
    Will the uproarious men go on the voyage with you?
Foreign coasts you will see and will dispose of your goods and
    Barter for jewels and gold, such as the matrons desire.
Buy, if you please, and bring me a light little chain; I will gladly
    Pay you for it; I have long wished to have one to wear.
Then I stopped and inquired, as befits an intelligent merchant,
    First as to form and to weight, taking your order in full.

Modestly did you consider the price; and I did in the meantime
  Look at your neck, and it seemed worthy the chains of our queen.
Louder the cries came now from the ship, but gently you added:
  Some of my succulent fruit take on the voyage with you!
Oranges take, some ripe ones and figs; the ocean does not
  Bear any fruit; not in all countries grow they as well.
So I approached: you busily picked the fruit and you gathered
  All in the folds of your garb, pulling it down by the load.
Often I begged, it is more than enough, but ever enticing
  Savory fruits would glide noiselessly into your hand.
Lastly you went to the arbor, and there stood handy the basket,
  Whilst the myrtle in bloom tenderly bent overhead.
Silently did you begin to arrange the fruit and to pack it;
  Oranges first, for the bright balls are as heavy as gold;
Next the delicate fig, so easily disfigured by pressure,
  And with myrtle you, then, neatly embellished the gift.
But I delayed to take it, and stood; and into your eyes I
  Looked and you into mine; looked, being happy and blind.
And on my breast I felt your bosom; and passing around your
  Neck was my arm, and I pressed kiss upon kiss on your throat.
Down on my shoulder sank your head and, clasping around my
  Body, your lovely arms tied felicity's knot.
Truly, I felt God Amor's hand; he pressed us together,
  And in the azure above thrice did it thunder, and tears,
Copious tears did stream from my eyes, and you wept, and I wept and
  Happiness, wretched, supreme, made us forgetful of all.
More impatient and loud they called from the beach, but my feet would
  Hardly support me. I cried: Dora! And are you not mine?

Ever! you softly replied. Then were our tears of a sudden,
As by a breeze of the Gods, quietly dried in our eyes.
Now quite near was the call of "Alexis." The boy in his search for
Me had approached to the door. Whether he carried the fruit,
Urging me onward, and how I pressed your hand, I remember
Not in the least, and I went out of my mind on the ship.
And my associates saw it and bore my weakness in patience.
Then, as the distance increased, haziness veiled the town.
Ever! you lisped, oh Dora; forever it rings in my ear with
Jupiter's thunders. He heard what you declared. At his throne
Stood the Goddess of love, his daughter; the Graces assisted.
Truly, our union was fully approved by the Gods!—
Now then, onward, my ship, and be the wind in your favor!
Labor, you powerful keel, cutting the waves and the foam!
Carry me soon to the foreign port, to the room of the goldsmith
Who is to bend and to form gold into token of love.
Surely, the light little chain, my Dora, shall be a long one!
Nine times 'round your neck pass it in loveliest grace.
Add to it then what else I 'll bring for adornment; the bracelets,
Golden and broad, will set off to advantage your hand;
Emerald shall be rivaled by ruby, and hyacinth be to
Sweetest of sapphires opposed, whilst to the finest of gold
Be the agreeable task of gracefully joining the jewels.
How to adorn the beloved is so enchanting a thought!
Pearls, if I see them, remind me of you, and the slender and well-shaped
Form of your hand I behold, when I examine a ring.
Barter I will, and bargain; the best and the finest I purchase
Is for your choosing; I would gladly present you the whole.

But your beloved will bring you more than jewels and baubles;
What is a virtuous wife's joy he will equally bring:
Softest blankets of wool with purple seams to prepare a
Couch that will gently invite us to a mutual embrace;
Pieces of linen besides; you 'll sit and busily sew good
Clothes for yourself and for me, and for a third one perhaps.
Hopeful dreams of the future, delude my heart! O, assuage, ye
Gods, the impassioned love, burning my mind and my soul!
But at the same time grant me a gleam of sad compensation
When I am frightened and chilled by a dispiriting doubt!
Not of the torch of the Furies, nor of the howl of infernal
Dogs is a criminal man half so afraid as I am
Of the composed and tranquil mien of the spectre I see there
Near the beloved; — and I feel, open again is the gate —
May be another comes! And may be fruit will be offered!
May be the sweetness of figs turns into vigor and strength!
Into the arbor does she entice him? He follows? O, Gods, now
Blind me forever! destroy all my remembrance of her!
She is a girl. And she, who gave herself at a moment's
Prompting to one, may perhaps favor another in turn?
Jupiter, do not rejoice this time at perjury frightful!
Thunder, avenge me and kill! — Stop the demolishing bolt!
Send after me the tempestuous clouds! In the darkness of night let
Furious flames of thy bolt strike this unfortunate mast!
Scatter about these planks and give to the fury of waves these
Goods, and a coveted prey give to the dolphins my form!
Thanks be to you, kind Muses! In vain you endeavor to show us
How sweet bliss and despair change in enamored hearts.
Wounds, inflicted by Amor, you cannot thoroughly heal them,
But as to soothing the pain none is an equal to you.

THE NEW PAUSIAS AND HIS FLOWER-GIRL.

[PAUSIAS of Sicyon, the painter, in his youth fell in love with Glycera of the same place, who was noted for her inventive genius in making wreaths. They vied with each other and he acquired great skill in the painting of flowers. At last he painted his beloved in a sitting position engaged in winding a wreath. This picture was considered one of his best, and was known by the name of "The Wreath-Maker" or "Flower-Girl," because Glycera, when a poor young girl, had made a living by selling flowers. Lucius Lucullus bought a copy of the picture in Athens for two talents.— Pliny, b. xxxv, ch. 11.]

She.

SCATTER the flowers at random, please, at my and at your feet!
  Truly, a picture of sweet, charming confusion you strew.

He.

Right into chaos you step and join the elements gently,
  Join them in love, and you give happiest life to the flowers.

She.

Handle the rose with care and leave it concealed in the basket;
  Openly shall I, my friend, give it to you when we meet.

He.

And I 'll feign not to know you, and thank you politely and kindly;
  Nevertheless you refuse taking a gift in return.

She.

Hand me the hyacinth now, and the gilly-flower be the next one,
  That to the early be joined one of the season advanced.

He.

Let me sit at your feet among your flowery attendants,
  Filling your lap with the gay, blooming and redolent heap.

She.

First, do hand me the thread! then shall the garden-relations,
Living so widely apart, form an acquaintance at once.

He.

What am I first to admire? What last? The beautiful flowers, the
Skill of the hands? Or your mind's happy and fanciful turn?

She.

Do not forget the leaves to soften the brightness of flowers! for
Even in life we desire quiet and rest for a change.

He.

Why do you choose so long for this particular nosegay?
Surely, you make it for one whom you are anxious to please.

She.

Daily I make a hundred of wreaths and many a nosegay,
But in the evening I bring always the finest to you.

He.

Blessed, indeed, is a painter to have such wreaths for a model,
Painting the beauty of flowers and of the Goddess herself!

She.

Blessed to a certain extent, methinks, is the one who is seated
Here on the floor and to whom gladly I offer a kiss.

He.

Darling, I ask one more; the envious breeze of the morning
Cunningly stole from my lips what was bestowed upon me.

She.

Just as the spring gives flowers to me, I am ready to shower down
Kisses on my beloved; here is a kiss and the wreath!

He.

If I possessed the talent of Pausias, surely, I should paint
Gladly from morning till night, making a copy of it.

She.

Fine is the wreath, indeed; the loveliest children of Flora,
Variegated and gay, dance in the merriest ring.

He.

Into the cups my eyes would wander and try to detect the
Sweet and peculiar spell, laid by nature on crowns.

She.

Then I am sure that to-night the wreath will be fresh and unfaded.
That from the table it will cheer and enliven our meal.

He.

Oh, I 'm poor and incapable! Yet, I am wishing I could but
Fasten and hold the delight of my enraptured eyes.

She.

Truly, you are very hard to please, you poet, you envy
Pausias' talent; you had better be proud of your own!

He.

How is the poet to find the parti-colored enamel?
Words are unable to do justice to flowers and to you.

She.

Where is the power of the painter to say in rapture: I love you!
No one I cherish but you; live so entirely for you.

He.

Vainly the poet will try to say the bewitching "I love you,"
As you have said it, my child, with your melodious voice.

She.

Either of them accomplishes much, but the language of kisses
Is, and the language of eyes, given to lovers alone.

He.

You, I 'm sure, write poetry, paint it in redolent flowers; the
Children of Flora you wield either as colors or words.

She.

What in the morning the girl's hand forms, will perish; it will not
Live, and the beauty will fade at the approach of the night.

He.

Just in the same way give us the Gods short joys and appease our
New-born mortal desires by a renewal of gifts.

She.

Not for a day you 've been without a wreath or a nosegay,
Since by the first I obtained favor and grateful regard.

He.

Yes, and the first wreath hangs at home on the wall of my chamber,
Which you presented to me, making the tour of the guests.

She.

When, whilst wreathing your cup, I dropped in the goblet a rosebud
    And you, drinking, exclaimed: Poisonous, girl, are your flowers!

He.

And you retorted: The flowers are full of honey at all times;
    Be but a bee, and you *will* find them refreshingly sweet.

She.

Then did Timanthes, the rough, take hold of me and he said: the
    Drones, I suppose, will detect where is the daintiest spot.

He.

And you attempted to turn away and to flee; and the awkward
    Fellow did scatter the flowers, basket and all on the ground

She.

You in imperious voice: Keep off the girl! Do you hear? The
    Wreaths of the maiden appeal only to cultured minds.

He.

But he persistently held you tightly, defiantly grinning,
    Ripping your garb from the neck with an audacious hand.

She.

Then in a generous wrath you aimed at him with a goblet,
    Throwing the metal and wine; hollow resounded his skull.

He.

Blinded I was by rage and by wine; but distinctly I saw your
    Neck and the virginal breast which you endeavored to hide.

She.

Fearful the uproar was, and the tumult! Purple and mixed with
Wine did the blood in a stream flow from the wound in his head.

He.

Nothing I saw but how you, troubled and vexed, on the floor knelt,
Holding the garment rent up to the neck by your hand.

She.

Then upon you were hurled the plates; I feared for the stranger's
Safety, observing the quick whirl of the dangerous disks.

He.

Still I intently beheld what use you made of your free hand,
Gathering under the chair basket and flowers and wreaths.

She.

And you advanced to shield me, lest by an accident I should
Suffer, or rage of the host over the revelry's end.

He.

Yes, I remember, I threw the carpet over my left arm,
After the fashion of trained fighters of maddened bulls.

She.

Order at last the host and sensible friends had restored; then
Did I by stealth disappear, turning my eyes upon you.

He.

Truly, you had disappeared! In vain did I anxiously search for
You all over the house, and in the market and streets.

She.

Shame did keep me at home. The blameless pet of the people
Had by the bloody affray come into doubtful repute.

He.

Flowers I saw, bouquets and nosegays, wreaths in abundance;
Nevertheless did the town miss you as much as myself.

She.

Quietly did I remain at home; the leaves of the roses
Fell from the stem, and the pinks faded and withered away.

He.

Many a youth on the square said sadly: Flowers are not wanting,
Wanting alone is the girl who is to make us a wreath.

She.

Wreaths I made, and I kept them, till they withered and faded;
There, by the hearth, even now many a garland you see.

He.

Just in the same way faded the first wreath. Not in the turmoil
Did I forget it; it hangs close to my bed on the wall.

She.

And in the evening I looked at the faded; weeping, I sat till
Every color in turn had disappeared in the dark.

He.

Strolling at random I searched all over the town for your dwelling;
No one knew it, I found; none ever dared to pretend.

She.

None ever visited me; none knows my out-of-the-way home.
 Large is the city; my great poverty keeps me unknown.

He.

Strolling at random I prayed aloud to omniscient Phœbus:
 Tell me, oh brilliant God, where you espied her form!

She.

None of the great Gods listened to you, but Penia heard you.
 Need, most absolute need, drove me again to my trade.

He.

Did not a mightier God compel you and drive you to seek me?
 Had not on either of us Amor inflicted a wound?

She.

Spying, I sought and I found you in open market; I saw you.

He.

 Nor did the crowding retard either of us in the least.

She.

Quickly we passed through all that throng and we met, and you stood there,

He.

 Yes, and before me you stood, yes, and together, alone

She.

Were we among them all; they seemed like bushes and trees; the

He.

 Sound of the voices a brook, rippling from hill into vale.

She.

Lovers are ever alone by themselves in the largest assembly!
Never alone when but two, then is invited a third.

He.

Amor you mean; he certainly likes to be fettered by garlands;
But for the rest of the flowers, brush them away from your lap!

She.

Well, I 'll throw them away, the beautiful; gently embraced by
You, once more in the bright sunshine of love will I bask.

EUPHROSYNE.

From the highest of all the snow-clad peaks of the mountain
Passes the purple and pink glow of the sunset away.
Darkness has for a long time filled the vale, and the wanderer,
Close by the turbulent stream, is very anxious to reach
Soon the end of his journey, the hut of the peaceable shepherds,
Where in advance of his steps hastens beneficent sleep,
Tired wayfarers' friend and companion. May he to-day with
Poppies encircle my head, giving the wearied rest!
But!—What flames toward me from yonder rock with a dazzling
Glare, and illumines the stream's foaming vivacious spray?
Does, peradventure, the sun strike through a rift or a crevice?
Never a light of the earth flickered so glaringly bright.
And the effulgent cloud approaches. I stand in amazement.
Do not the varying rays show me an animate form?

Which of the Goddesses comes to me, or which of the Muses
Follows her truest of friends into this desolate spot?
Beauty divine, reveal thyself! and gently approaching,
Throw inspiration sublime in my enraptured soul!
Speak, if thou darest, thy immortal name to the ear of a mortal!
But, if thou darest not, incite, then, me to frenzy of mind,
That in delusion I feel which one of Zeus' immortal
Daughters thou art, and at once give thee a poet's abord!
"Do you not know me, friend, any more? How is it? My outward
Form, so beloved in the past, is it forgotten, unknown?
Surely, I do not dwell any more on the earth; with unwilling
Mind did I part from the world's pleasures in premature death.
But I supposed my image strong in my friend's recollection,
Vivid and bright, and I hoped ever to live in his love.
Yes, by the saddened looks, by the tears I know and I feel it:
Your Euphrosyne is dear to her friend as before.
See, on my way from life, through woods and impassable mounts I
Follow the wanderer, I *do* search with affectionate heart;
Search for the teacher, the friend and the father, recalling to mind in
Sadness the fragile and light scaffold of earthly delight.
Let me remember the days you taught the impatient girl those
Charming delusions by which life is portrayed by art.
Let me recall the hours and every trifling occurrence;
Who is not anxious to bring back irretrievable loss!—
All that hurried flight of sweetest earthly existence;
Who will appreciate at full value a transient good!
Little it seems to be now, but yet to the heart it is precious;
Things insignificant grow weighty by love and by art.

Think of the hour you led me upon the provisional platform,
Pointing in earnest to art's nobler and higher pursuit!
Boyish I looked, sympathetic besides; and Arthur you called me,
Tried to convey to my mind British poetical thought,
Threatened my eyes with frowns till fairly I trembled, and then you
Turned aside overcome, moved by delusion to tears.
How very gentle and kind were *you* in protecting my sad life,
Lost in the daring attempt of a precipitate flight!
Softly you raised me and carried away the bruised and lifeless,
And for a while did I feign torpor of death on your breast.
When I, at last, had opened my eyes and beheld you absorbed in
Thought and tenderly bent over your darling and child,
Then did I rise and I clung to you and I gratefully kissed your
Hands and I offered my lips chastely up to your own;
Asked: what ails you, father, and why so earnest? And if I
Did not succeed, I will try over again till I do.
Show me the way to do it, I shall most gladly repeat it
As you desire and so long as you are willing to teach;
But your strong arm drew my form toward you and you pressed me,
And in its innermost depth trembled the heart in my breast.
No! My child, my beloved, you answered. Just as to-day you
Did it, exactly the same do it to-morrow in town.
Touch them within as you *have* touched me, applause will be sure and
Copious tears will invade even the driest of eyes.
But your friend you have fairly upset, though now I am happy;
Hardly recovered I have from the delusion of death.
—Nature, in all things thou 'rt, at all times, great and unfailing!
Heaven is ruled, and earth by an unchangeable law;
Year will follow on year; and the spring will reach to the summer,
Just as to winter the fall, always a welcoming hand.

Rocks are founded in strength, and perpetually rushes the water
Out of the mist of the cleft into the foam of the whirl.
Pines for ever are green, and the leafless bushes in secret
Foster developing buds under the winter's embrace.
All has an end and beginning in law, but over a man's most
Precious life ever hangs such an inscrutable fate!
There 's no certainty that to our sons' strong vigorous manhood
Will be addressed the last words of our faltering voice;
Nor will the younger at all times close the eyes of the older
Who, with his energy spent anxiously waits for his death.
Frequently does stern fate reverse the order of nature,
Striking the young and the strong. Only the aged remain,
Standing alone in the world like trunks with branches and twigs all
Broken and torn by the hail's fury and rage of the storm.
Thus, most lovely child, did weigh on me saddest reflection,
When your inanimate form pressed on my credulous arm.
But I behold you now in the charm and vigor of youth, come
Back into life and to me, you, my ideal and pet.
Revel in mischief, false and delusive boy! But the girl will
Be a delight to the world, will be a rapture to me.
Courage! my child; your natural gifts will grow and develop;
Gain but the substance in life; art is to guide you in form.
Be my delight in the future; I hope my life will be spared till
What is of talent in you reaches perfection of art.
Thus you spoke, and I never forgot that hour and its blessings.
Faithfully did I pursue what you in wisdom had taught.
How I loved to declaim to the people the passages which, though
Weighty in meaning, you had boldly confided to me!

Did I not study your eyes' expression and constantly look for
You in the throng of the large audience in front of the stage?
There, most likely, you are as of old, but Euphrosyne cannot
Gladden your eyes any more, standing in front of the lights,
No more flatter your ear by her accents' tremulous music,
Which you to sadness of love tuned at so early a day.
Others in turn will come and go, and others will please you;
Talent superior to mine win approbation from you,—
Still,—you must not forget me! If one should ever approach you,
Carrying joy to your life's busy and arduous task;
If she obeys your nods and rejoices when you are smiling,
Takes and remains at the place which you allot her at will;
If she will give you study and work and, in sight of the open
Gates of the grave, out of love earnestly labors for you:
Dearest, then you will think of *me*, and in joy you will utter:
Good Euphrosyne has come into life and to me!
Many a word I fain would add, if I could; but a spirit
Has not a will;—I obey that of unmerciful fate.
Farewell! Off I am drawn already by tremulous vapors.
Listen to this my request, grant it in kindness to me!
Do not allow my name to descend unknown to the shadows!
None but the Muses impart life after death upon earth.
For in a vaporous state abound in Persephone's kingdom
Shadows without any form, shadows without any name.
But whoever is famed by the poet, will wander in clear form
Singly, and join as by right all the illustrious dead.
Being announced by you in a song, I shall enter in splendor,
Feeling a pride that on me lingers the Goddess's look.

Gently she will receive me and call me by name, and the high-born
  Women will kindly salute, standing in front of her throne;
Noble Penelope give me a word, of women the truest,
  Also Evadne, her arms clinging in love to her spouse.
Others in prime of life will approach, sweet premature shadows;
  Weeping together, we mourn over a similar fate.
When Antigone comes, that lofty ideal of sisters,
  Soothing Polyxena's grief over her nuptials of death,
Then I 'll greet these two like sisters and worthily join them,
  For the tragedian's art gave them perpetual forms.
Was I myself not formed by a poet? I hope that his poems
  Bring to perfection the form, which he conceived when I lived."
Thus she spoke; and her lips continued smiling and moving.
  Vainly I strove for the tones of her inaudible voice,
For in the purple cloud, the hovering, restlessly moving,
  Calmly appeared by her side Hermes the glorious God.
Gently he raised his rod and pointed. Clouds, undulating,
  Thickened and heaved until both had disappeared in the dark.
Night, impenetrable night surrounds me. Wilder and wilder
  Roars the impetuous stream, close to the slippery path.
Rank, unconquerable grief, weak, pale enervation assail me;
  Staggering onward, I sink down on the moss of the rock.
Sadness wails in discordancy dread; into darkness of night gush
  Passionate tears, and the morn breaks on the crest of the hill.

THE RETURN.

He.

DARLING, I ask for more; but one more kiss in addition
  Give me to-day, and confess why you so chary of them!

Yesterday blossom'd trees; they blossom to-day; we exchanged sweet
Kisses untold; you compared them to the swarming of bees,
As they approach the nectaries, suck, fly away and return to
Do it again and announce, buzzing, the pleasure enjoyed.
All are busy at work. Should prematurely the spring have
Fled from our tender embrace, while it in blossoms abounds?

She

Dream, my beloved, of yesterday! Dream, recollecting our kisses!
Gladly I listen to you, honestly cling to your breast.
Yesterday, did you not say so? In yesterday's rapture I felt each
Word on the questioning lip answered by passionate kiss.
Painful it was to part in the evening, painful the night from
Yesterday barring to-day, seeming so lonely and long.
Morning has come at last! But why, ten times, in the meantime,
Have I beheld on the trees loveliest blossom and fruit.

AMYNTAS.

NICIAS, excellent man, my soul's and my body's physician,
Ailing I am, but indeed, cruel is what you prescribe.
All my strength has left me; in vain I try to obey you;
Not as a friend you appear, but as an enemy to me.
As for refuting your views, I do not attempt it. I blame with
Greater severity yet all you have gently rebuked.
But, you admit that a stream will rush from a precipice quickly
Down, and the wave of the brook cannot be stopped by a song.
Irresistibly sweeps the storm and, rolling, the sun does
Sink from the zenith of day into the depth of the sea;

And, wherever I look, grand nature reminds me: Amyntas,
From my immutable laws' rule you will never escape!
Please, don't knit your brows, good friend, but patiently hear what
Pertinent sensible words uttered my tree by the brook.
Plenty of apples it used to bear, but lately it does not,
Owing, no doubt, to the rank ivy's luxuriant growth.
So I applied last night my knife, the rounded and sharp one,
Loosened by cutting and tore claspers and tendrils away.
But I began to tremble, when in melodious, plaintive
Sighs came down from above, lisping, the gentle request:
Stop! wound not your true and faithful garden companion,
Who has many a time gladdened the child and the boy!
Please don't hurt me, don't! You deal, by savagely cutting
Into the ivy, a hard blow and a fatal to me.
Have I not nursed these tendrils, fed and drawn them upon me?
Is not the foliage akin, whether the ivy's or mine?
Must I not cherish a plant which, being dependent on me, does
Cling in a frantic desire fast to my body and arms?
Thousands of tendrils bedeck me, and many a thousand of rootlets
Sought, and have taken a deep hold and a share in my life.
Food I am bound to give her; I need it myself, but I give it,
Though I 'm growing by that weaker in marrow and strength.
Barely I find myself now sustenance; the powerful root sends
Up from below but a scant half of the sap to the tree;
For the beloved dear guest, in her greed, is lying in ambush,
Robbing the apples of their daily and needed supply.
Nothing of it does reach the top; and starved is the crown, and
Withered and dry is the branch, stretching over the brook.

She is a traitress, yes! and, flattering, deprives me of life and
Fortune and vigor of will, even of courage and hope.
Thought, inspiration die in her arms, and I feel but her fetters
Cruelly sweet and her leaves' deadly luxurious kiss.
Do not apply your knife, good Nicias, spare the unhappy,
Who in enjoyment of love squanders his substance away!
Spending is sweet under many a form; permit me the sweetest!
Giving my all to my love, can I be niggard in life?

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

CRIMINAL, is it, indeed, that once Propertius charmed me,
That even Martial found favor, the witty and bold?
That I have made the ancients leave the pedantical school-room
As my companions to old Latium's classical life?
That I with interest gaze at art as well as at nature,
Quite independent of both, dogma and honored name?
That the position in life has not changed the man in his bias,
That I despise in my soul ragged hypocrisy's mask?
Muse! By an ignorant crowd I am charged with such dereliction,
Which you encourage and like. Ignorant seem I to them.
Even the wiser himself, with honest and candid conviction,
Wants me to mend; but I yield, Muse, to your counsel alone.
For it is *you*, who renewed in my heart sweet youth and a fertile
Fancy, and promise you will give it in future to me.
But I beseech you, Goddess, train me in love, but severely!
Not as of old are the curls full on the crown of my head:
There is a need of a wreath to delude myself and the others,
As in the case of the great Cæsar's encirclet of leaves.

If you award me a laurel wreath, then let it be growing
  Where it is now, and bestow fame on a worthier man!
But I 'll thank you for roses to charm the home of a poet,—
  Lilies of whitened locks soon will associate with them.
Suffer the wife to attend on the hearth to food for the body,
  Helped by the mischievous boy, playing with fuel and fire!
Let be enough of wine in the goblets! Beckon the friends in!
  Enter, congenial souls! Welcome I bid you and praise.
First to the health of the man who freed us of Homer's appalling
  Name and his fame, and allows fair competition a chance.
For who 'd enter the lists with Gods? Who challenge the
    whole one,
  When to be equal to one part of the whole is enough?—
Now I 'll read the last of my songs; — but finish your glasses!
  Friendship and love and the wine, let them propitiate your ear!
Into the peaceable home of Germans I venture to take you,
  Where, as in nature, the man acts and is acted upon.
Let us invoke the genius of him who pleases our heart by
  Giving Louisa in due time to her worthiest friend!
Even our times' most saddening events I show in the distance,
  But to a healthy and strong race will the victory cling.
If I succeed in filling your eyes with tears and in bringing
  Gladness of soul, you will then cordially give me your hand.
Let our talking be wise! Our century must in the end give
  Practical wisdom; and fate tries the endurance of all.
With a serene forgiveness judge those errors and hardships!
  Cheerful enjoyment of life smoothes our passage on earth.
Fully familiar we are with men and nations; we will now
  Study our hearts and derive sweet consolation from them.

Epistles.

To go on was my intent;
Do not know what did prevent.

EPISTLES.

FIRST EPISTLE.

NOW, WHEN everyone is a reader and many a reader
Quickly peruses a book, impatient to handle himself the
Pen and to graft with remarkable skill on the old one a new book;
Now you desire me, my excellent friend, by writing on writing
Still to increase the number of books and to give my opinion,
So that others in turn may speak and, perpetually rolling
Into the infinite, may the wave be billowing onward.
Well, it is true, the fishing-boat sails into the ocean
Every morning, as soon as the wind is good; for the man will
Follow his trade, though hundreds beside him sail at the same time.

Worthiest friend, for the best of the human race and of Germans
More in particular, most especially though of your neighbors,
You 're at work and in arms against bad dangerous books; their
Evil effects are too well known. What might we, or what should
Virtuous men united, or what could rulers accomplish?

Serious and weighty appears that question to me; but I am just
Now in a jovial mood. In the warm and agreeable weather
Show to advantage the fields and the trees; continual breezes
Bring right over the stream sweet, fragrant, cooling refreshment;
And to serene minds also the world looks bright and serene; but
Few light clouds of trouble I see far off in the distance.

These superficial scrawls of my style are easily wiped out;
Hardly with greater force do types press into the paper,
Though they assume to work for eternity. Many an eye will,
Truly, be turned on a column in print; in precisely the same way
As we behold ourselves in a glass, are pleased and forget the
Mirror, we read and forget the words, though metal has stamped
them.

Little effect have spoken remarks and rejoinders, if many
Join in the talk and each will listen more to his own words
Than to his neighbors' and takes from his neighbors' what he
is pleased with.
Nearly the same is the case with books; for every one will
Find himself in the book, unless in his strength he decide on
Putting himself into it and amalgamating the substance.
Ever in vain, therefore, you endeavor by writing to change man's
Strong inclination, the form of his thought and his natural bias.
If you achieve success, you strengthen him in his own mind,
Or, if he have none, into a tub you dip and you dye him.

Truly, it seems to me, and I firmly believe it and say so:
Life only forms the man; I attach no value to sermons.
Gladly we give an ear to what confirms our opinion,

But our opinion is not affected by what we are told; what
Strikes us as foreign we welcome from eloquent lips; we are spell-bound
Just for a moment, and soon we re-enter familiar pathways.
If you expect us to hear and obey you gladly, you have to
Flatter us. Whether you speak to the people, to princes or kings, they
All will listen to tales, in which is depicted as real
Life an existence, wished by them and fervently hoped for.

Homer, I ask you, is he not read and admired by all men
Simply because he creeps into favor with all of his readers,
Lofty or low? And does not the Iliad, whether in palace
Or in the king's tent, always charm the ear of a hero?
Does not again Ulysses' craft, and his wisdom in travels
Better befit the market, in which plain people assemble?
There, in the helmet and sword, the incipient hero, and here the
Beggar in rags, both feel themselves ennobled and honored.

Once, on the well-paved banks of yonder Neptunian city,
Known for her loving respect to her wingèd lions, I heard a
Most remarkable tale. Compactly standing around the
Rhapsodist's piteous form, the crowd was paying attention.
Once, he remarked, wild storm did wash me ashore on an island,
Called Utopia; perhaps, you have been there, one or the other;
But, if you have not, I tell you it lies far off in the ocean,
Farther than Hercules' pillars. I met with a friendly reception.
To a hotel they took me, and gave me richest of wines and
Victuals, and put me to bed for the night on softest of pillows,
Day after day for a month. I had fully recovered and should have

Felt quite happy and strong, if it had not been for the cruel
Painful reflection, the bill might come any day and I could not
Settle it. How will it end? For I have no money to pay with.
Then I entreated the host to diminish the rations; he brought me
More than before. My anxiety grew still more, and I could not
Worry and eat, and I said in the end: Good host, I beseech you,
Make your charges as low as you can! But, knitting his brows, he
Looked at me with an evil eye, took hold of his cudgel,
Swung it and struck with unmerciful hand at first on my shoulders,
Then on my head, and I thought in my fear he intended to kill me.
But I escaped and went to the judge. They summoned at once my
Host; and he quietly came and said with greatest composure:

All should meet with the same fate who, profanely and meanly,
Trample upon hospitality's right, so sacred to us, by
Asking a bill of a man who did his best to receive them.
Could I submit, I ask you, to such offense in my own house?
Certainly not! For instead of a generous heart in my breast there
Had been a sponge, if I had put up with the terrible insult.

Thereupon said wisely the judge: Never mind being beaten!
For you deserve such punishment; this was hardly sufficient.
But if you want to stay with us and live on the island,
Prove your fitness and worth before you apply for the franchise.
Judge, I replied, I am badly off, I am little inclined to
Do any kind of work. Still less I possess any talent
Whatsoever to live by. At home they have in derision
Named me Jolly Dog, plagued me and chased me out of the city.

Then, be welcome to us, rejoined the judge; you will have your
Seat at the head of the table at all the municipal meetings,
And in the council you will be awarded the proper position;
But I warn you not to relapse into work in a shameful
Way; let no one ever succeed in finding a spade or
Oar in your house! for, at once, you would be ruined and lost for
Ever, and would be deprived of clothing, food and of shelter.
Quietly sit in the market, and fold your arms on the swelling
Belly at ease, and listen to gay and inspiriting airs of
Singers, admire the dances of girls, the games of the boys: That
Shall be your task which well to perform you solemnly promise!

Thus related the man, and a radiance shone in the eyes of
Every hearer, and all were anxious to find very soon such
Amiable hosts and seemed very little afraid of a beating.

SECOND EPISTLE.

WORTHIEST friend, you knit your brows, and you think that a little
Out of place is the joking; you think you had asked me in earnest
And expected as much in the answer. By heavens, I do not
Know what kind of a rogue unawares did tickle my humor;
But I 'll mend as I go. You tell me, you do not so much feel
Anxious about the public at large being wrong as to life and
Reading, as worried about young daughters' imminent danger,
Whom the lascivious poet acquaints with all that is vicious.

There is a cure for the evil, and one much easier than you
Think, I reply. The girls, as a rule, are thoroughly good and
Like to be busy. To one of them give the keys of your cellar,

Make her attend to her father's wine, the moment it brings sweet
Wealth to the spacious vaults, whether coming from merchants or
peasants.
Plenty of work a girl will have when keeping in perfect
Order the full and the emptied casks and the hundreds of bottles.
Often she must examine the new wine's foam at fermenting,
Adding the needed supply of wine, that lightly the bubbles
Reach the hole on the top and in time the clear and transparent,
Noble juice of the grapes be turned into blessing for mankind.
Then she must unremittingly fill the bottles and see to 't
That to the regular meals sound wine be a fitting companion.

Give to another a realm of her own in the kitchen; she can not
Be at a loss for work when cooking, in summer and winter,
Savory meals, with a due regard for tightened purse strings.
For, in the spring, she has to attend in the yard to the chickens,
Nurse and feed them, as well as the cackling ducks, the voracious.
What each season affords, in time she places upon your
Table and studies to change most wisely with every successive
Day your food; and as soon as the summer ripens the fruit, she
Thinks of provisions and lays them in for the winter. The healthy
Cabbage ferments in the cellar; in vinegar ripen the gherkins,
But in the well-aired garret she stores all gifts of Pomona.
Gladly she takes the praise of father and brothers and sisters.
If, by a cruel mishap, some dish is spoiled, it will make more
Noise in the house than a debtor's escape and dishonored
acceptance.
Working in love for others, the girl will grow in domestic
Virtue until she becomes some wise man's valuable helpmate.

Let her at times, though, read! Very likely a cookery book will
Suit her, hundreds of which have been bestowed on the public.

Well may one of the girls take care of the garden; for hardly
Will you desire by the house a wild spot, damp and romantic,
But will tastily plant it in beds, as a kitchen assistant
For the production of herbs and of berries that children delight in.
Why not create, as a patriarch, for yourself a compact, small
Kingdom and fill your house with a number of faithful attendants?
If you have still some daughters to spare who fancy the nicer
Woman's work, you 'll still be the gainer. Seldom or never
Needles have any rest and, though the girls be domestic,
Yet at a public place they want to be ladies and well dressed.
There is a vast increase of sewing, mending and washing,
Not to forget the ironing, when in Arcadian snow-white
Dresses our girls do sweep with skirts and a long train
Over the streets and the garden, and throw up dust in the
ball-room.
Faith! If I had in the house a dozen of maidens, I should not
Feel embarrassed to find them work; they 'll gladly attend to
That themselves; be assured I 'd have no library book in
Circulation among them, *not one* book in a twelvemonth.

Epigrams.

How we lost our time and gold,
Have these verses frankly told.

EPIGRAMS.

VENICE, 1790.

I.

URNS were adorned with life by the ancients, sarcophagus also:
Fauns are dancing around, forming a checquered line
With the Bacchantes; the old and chub-cheeked fellow with goat feet
Forces from out of his horn shrill disagreeable sounds.
Cymbals and drums are beaten; we see and we listen to marble.
Fluttering birds, oh, you do relish the fruit in your beaks!
Little disturbed you are by the noise, as little as Amor
Who is enjoying his torch there in the medley and throng.
Thus does life overpower grim death, and the ashes within do
Seem, in the quiet abode, still to be sharing in life.
Thus may rest on the poet's urn and sarcophagus this his
Scroll, in poetical mood amply endowed with life.

II.

HARDLY I saw the deep blue sky and the brilliant sun, and
Ivy, bedecking the rocks, torn, being made into wreaths;

Hardly the dresser at work in tying vines to the poplar,
When from Virgilius' home fanned me a southerly breeze.
Then did the Muses, at once, rejoin their friend and we had some
Rambling, agreeable talk, such as a wanderer desires.

III.

Ever I hold the beloved in my arm in tender embraces,
Ever my amorous heart clings to her breast in delight;
Or, for a while, I lean my head on her knee and in rapture,
Look at the charm of her mouth, look at the charm of her eyes.
"Weakling," I hear an upbraider say, "be ashamed of your doings."
Not over-pleasant, indeed, are they; oh, let me explain:
See! I am turning my back on my short life's only enjoyment;
Now for the twentieth day lugs me the tedious coach.
Vetturinos do disobey and chamberlains plague me;
For information desired lies I receive in reply.
If I attempt to escape them, the cross postmaster annoys me.
Even postilions give trouble, Dogana besides.
"Why, you *do* contradict yourself! But a moment ago you
Felt paradisean bliss like a Rinaldo of old."
No contradiction, my friend; my traveling body is tortured,
But my enraptured soul stays with my darling at home.

IV.

That 's old Italy yet; the roads are still very dusty;
Travelers are, as of old, cheated in every way;
Ever in vain we 'll look for German honesty; here is
Bustle and life, but we miss order and discipline yet.

Each thinks but of himself, mistrusts all men, is conceited;
And in as selfish a way govern the rulers the land.
Fine is the country, forsooth! But nowhere see I Faustina.
That 's not the Italy which, broken-hearted, I left.

V.

Happy I lay outstretched in the gondola, floating between the
Freighted and various craft over the mighty canal.
Manifold goods are there to be had for manifold wants, as
Greens for the table, and wheat, wine and fagots and logs.
Quick as an arrow we passed; and I felt that of laurel a spent twig
Struck on my cheek. I exclaimed: Daphne, you injure your friend!
Why not bestow a reward? But the nymph did smilingly whisper:
Crimes of a poet are light; light be the punishment then!

VI.

When I behold a pilgrim I can not help being tearful;
Blessedly happy a man feels, if at fault in his thought.

VII.

Once I 've loved, and I loved her a great deal more than I can say.
But I have lost her. Oh do, silently, suffer the loss!

VIII.

This my gondola do I compare to a quieting cradle;
Like to a coffin of large size is the roof overhead.
Well then! Are we not sailing between the cradle and coffin
Carelessly over our life's wider and crowded canal?

IX.

Solemnly stands, as we see, the Doge by the side of the Nuncio.
They 're interring the Lord; one is affixing the seal.
Whether the Doge is in earnest, I do not know; but the other
Certainly smiles at the great pageantry's moment to help.

X.

Why are the people so busy at work? They strive for a living,
Marry, have children and, then, feed them as well as they can.
Learn that, traveler, learn it and do as much in your own home!
Nothing but this is within human capacity's reach.

XI.

How they 're ringing the bells, those priests, and trying so hard to
Make us appear and repeat what we have said many times!
Do not abuse the priests, they know the wants of the people.
What we are babbling to-day, babble to-morrow we must.

XII.

Friends like sand on the beach may have the fantastico—sand is
Sand, but the pearl will be mine, you, my appreciable friend!

XIII.

Sweet is to step in the spring on fresh green clover with soft feet,
Or to be touching the lamb's wool with a delicate hand;
Sweet is to see new life in the twig break out into blossoms,
Or to be longing for green foliage with languishing eyes;
Sweetest of all is to court with flowers the shepherdess' bosom:
But I 'm favored by May neither with all nor with one.

XIV.

To this anvil I liken the land, to the hammer the ruler;
But to the plate in its bent form is the people compared.
Poor, unfortunate plate, if blows, being dealt you at random,
Beat you, but do not impart strength and desirable shape!

XV.

Friends the fantastico has by the score; he captures the many,
While a congenial few cherish a man for his sense.
Though a daub of a picture may be a miraculous image,
Works of genius and art do not appeal to the mob.

XVI.

Who will act for his own best, let him try to enslave us,
But we prefer to select him who will act for our best.

XVII.

Does not necessity teach to pray? All right, if you must pray,
Learn it in Italy, then! There is necessity, friend.

XVIII.

What a remarkable throng in that shop! How busily they are
Weighing, receiving the coin, handing the buyers the goods!
Snuff is sold in the place. Self-knowledge the people evince, for,
Whether prescribed or not, sneezewort is what they require.

XIX.

Into a doge can be made any noble of Venice. The noble
Boy is accordingly fine, dignified, dainty and proud.

That 's why wafers are so tender in Catholic countries;
Dough, the identical, priests consecrate into a God.

XX.

Quietly stand by the arsenal two fine Grecian lions;
Small by the side of the pair portal appears, and canal.
If but the mother of Gods came down, both would in an instant
Be in the harness and she—would be rejoiced at her team.
But just now they mourn; in disgust with the modern and wingèd
Tom cat's perpetual pur, greeted by Venice as Lord.

XXI.

Brisk is the pilgrim's march to his saint. Will he find him in person,
Listen to, look on the man of the miraculous power?
Certainly not! He has left this temporal world; his remains are
Piously kept and beheld, skull and a few of his bones.
Just such pilgrims we are to the shrine of Italian greatness;
Scattered bones we adore, steadfast and happy in faith.

XXII.

Jupiter Pluvius, to-day you appear a propitious Dæmon
And with a liberal hand bring multifarious gifts,
Giving Venice to drink, fine fertile growth to the country,
And to myself and my book many poetical whims.

XXIII.

Keep on pouring, and let all red-cloaked frogs be in transport!
Water the gardens and make savory broccoli grow!
But this book, if you please, must not be watered; it must be
Strongest arrack; but, perhaps, others are fond of a punch.

XXIV.

Yonder church is called "St. John in the Mud." With a better
Right I denominate now Venice "St. Mark in the Mud."

XXV.

Who has been in Baiae well knows fish and the ocean;
Being in Venice, you know all about frogs and the pool.

XXVI.

"Are you not yet awake?" Keep still, let me rest, if aroused I
Were, what would it avail? Broad is, but empty, the bed.
Where you 're sleeping alone there is forever Sardinia;
Tibur, however, is where love will arouse you to life.

XXVII.

Frequently nodded to me all Nine; I speak of the Muses;
But with my dear in my arms, little I heeded the call.
Now, in her absence, I feel most painfully, Muses, your anger,
Might even look to the rope, or to the dagger, for help,
Were not crowded by Gods the Olympus. To save me you came down,
Ennui, of Muses the true mother; be welcome to me!

XXVIII.

As to my taste in girls you inquire; how I want her. I have one
Just as I want her. Admit, that 's much better than taste.
Passing along on the beach, I picked up shells; and I found a
Pearl in a shell, and I now keep it inclosed in my heart.

XXIX.

Many a thing I have tried: have drawn and engraved on copper,
Painted in oil, have in clay even attempted to mould;
But I 've been unsteady and little I learned and accomplished.
Still, to a mastery in *one* talent I nearly attained,
Writing German I mean, and thus I, unfortunate poet,
Squander my life and my art in so unwieldy a stuff.

XXX.

Beautiful boys you carry; you draw veils over your faces,
Whilst you are begging; you do, truly, appeal to our hearts.
Each man covets a boy of his own like those you present him
And a beloved as the veil, probably, hides from his view.

XXXI.

Deeply moves me the begging child, though 't is not your own child.
How irresistibly would move me the mother of mine!

XXXII.

Why do you lick your lips in passing hurriedly by me?
Is it to tell me you boast, child, of a voluble tongue?

XXXIII.

Every art can learn and practice the German; for each he
Shows a remarkable gift, if he but studies and works;
Poetry, though, he will never learn in spite of his practice.
He is bungler in that; friends, he has proved it to us.

XXXIV.

Gods, you have often proclaimed yourselves the friends of the poet;
Grant him what he requires! Many, not great are his wants:

First a cheerful abode, after that fair food, but delicious
    Drink; for the German admires nectar as much as yourselves.
Then respectable clothes and friends for familiar converse,
    And for the hours of the night true and unvarying love.
These five natural things I claim at first above all things.
    Give in addition to me modern and ancient tongues,
That I discover the thoughts and the fates of different nations;
    Give me perception of what each has accomplished in art;
Give me the people's esteem, the rulers' affectionate favor,
    What is considered to be helping along in the world!
Stop! I'm bound to thank ye, Gods. Very soon you will have made
    One of the happiest men: all I desire I possess.

XXXV.

ONE of the smallest of all our German princes is my prince;
    Narrow and short is his land, limited only his means.
If all princes employed them as *he* does, inward and outward,
    Every German, indeed, would be elated and proud!
Why do you praise this prince, much better praised by his own acts?
    Will not your incense, perhaps, seem adulation to some?
Yes, it is true, he gave what few of the mighty will part with:
    Confidence, leisure and love, fields and a garden and house.
None but him I am bound to thank, and I wanted a good deal,
    Being a poet unfit for acquisition of wealth.
Europe has praised me, I know: What else did Europe award me?
    Nothing at all, and I paid dearly my poems myself.
Germany has imitated me, France been willing to read me;
    England has sympathy felt for her unfortunate guest.

But, what profit accrued to me from the Chinaman's painting
With his mechanical skill "Werther and Lotte" on glass?
Never inquired a Cæsar for me; never minded a king my
Fate; and Augustus my prince was, and Mæcenas to me.

XXXVI.

One man's life is not much in itself; but the people by thousand
Talk of the man and his life, talk of his deeds and his thoughts.
Still less is in itself a poem; but thousands enjoy it,
Thousands dislike it; my friend, stick to your poems and life!

XXXVII.

Tired I was with looking forever at nothing but pictures,
Tired with treasures of art, such as in Venice abound;
For ev'n this enjoyment requires relaxation and leisure.
Delicate charms of a live body I longed to see.
Then I beheld, enchantress, in you the original of the
Boys Giovanni Bellin charmingly painted with wings;
Boys whom Paul Veronese sent up with cups to the bridegroom,
Whose companions, deceived, drank pure water for wine.

XXXVIII.

Seemingly formed by an artist's hand, this delicate creature,
Soft, with invisible bones, swims, a mollusca in frame.
All with her is a movable limb, is a joint and is pleasing,
All is proportioned, true, moving at pleasure and will.
Truly, I have been studying men and animals, birds, fish,
Reptiles and insects and all nature's remarkable freaks;
Still, surprised, I admire you, Bettina, sweetest of wonders;
For, being equal to all, you are an angel, besides.

XXXIX.

Do not, beautiful child, turn up your legs to Olympus;
Ganymede is not at all pleased with his Jupiter's leers.

XL.

Turn them up as much as you please! In praying we do the
Same with our arms, and we are neither so young nor so pure.

XLI.

Sideways bent is your neck. Not a wonder; it often supports the
Weight of your body; a light weight, if it were not your neck.
As for myself I am charmed with the small head's drooping position.
Hardly has neck ever bent to so enchanting a power.

XLII.

Does not with hideous forms, most arbitrarily painted,
Breughel, the saddest of weirds, startle, bewilder our mind?
Does not as well great Dürer, with apocalyptical phantoms,
Human impossible shapes, often endanger our brain?
Does not a poet in songs of sphinxes, sirens and centaurs
Prick with curiosity's sting every listener's ear?
Does not a dream in a strange way baffle the efforts of one who,
Sleeping, imagines he walks, whilst he is carried away?
Does not as well Bettina confuse by contorting her fine limbs?
But she immediately charms, when she alights on her soles.

XLIII.

Frequently I overstep the chalk line's sacred inclosure;
But if Bottegha, the child, draws it, she pushes me back.

XLIV.

"WITH these innocent souls what does he? Jesus Maria!
Bundles of linen we take down to the well in that way.
Dear me, she falls. Let 's go! for I cannot stand it. How well she
Got on her feet; she is light, graceful and smiling at that."
Rightly you do, old woman, admire Bettina; you seem to
Grow much younger and fair, since you delight in my pet.

XLV.

EVERY one of your movements charms me; especially when your
Father's remarkable skill tosses you up in the air,
Whence in a somerset's whirl with grace you safely regain your
Feet and continue your run, barely fatigued by the leap.

XLVI.

EVERY face is unwrinkled; gone are the furrows of hard work;
Sorrow and poverty flee; all who are present are glad.
Honest tar grows tender and strokes your cheek, and his purse, though
Not Fortunatus's purse, opens; he gives you a mite.
And the Venetian himself throws back his cloak and assists you
More than he would, if you had called on St. Anthony, or
Begged by the Lord's five wounds, by the sacred heart of the virgin,
Or by the torments of fire, burning and cleansing the soul.
Every boy as well as the sailor, the huckster and beggar,
Draws toward you and enjoys with you your frolicsome sprights.

XLVII.

TRULY, I like my poetical trade; but I find it expensive;
Swelling the epigrams means zechins dwindling away.

XLVIII.

"WHAT has turned your head, you idler? Will you not stop soon?
Making a book of the girl! Hit on a worthier task!"
Wait, very soon I 'll sing about kings, the mighty of this world,
When I but better than now know that peculiar trade.

XLIX.

GOATS, to the left with you! the king will order in future,
You, inoffensive and meek sheep, I will set on my right.
Well! But we may yet hope he will give the additional order:
You who 're sensible shall face me and not be afraid!

L.

How you 'll make me write by the gross sharp epigrams, shall I
Tell you? You take me away, keep me away from my love.

LI.

ALWAYS I have disliked those loud apostles of freedom,
Each, after all, only craves license and power for himself.
If you 're anxious to free the masses, submit to the masses!
Whether the task is a safe task, you will find, if you try.

LII.

KINGS have the best intentions; the same have demagogues also,
People erroneously say. They 're but men like ourselves.
Crowds have *not* a will of their own, nor a clear one, we know that;
But who 's able to lend others his will, is the man.

LIII.

EVERY enthusiast nail to the cross when he gets to be thirty;
Knowing the ways of the world, fools very soon will be knaves.

LIV.

SAD is the fate of France; in mind may bear it the high-born,
But to the lowly it means certainly "Danger ahead!"
Rulers tumbled and fell; but who has shielded the masses
From the relentless and grim masses' tyrannical sway?

LV.

THROUGH queer times have I lived and have not failed on my own part
Bravely and boldly to be foolish as well as the times.

LVI.

ARE we not right, after all? The rabble has to be cheated.
See, how inept they are! See, how unthinking and rough!
Rough and inept are all unthinking men who are cheated;
Treat them fairly, you *will* find them sufficiently apt.

LVII.

Kings very frequently stamp on barely silvered copper
Their familiar heads, cheating the people by that.
Dreamers adorn with a semblance of truth their shadow and nonsense,
Passing it boldly, unless tried by the touch-stone for gold.

LVIII.

MADMEN you call, perhaps correctly, the violent speakers
Whom we encounter in France preaching on squares and on streets.
Crazy, I grant, they are; but it seems the madman at large speaks
Wisdom; the sane, if a slave, speaks no wisdom at all.

LIX.

Many a year the high spoke French with particular relish,
  Slightly esteeming the man little proficient in it.
Everybody is now delighted to murder the King's French,
  Do not be angry, my lords! All are obeying your will.

LX.

"Epigrams, you are impudent!" No, we are not! For we are but
  Headings; the chapters belong all to the book of the world.

LXI.

Just in the way a number of beasts were shown the apostle,
  Clean and unclean, I submit, friend, my collection to you.

LXII.

Whether an epigram is, or is *not* good, can you decide that?
  Are you so sure of the rogue's thought and his real intent?

LXIII.

Surely, the more it shows a spirit of envy and spite, the
  More it will seem that it does hit the nail on the head.

LXIV.

Chloë swears that she loves me; I doubt it. She actually does, says
  One of the world. All right! If I believe it, she wont.

LXV.

None you 've ever loved and you love me so madly, Philarchos!
  Why not, I ask you, adopt some very different plan?

LXVI.

Is it a secret, indeed, what God, what man, and the world is?
No! But we hate to be told. That's why the secret is kept.

LXVII.

Much I am able to bear; most things, considered annoying,
Vex me but little; I take patiently life as it comes.
Only a few I dislike as much as vipers and poison:
Smoke of tobacco and bugs, garlick and something worse.

LXVIII.

Often I thought of telling about those animals which, so
Graceful, nimble and swift, come to the surface and go.
Charming diminutive snakes these quadrupeds seem; whether running,
Sneaking or creeping, they show always a neat little tail.
Look, they 're here! Now there! Now gone, but whither, I ask you?
Where is the crevice, the plant, covering the charmer's retreat?
If you 'll pass me the word, I 'll call them in future "lacertæ,"
For I 'll frequently yet want such a figure of speech.

LXIX.

Who 's observed lacertæ can imagine the sweet girls'
Delicate forms on the square, going as fast as they come.
Nimble and quick they are, they glide, stand still and they chatter.
After their fugitive feet rustle the trains of their skirts.
Now she 's here! Now there! Look out! If you lose her, you will not
Find her again; for she will *not* very soon re-appear.
But, if you are not afraid of tortuous streets and of back stairs,
Follow the dancing and gay tempter, and enter her den!

LXX.

What is a den, you 're anxious to know. If I answer, my book of
Epigrams will be a large dictionary, I fear.
Dens are small dark houses in narrow streets, and a cup of
Coffee she offers to you, coaxing and urging her guest.

LXXI.

Two of the finest and best lacertæ ramble together;
Rather too tall you will think one, and the other too small.
When you behold the two, choice seems impossible; but when
Either of them at a time meets you, you know how to choose.

LXXII.

Pious men, as a rule, care much for the fate of a sinner,
Female or male; and I must say that in that we agree.

LXXIII.

If I possessed domestic tastes, were married and wealthy,
Faithful I should be and gay, kind to my husband and sweet.
Thus sang after a few vile songs and ditties a girl in
Venice to me, and the most pious of prayers she said.

LXXIV.

Little surprising I find man's love for dogs, if I think what
Base and contemptible scamp man is as well as the dog.

LXXV.

Impudent have I become. No wonder! *You* are aware, Gods,
You not alone, that I am equally faithful and good.

LXXVI.

HAVE you not been in good society? We see in your book but
Jugglers and rabble; we meet even the vilest of vile.
Good society I have seen. Good, I suppose, it is called for
Never affording a chance for a poetical thought.

LXXVII.

WHAT were fate's intentions with me? Effrontery seems this
Question; for it designs little with us, as a rule.
Was it to make me a poet, perhaps? It might have succeeded,
Had not the language itself proved an invincible foe.

LXXVIII.

YOU 'RE a dabbler, I hear, in botany, even in optics.
Why not be after the sweet game of a languishing heart?
Oh, these languishing hearts! A bungler touches and wins them.
Mine be the rapture to gain nature's responsive regard!

LXXIX.

WHITE was palmed upon all bright colors by Newton; he palmed so
Much upon you, and you do take and believe it an age.

LXXX.

"ALL is easily explained," a disciple says, "by the lucid
Theories, taught by the great master to those who have faith."
Yes, if you have well framed a cross of heavy and strong joists,
Why not employ it to nail truth as a sufferer to it?

LXXXI.

When an impatient youth is delayed on his way to his sweetheart,
Let him, by reading this queer book, be amused and consoled.
Equally might the girl, in awaiting her lover, peruse this
Book and not throw it away till he has come to her arms.

LXXXII.

With the significant smile of a girl who meets me by chance and,
Furtively glancing at me, passes and touches my arm,
You have, Muses, of late awarded me nothing but small gifts:
Grant for the future, I pray, more than a smile to your friend!

LXXXIII.

When, overcast or beclouded, the sun has murky or dull days,
Do we not, cheerless and sad, follow the bend of the road?
When we 're threatened by rain, we welcome a cottage's shelter
Gladly; and gently we sleep, rocked by tempestuous howls.
But he returns, the God! Like him disperse in your own mind
Vapors and clouds, and be like Mother Nature yourself!

LXXXIV.

If you desire to secure love's pure unblended enjoyment,
Impudence must be, and grave earnest, removed from your heart.
One drives Amor away, and the other tries to enslave him;
But he resists them and smiles roguishly, Amor the God.

LXXXV.

Morpheus, all for nothing you wield the somniferous poppies;
Amor alone has the great secret of closing my eyes.

LXXXVI.

Love and desire you distill into me; I am fairly on fire, now;
 But, little charmer, distill confidence into my soul!

LXXXVII.

Whether I know you, Amor? as well as any, I dare say.
 Raising the torch, you will throw light on our ways in the dark,
But very soon you will lead us to tortuous path-ways and, when we
 Anxiously wish for it, out goes your perfidious torch.

LXXXVIII.

One night only I crave right close to your heart, and the rest is
 Easy; for Amor as yet parts us by vapors and night.
Dawn it must; and the morn will come when Aurora espies the
 Sleepers' loving embrace, Phœbus arouses the friends.

LXXXIX.

Are you in earnest, well! Don't tarry, but render me happy!
 If you will play as before, stop such a frivolous play!

XC.

That I'm silent annoys you! What shall I say? You have not been
 Moved by my sighs', by my eyes' rapturous eloquence yet.
One of the Goddesses can, she alone, break open my lips' seal.
 Let but Aurora surprise me in your amorous hold,
Then I will sing a hymn in praise of the prime of the morning,
 Sweet and mysterious as were Memnon's matutinal songs.

XCI.

What a significant game! The disk runs down on the thread I
 Hold in my hand, but it spins hastily back to my hand.

Just in the same way hastens my heart to this and to that girl,
But it appears that it spins speedily back and returns.

XCII.

Have I not formerly watched very closely the change of the seasons,
Greeted the summer's advent, anxiously longed for the fall?
Neither for summer, nor winter I care, since under the wing of
Amor I gladly enjoy blooming, perpetual spring.

XCIII.

Tell me how you are living! I live, and if hundreds of years were
Granted to me, I'd change nothing at all in my life.

XCIV.

Gods, how can I sufficiently thank you! You gave me as much as
Man will desire; but you gave nothing according to rule.

XCV.

Have I not climbed at dawn on the top of the mountain and greeted
You as the coveted day's messenger, morning star!
Have I not left my room at night to look at the first blush
Of the magnificent sun, amorous youngster I was!
Now, my love's sweet eyes are the morning star and I greet them;
Messengers are they of day, hated for coming so soon.

XCVI.

You 're astonished and point to the ocean: it seems to be burning;
Phosphorescent, the waves lick and encircle the ship.
Little surprised I am; for the ocean bore Aphrodite,
Who, in her turn, had a son. Does he not set us on fire?

XCVII.

Bright and inviting looked the sea, and seductive the billows;
To a propitious wind graciously yielded the sails.
Still I failed to respond, and back to the snow of the mountains
Eagerly turned in a few moments my languishing eyes.
Thousands of treasures lie to the south; but one in the north, a
Powerful magnet, attracts, draws irresistibly back.

XCVIII.

Oh! my beloved leaves town; she enters a ship! I beseech thee,
Æolus, mightiest king, chain thy winds to the cave!
Fool, is the God's reply, fear not the tempestuous weather,
But of the clapping of wings, Amor's breeze, be afraid!

XCIX.

Ill clad was she and poor, when I wooed the maiden's affection.
Nature's uncovered charms pleased me—and please me as yet.

C.

Often I have been out of, and have come back to my senses;
Never so charmingly, though. Now I am happy with her.
If disenchantment awaits me, delay it, Gods, till I shall have
Come to the bracing and cool air of my home in the north.

CI.

Midas, a horrible fate was yours: though hungry you had no
Food, for it turned at your hand's touch into heaviest gold.
Similar is, but better my fate; for everything will
Turn at the touch of my hand into a poem at once.

Gracious Muses, I do not complain as long as my sweetheart,
When I embrace her, is *not* changed for a legend by you.

CII.

Swelling, I fear, is my throat, and my neck, complained my beloved one,
Frightened. Quiet, my child! Hark to the sentence of fate!
Gently you have been touched by the hand of Venus; she gives you
Warning she will very soon gradually mould you again.
Even the sweet and delicate forms of the chest and the body
Will disappear, and a new raiment endear you to me.
Only be calm! The blossoms' fall is a sign to the gardener
That the developing fruit grows to be ripe in the fall.

CIII.

Rapture 't is to hold the beloved with coveting senses,
When by her quickened pulse love is confessed to you;
Rapture and bliss to watch the gradual growth of a new life,
Moving and feeding within sacred affection's abode.
Premature seem the attempts at vigorous life, but already
Does it impatiently knock, longing for heavenly light.
Wait but a few days longer! The Horæ led you in this world
By an immutable law onward according to fate.
Whether it will befriend you in future, darling, I know not.
May it remember you were formed by our love to be loved!

CIV.

Left to myself, cut off from friends, I trifled away my
Time by the hour and by days in the Neptunian town.
All I endured, met with, I spiced with sweet recollection,
Spiced it with hope, the most sapid of spices I know.

The Four Seasons.

All the four will more or less
Tease with childish restlessness.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

I.

Come, get over the ground, ye distichs, lively and gay boys!
Gather in gardens and fields flowers for a garland or wreath!

II.

Rich in flowers is the plain; but some please only the eye, whilst
Others appeal to the heart. Reader, select them yourself!

III.

Rosebud, properly do you belong to the delicate maiden
Who by her modesty gives beauty additional charms.

IV.

Violets, many of them when tied together, indeed, are
Sweet; of domestic and plain girls they remind us at once.

V.

One I have known with the slender form of a lily; her pride was
Innocence; nothing so fair Solomon ever beheld.

VI.

Columbine stands erect, but her head is drooping a little;
Mischievous is she, I ask, or sentimental, perhaps?

VII.

Hyacinth, fragrant bells, and many of them, you are tolling;
Neither the perfume attracts, nor the inaudible chime.

VIII.

Little attention you claim, dame's-violet, as long as the sun shines;
But to the nightingale's sweet warbling your odor responds.

IX.

Tuberose, charming you are in the open air and delightful;
But to my heart I will *not* take you and not to my lips.

X.

Far in the distance I see the poppy; it glows. If I go near,
Oh, very soon I will know you 're a catchpenny rose.

XI.

Tulips, you are not liked by connoisseurs sentimental.
When we are merry, a gay leaf will enrapture our sight.

XII.

Pinks, I admire you! But one so much resembles the other
That it is hard to decide which is the fairest of you.

XIII.

Though you 're bright as Aurora, ranunculus, tulip and star-wort
This odoriferous dark leaf is superior to you.

XIV.

Never a single ranunculus charmed and never enticed me,
But to advantage they show, when among others they stand.

XV.

Nothing perfumes so sweetly the room as the modest reseda;
Plain, unassuming, it shines neither in color nor form.

XVI.

You are welcome to all our gardens, and please do not tell us:
Ceres has put me herself into the ground with the corn.

XVII.

Little and charming you are; your gentle eye very clearly
Tells us: Forget me not! Oh, do not forget me! I pray.

XVIII.

Should I forget all flowers' sweet images, ever your image,
Eleanor, will be found vivid and fresh in my heart.

SUMMER.

XIX.

CRUELLY treats me Amor. Oh, give full play to my fancy,
Muses, and soothe the acute pains he inflicts upon me!

XX.

Manuscripts have I; the like has neither a king nor a scholar;
What I compose my beloved puts it on paper for me.

XXI.

Just as a seed corn grows very slowly in winter, but sprouts and
Shoots in the summer, so has grown my affection for you.

XXII.

Fields, woods, gardens and rocks in my mind were nothing but parts of
Space, but you have, my beloved, made them a place of abode.

XXIII.

Space and time are certainly forms of intuitive knowledge;
Infinite are they, I feel, when in a corner with you.

XXIV.

Whether we ride in the saddle or boat, care follows behind us;
More tenaciously yet Amor has followed us.

XXV.

Love is not easily foiled; but, growing strong by indulgence,
Rooted in habit, it proves quite an invincible foe.

XXVI.

What am I reading again and again, twice, thrice in succession,
Ask you,—the message of love sent by my darling to me.

XXVII.

She enraptures, perhaps she deludes me! Oh, poets and singers,
Actors, I wish we had had half her unbounded success.

XXVIII.

Great is the poet's delight in writing a poem of merit;
She who inspired him to it should have her share in the joy.

XXIX.

Why do you think that an epigram is too short for a kind word?
Is not a hearty and good kiss even shorter than that?

XXX.

Are you familiar with an unquenched love's marvelous poison?
Burning it cools, and it gives strength in consuming our strength.

XXXI.

Are you familiar with our quenched love's marvelous product?
Freeing the minds, it unites bodies in gentle accord.

XXXII.

Love is a true love when it remains unchanged and unshaken,
Whether you please it in all things or displease it in all.

XXXIII.

Everything I covet to give her additional pleasure;
Everything I 'd lose, were she but mine, the beloved.

XXXIV.

Hardest is to offend the beloved and to have to be silent,
Harder to bear than the pains which Rhadamanthus invents.

XXXV.

Jupiter, why am I not everlasting? questioned beauty.
Answered the God: I have made beauty to come and to go.

XXXVI.

Love was present, and flowers, and youth, and the dew, and they heard it.
All left, weeping, the hall Jupiter's, weeping and fair.

XXXVII.

Must we not live and love? Will life not vanish as love does?
Parcæ, I hope, you will give both co-etaneous death.

FALL.

XXXVIII.

Life bears fruit to an active man; but the fruit will not please his
Eye like merry and red apples that hang on the tree.

XXXIX.

Watch and direct our actions and lives severely, but do not
Persecute Amor the God's innocent play with the Muse!

XL.

Teach us. It well befits you; we like good morals and manners,
But you will find that the Muse scorns your advice and command.

XLI.

Take Prometheus' fire, Muse! Kindle inanimate man's life,
Then take Amor's, and fan kindly the spark into flames!

XLII.

All creation 's naught but the work of nature. From Jove's throne
Flashes the powerful bolt, shaking and feeding the earth.

XLIII.

Friends, do everything with earnest and love! To Germans
Both are becoming; enough blemish and flaw will remain.

XLIV.

Children, in throwing the ball at the wall, will catch the rebounding;
But I prefer that a friend's favor returns it to me.

XLV.

Aim at the whole with all your strength! If you cannot attain it,
Aim at becoming at least one of the parts of the whole!

XLVI.

Cherish your own thoughts! But what others conceive and accomplish
Try to enjoy it as yours, giving it merited praise!

XLVII.

What enraptures a youth and a man, what pleases the aged
May be allotted to you, charming, adorable child!

XLVIII.

Old men readily join the young; youth readily old age;
Nevertheless it is true, like loves like even more.

XLIX.

Worthy and good men's images try to remember! And star-like
Over the infinite space nature distributed them.

L.

Who is the happiest man?—He who appreciates his neighbors'
Merit, and greets with the same joy his successes and theirs.

LI.

Many a thing time gives, and seizes again; but a good man's
Honest affection, I know, gives us perpetual joy.

LII.

If you enthusiasts could conceive a noble ideal,
You 'd adore in your hearts nature and sing to her praise.

LIII.

Whom it is safe to believe, my honest friend, I will tell you.
Follow the teachings of life rather than sermons and books!

LIV.

Blossoms, we know, must fall that fruits may ripen and cheer us;
Blossoms along with the fruit give us the Muses alone.

LV.

Hurtful truth I'd rather hear than subservient untruth.
Truth will eventually heal pains it inflicts upon us.

LVI.

Must I be hurt by an error? Not always! Still it will hurt to
Err, as you will understand when at the end of the road.

LVII.

Never we love our neighbor's child so much as our own blood.
Error, a child of our own, strongly appeals to our hearts.

LVIII.

Error will never desert us. A craving for what is ennobling
Urges, however, our minds steadily toward the truth.

LIX.

Do not aspire to be like your neighbors; be like to the greatest!
"How can I do it?"—Become perfect in what is your own!

LX.

Why do genius and taste so seldom dwell in the same man?
Proud is the one of its strength, frightened the other by it.

LXI.

Never has yet a theory brought a world into being,
Never discourses profound hatched a wonder of art.

LXII.

"Tell me for whom it is pleasant to write!"—For him who forgets the
Author, the world and himself, whilst he is reading a book.

LXIII.

He 's my friend, who accompanies me on my way to the summit.
If he invites me to sit down, I will leave him alone.

LXIV.

Sorry I am this noble soul, so able to sanction
What I intend, understands only the means, not the aim.

LXV.

Speak to a girl in praise of her dolls for which she has spent her
Pennies, you will be a God, surely, to traders and girls.

LXVI.

How does nature contrive to join the noble and mean in
Man? It ordains that between them shall be vanity placed.

LXVII.

Never I have much liked sentimental fellows, they only
Wait for a chance to become wretched unprincipled scamps.

LXVIII.

Gallomania impedes to-day our hearts and our minds' true
Culture, as in the past, Lutherism fettered our souls.

LXIX.

What 's in France outworn is still kept up by the Germans,
For even proudest of men flatter and wheedle the mob.

LXX.

"Mob! you insultingly call them; whom do you mean?" If you had your
Way, you assuredly would make of the people a mob.

LXXI.

Joining a party, we can't but step to this or to that side;
Many a year will elapse till in the middle we meet.

LXXII.

"What an outrage it is! They form a regular party.
As for ourselves, we have been always a party, of course."

LXXIII.

Son, if you want to be free and remain so, develop your talents,
Husband your means and forbear enviously looking aloft!

LXXIV.

Who is the better man of his class? Who tries to establish
Equipoise, though he outweigh greatly the persons he meets.

LXXV.

Even the little is great in his way, if perfect in small things.
That, after all, is the way greatness is reached by the great.

LXXVI.

What is holy? The bond that holds together the souls of
Many in love, and the bond may be as weak as a rush.

LXXVII.

What is holiest? That which, growing within us in strength, will
Ever the better unite all who have fostered its growth.

LXXVIII.

Who is the state's best man? An honest citizen, truly!
Quite irrespective of form, noble the substance remains.

LXXIX.

Who, after all, is a real prince? I invariably found that
None is a real and true prince without natural strength.

LXXX.

Lack of sense in the rulers and lack of faith in the governed
Bring revolution, unless force overrides it at once.

LXXXI.

Of the republics I have seen, those, for sure, are the best ones
Which on the rulers bestow duties, not profits and rights.

LXXXII.

Quickly, as soon as we know our own advantage and find no
Fault with our neighbor's, a strong, durable peace will be made.

LXXXIII.

None seems willing to learn to claim no more than his due share;
So we have ever anew fresh disagreement and war.

LXXXIV.

Tell the truth in the way best suited to make it effective;
Publicly speak to the crowd, speak to the princes apart!

LXXXV.

Don't blame one by himself! You will make him obdurate only,
As you undoubtedly make obdurate many by praise.

LXXXVI.

You 're a warrior and king; yours are the command and the fighting;
But to a treaty you had better the chancellor attend.

LXXXVII.

Prudent and active and firm, familiar with upper and lower
Currents a minister should be, and remain in his place.

LXXXVIII.

Who 's of statesmen the best? Whose head is clearest and finest.
Other attainments and parts go to embellish the man.

LXXXIX.

Little we care, I am sure, if really *you* are the wisest,
If in the council you prove righteous and true as at home.

XC.

Little we care for your being awake, provided you do sing.
Watchman, give us your song, sleeping, as others have done!

XCI.

Fall, thou gavest me this year nothing but scattered dry leaves.
Give me in kindness the next ample abundance of fruit.

WINTER.

XCII.

WATER 's a solid, and ground is the river. Upon it the new-built
Theatre, bright in the sun, opens its doors to the world.

XCIII.

Is it a dream? Presented is life in its various aspects.
Smiling, and happy, and sad images glide on the plane.

XCIV.

Centuries have been chilled with cold, been solidly frozen;
Men's aspirations and thoughts timidly crawled on the ground.

XCV.

Limited are by the ground life's bold and marvelous ventures.
Where it is level and smooth no one considers the risk.

XCVI.

All strive madly in haste, search one another and flee from;
Gently the surface reminds all not to venture beyond.

XCVII.

Pell-mell, past each other they glide, beginners and champions,
But in the middle we find all intermediate grades.

XCVIII.

Here is revealed each man's capacity; neither applause nor
Blame either speeds, or delays him in his flighty career.

XCIX.

You who admire the bungler, detract from the master, I want you
Here, on the banks, to behold mute and confounded the race.

C.

Trembling apprentice, afraid of the slippery surface you tarry.
Courage, my boy! You will yet shine as a star in the rink.

CI.

Aiming at grace you are, though hardly firm on your feet yet.
By the perfection of skill only is grace to be won.

CII.

Failure and fall is a mortal's fate. The beginner and master
Tumble and fall; but it seems, worse is the master's by far.

CIII.

Let but the champion fall, spectators laugh at his mishap,
Just as they do at the inn over a vanquished foe.

CIV.

Glide on merrily, give advice to the novice, admire with
Pleasure the master and take part in the sports of the day!

CV.

Look! The spring is approaching. Below, the impetuous current
Feeds on the ice, from above, melts it, caressing, the sun.

CVI.

Gone is the tumult, the sport; dispersed is the lively and gay crowd;
Quietly sails in the deep water the fisherman's boat.

CVII.

Powerful flake, float on with the stream! And though as a flake you
May not arrive, you will reach, surely, the sea as a drop.

Rhymed Sayings.

If the sun but shines, you may
Count a thousand on the way.

RHYMED SAYINGS.

GOD, SOUL AND WORLD.

God found in an hour
The right use of his power.

Who does in God confide
Will soon be edified.

True is and should be repeated:
Whom God cheats has best be cheated.

"Our Father in Heaven" we daily pray,
And think it of prayers the best.
If "Pater noster" our neighbors say,
Why should they not also be blest?

All over the meadows, to and fro,
In primitive nature I roam and go.

The cooling spring, in which I bathe,
Is revelation, strengthens my faith.

Is He a God who pushes from without
Celestial bodies, driving them about?

Much better does behoove Him to be living
Within the bodies, kindly to be giving
His whole to nature, that in every hour
Each part may feel His spirit and His power.

We have a universe within us too;
All nations are aware of it and do
Denominate the very best they know
Their God, their own God, and at last bestow
Upon Him honors, heaven, and earth and stand
In awe of Him, or bless His loving hand.

How, when, and where? The Gods do not reply.
Think of Because, my friend, and ask not: Why!

Whatever we know of the infinite springs
From thorough knowledge of finite things.

You cannot enjoy the whole but by seeing
It clearly in every matter and being.

What 's deep in our soul, or in mother's womb,
Craves light and progresses, unerring.

To grow in strength, that is our doom,
We must be moving and stirring.

When water does in discord part,
We see a new life quickly start.

When water does in concord flow,
Life will appear and quickly grow.

Then animals live, die and decay,
And herbs take root, shoot up and stay.

Transparent, clear the ether seems,
And still with steel and stone it teems.
If ever they meet, they 'll furiously fight,
And stones will be hurled and metals bright.

For what is consumed by fire and flame,
Forsakes its earthly body and frame;
Volatilized 't is, no more to be seen;
It hastens to where it at first had been.

And then comes back again to the earth
What had its origin there, its birth.
We are ourselves alike constituted,
First solids, we are into vapors transmuted.

But though all elements you traversed, were
Successively earth, fire, water and air,

You would in the end rejoice at seeing
That you are a totally different being.

"The needle points to the north, but why?"
Away from itself it is forced to fly.

To final repose all life is consigned,
When pole is to pole in friendship inclined.

Be thankful to God, ye mortals of clay,
For keeping the poles in battle array!

The magnet's secret is hard to find.
As hard is hatred and love 's to my mind.

The very moment you happen to meet
Your like, you beat a hasty retreat.

Don't boys and girls a round dance like?
That 's like unlike to seek unlike.

Per contra: Boors, in taverns meeting,
Grab sticks and chairs for brutal beating.

The magistrate enforces quiet;
He is not like the men who riot.

Mistrust your compass, when you notice
Chum loadstone also on the boat is.

Ev'n though the stars were twice as bright,
The heavens would be as dark as night.

"And what between the two we place?"
Our eyes and everything in space.

Your eye, contracted and shriveled by night,
Is safely delivered of light.

The funereal symbols, the black and white,
In a colorless gray unite.

Whenever light a body wooes,
The most transparent it will choose.

But you, hold fast to the happy whim
Of loving the transparent and dim!

Through thickest vapors before the sun
Will brightest purple greet you anon.

When, growing thinner, the vapors flow,
In fiery red the sun will glow.

The quicker the vapors vanish and flee,
The quicker a brilliant yellow we see.

And when again the ether is clear,
The light will white, as at first, appear.

In milky gray with dark behind,
When under light, the blue we find.

In mountains, at a cloudless height,
We greet a deep-red bluish light.

But, whilst our eye in rapture beams,
Night, velvet-black, upon it streams.

Thus has forever, from the start,
Light been from darkness kept apart.

To say that they are antagonistic
Is partly foolish and partly sophistic.

They war with what is between them hurled,
They war against the material world.

PROVERBIAL.

You live with others, don't forget:
None ever spared his neighbor yet.

When I make sure of being jolly,
Don't blame me, do not call it folly!
When I make light of what is serious,
I 'm neither frivolous nor mysterious.

At the right time we all the anchor trip,
And eloquent we grow from heart and lip.

For genial fun in vain you 'll rake
A hundred places of merrimake,
While genial wisdom's melodious strain
From sympathy flows on your sorrow and pain.

A happy New-year to you all!
For wounds and sores a healing ointment!
On rudeness let your rudeness fall!
Doom every rogue to disappointment!

I 'm jolly beyond measure:
I have a satchel of pleasure;
It takes without stint,
Then spends what 's in 't.
Wise kings thus plunder their lands
To give with royal munificent hands.

In history no color fades,
And what was good and brilliant once
Will, when but needed for the nonce,
Inspire us with its lights and shades.

Not everybody shuns the light;
The spider works in sunshine bright.

To make a wreath is easy enough.
To find a deserving recipient is tough.

A gardener has to learn and to know
How all his plants will thrive and will grow;
Why, then, should we ourselves be loath
To learn what fosters our own growth?

You 'll do yourself a world of good
By breaking your proud, self-willing mood
And by adopting a master's views.
To err with him would still be of use.

Don't waste a moment!
By "Oh" is not "O" meant.

"There 's time enough to-morrow
To settle the little affair."
My friend, why will you borrow
When you have money to spare?

Ink proves, indeed, our scholarship;
But not at random must it drip.
The written thought is reckoned high,
The ink-spot shows th' unlucky die.

Do but your work to make it stand,
Blame you will meet on every hand.

But, if you will applause elicit,
Give to good luck a faith implicit!

Well served we are in every way,
When our own orders we obey.

Do but the right thing yourself!
All the rest will come by itself.

One may have trifles at heart;
Don't question his highest card!

No trifle you have earned
By having patience learned.

Who quarrels with his cover
Is not a sound sleep's lover.

The bird sings loud up in the air,
But silent is his broody care.

To play a trump against your wife is shame,
Unless you turn by that a doubtful game.

Let no wife try to trump her husband's cards
By playing queen against the king of hearts.

Quite plainly we see in a woman's face
That gently her lord the sceptre sways.

Sometimes a husband is at a loss
To understand why his wife is cross.

A model husband! I declare:
He beats his wife and combs her hair.

A graceful Yes, a graceful No,
May 't quickly from your sweet lips flow!

March, April, May!
I think of you all day.
July, August, September!
I don't any more remember.

In new moon and lips kissed
Freshness is seldom missed.

To be alone in paradise
Is what of all things least I 'd prize.

The remedy for failure's bane
Is, simply, to do it over again.

Stave off to-day's, only to-day's committal!
Thus you secure a hundred times acquittal.

Though unsuccessful and erratical,
Do what you please, be not dogmatical!

Punish your dog, let wolves be choked!
Gray hair must never be provoked.

All nature's would-be superintendent,
Try streams! Their floods are independent.

At night I slew a thousand flies;
At early dawn *one* made me rise.

Where all civilization ends,
'Way from hotel and inn,
Tobacco smoke in clouds ascends,
Loose tongues their work begin.

To use a lamp, not trim and tend it,
That 's what we want. Please, do invent it!

If bread would run like a rabbit,
I 'd eagerly follow and grab it.

For want of better fowl
Put up with owl!

You would to the espalier tie the vine,
If they used sausages for twine.

Don't take an oath you 'll never eat
What at this time does not taste sweet!

The chicken with the golden egg
May do for some; but others say:
Let us at once suggest and beg,
She may not eggs but guineas lay.

Who will get meat from puss
Must wheedle and make fuss.

Your fish is burnt,—and you stand by!
You must have other fish to fry.

Unpalatable is the food
That lacks the spice of cheerful mood.

That 's a fine tune! will some bet,
When blowing their own trumpet.

Fried or broiled!
He is embroiled.

Boiled of fried!
By me defied!

To-day you boasted,
To-morrow you 'll be roasted.

Your ear be to the speaker bent,
Your money should be freely spent.

The mother gets it,
The daughter begets it.

A column in clothes
Into a maiden grows.

In sleeping I suit myself to a T,
In working I must with others agree.

By day and night
I am a wight;
My dream is a phantom,
My thought is at random.

That it may happen is my will;
But tears my eyes will fill.

Not to be envied is the man
Who, whilst neglecting what he can,
Does that of which he nothing knows.
No wonder, he to ruin goes.

Little carry who little possess;
Rich people carry less.

Most every thing we bear with grace,
Except a succession of happy days.

Your incense for the dead 's for nothing;
The living care for praise, food, clothing.

Quite evident is your intent;
Yours is, not his, the monument.

You will enjoy your worth as soon
As you confer upon the world a boon.

In preaching to the desert air
You may impunely boast or swear;
When you exhort an erring neighbor,
You better think of "Love's lost labor."

Envy and ill-will never can
Suppress what's great and good in man.
We know, thank God! it is a settled thing:
The sun *will* shine and comfort *will* he bring.

Over an interim
Wise men quickly swim.
Living *ad interim*,
Try with the tide to swim!

Why always ask: What is to come?
When will, how will it end?
You had much better stay at home
Till times begin to mend.

Too many cooks will spoil the broth.
I 'll cure that evil by my troth!
As for the rest, we are but little
Better than sick physicians in a spital.

You think I 've time and money lost.
I did not reckon without my host.

Gone is not yet the time of Babel;
They neither can nor will agree.
Each in his turn by seal and label
Establishes his theory.

Who to our classic friends his mind applies
Wants commentaries, notes; he seeks advice.
In modern works he thinks he can dispense
With care, interpreters and deeper sense.

They simply say: It does not please us,
And turn;—confuted is the thesis.

Scholars, it appears,
Invaded my retreat;
Nothing but their breveers
They could read.

Life-preservers of every kind
Has invented presence of mind.

Have courage! After all,
Soon comes another day.
If all the heavens should fall,
A lark can fly away.

A loss, with shame for a wooer,
Will make you helplessly poor.

You burn the candle at both ends,
And break you will!
God will not, when the revel ends,
Settle the bill.

You are in haste, indeed, you fly,
Look for the door and, then, pass by.

Both stand up manly in the fight,
Honestly feeling that neither is right.

To buy it is jolly,
To own it is folly.

If you of fishing in the air
Are fond, go to a fair!

Ennui like cheese is indigestible,
But helps digest what 's not comestible.

Put in a real hardship's plea,
And we decide to have ennui.

Our wives could raise a better stock
By imitating the mother duck,
Could quietly teach the swimming brood,
But,— can they give us the water to boot?

Some youngsters think, it was their birth
That gave beginning to the earth.
Have not their birthday gifts alone
The folly of their fancy shown?

"I am at odds with luck to-day!"
Be up and stirring, mind the way!

The more a thing is talked about,
Considered, planned, turned in and out,
The better is, when time is called,
Its chance of suffering a default.

Is not each day a ghastly breach,
Which all must take by storm?
The dead do not fill up the gap
With heaps of human form.

In traveling over land and sea
We are much like a roving bee;

But, when we have our homes and wives,
We try to gather for the hives.

Each man, whoever he may be,
[1] The last of life and luck will see.

[2] There is the bottom to be found
In everybody's luck-and-life account.

Do not your proud day
On the gold-weights weigh!
Just use the common scales
To take the wind out of your sails.

Be but convinced that you, in spite
Of others' blame, do what is right,
And soon will, ever and anon,
The grumblers do what you have done.

Aim at the best, my son! You need
But that; in time you will succeed.
If you die young, the time will be
When others will your merits see.

I never wished for anything better
Than to be happy and no one's debtor.

Take pleasure in young people
And let them have their way!

Grandmother Nature wants them
Some funny things to say.

When in our teens, we played the deuce once;
The present young we call a nuisance.

A fair face bold presumption bears
In children; for the world is theirs.

You credit me with being mild;
Wildly I lived, then joined the wild.
In others we do like to see
Again our faults, our joys and glee.

Join me in friendship, do!
Divorce the beast from you.

The human would-be beast is far
Worse company than animals are
Whose faults the son of Adam shares,
As one of Mother Nature's heirs.

To live with fools will not confound you,
If you have lunatic-houses around you.

The hypochondriac is a rare,
Queer specimen of amateur;
In picture galleries he peers
For what so cruelly at him jeers.

The hypochondriac would be cured,
If he but half his ills endured.

Put up with death, my friend! you cannot change it;
But as to life, conveniently arrange it!

To give your friend a feast and not invite him,
We must as a most curious blunder item.

By that you see into what scrapes we get,
When we suppose to know and therefore bet.

For a default of noble men
Have no remembrance, use no pen!
For each of them will book it better
Than you, and not be long your debtor.

You can't be cured! You hope in vain.
The secret of your sickness is:
You haste at times and overstrain,
And then again you are remiss.

Lament, be angry, rave and swear!
Your ill is desperate, unforgiving;
No consolation any where.
Stick to despair or cease from living!

Why do you pin your faith upon
Your master, are with him at one?

Because I know him to be true
And a far safer guide than you.

I 'm glad good books have been collecting
In spite of all the yelping band.
The Germans are quite good in correcting
But not in lending a helping hand.

"To you the land of thought is closed!"
But then I saw and know the coast.
Though I may not your land bestride,
Can I not there at anchor ride?

A want of ecstasy I felt
When on some harmless joy I dwelt;
But, when a threatening evil neared,
Alarmed chaste ecstasy appeared.

Sweet poems like a rainbow swim
In the transparent and the dim;
For in his melancholy moods
The poet over poems broods.

When I had barely relinquished
My talent's misuse,
They thought me at once distinguished
Enough for abuse.

[1] The caterer for the public quickly learns
That little thanks his honest labor earns.

[2] The laborer is worthy of his hire;
Who thanks the poet for his lyre?

To be among equals an equal,
If possible, would be the sequel
Of your heroic determination
To yield to no one the lowest station.

It is impossible to occupy,
Or hold the same ground with a crowd.
To friends politely say: good-bye!
Don't mind the rest, and breathe without!

Feed on the wrong the way you like!
We never shall our colors strike;
For all your praise and all your slight
We cannot see that wrong is right.

By fighting mockers time is wasted;
No pleasures but a fool's are tasted;
But of our wish to be debarred,
To call a fool a fool, is hard.

The holy infant takes our sins away;
St. Christopher protects him on his way.

Who is the strongest in our affection?
That is a subject for serious reflection.

Neither ivy nor gentle heart will bloom,
Unless it tenderly lean on a groom.
Deprived of its sheltering trunk or wall,
It withers and cannot live at all.

Happy thoughts and memories sweet
Inwardly give light and heat.

In dreams I loved a maiden fair,
And thus became of life aware.

The way of doing always right you 'll find
By cherishing true love in heart and mind.

When will you stoop and feel an honest pride? —
When picking flowers in spring by sweetheart's side.

---

[1] I do not see the way your pride comes in;
Love, surely, is the best thing you can win.

[2] In that I see no merit over and above
The game itself whose capital prize is love.

Time puts to death either rose or thorn;
Of either a new one is quickly born.

Enjoy the offspring of your pain!
The pains will pass, but not the gain.

Happy is he whose love is chaste and pure;
Because the grave will hate and love immure.

Unmerited love and affection
Come often from your direction;
But then, for my passionate love
I had disappointment enough.
Methinks, in balancing the account
I owe you a little amount.

From others gladly take a boon,
But give the same and give it soon,
And mind, not in a waiting mood
For thanks is he who did you good.

Who gives at once gives twice,
And if the right thing, thrice.

"Why all at once this indecision?"
You wrong me, happy is my mood;
But, bound to do what 's really good,
Must I not first ask for permission?

What is the use of meditating,
Of being too accommodating?

Straightforwardness and a full bent
Will bring you profit in the end.

First do a thing, then think of it with pleasure!
And happy you will be out of all measure.

Defeat, if but the fight be fair,
Will lightly on the vanquished bear.

The public's apathy let well alone!
That is like other things;
Stones into marshes thrown
Produce no rings.

Why urge me to mix water and wine?
Why be such a crime's abettor?
I nevertheless decline,
For I know better.

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1 The mob must come to blows,
That everybody knows.
Their rage may be respectable,
Their judgment is not delectable.

---

2 The rabble needs must come to blows,
And that, as everybody knows,
Will carry them greater lengths
Than any other argument's strength.

Some silly things we do, and soon
Have to abandon when 't is seen
That failure was, indeed, a boon,
And that success would not have been.

What parts in others I admire
I shall, if possible, acquire;
And, if I fail to shine in those,
To shine in others I propose.

I egotist! Don't I know better!
Envy is every sin's abettor.
May be I went out of the way,
But not with envy did I stay.

Do not complain of your countrymen,
Nor of contemporaries!
Your neighbors first, posterity then
Will turn you into fairies.

In the land of your birth
Write what you please!
It inspires you with mirth,
It sets you at ease.

---

[1] Abroad it never rains but it pours;
Not so at home, nor within doors.

[2] On the high seas we are apt to careen,
Only at home is the golden mean.

I wish I had the poet's spell!
On him fits naughtiness so well.
All others sullenly agree
That they must never naughty be.

So ev'n a poet finds his way
Through life; but how, he could not say.
Safe profits brings a poet's joy,
And losses don't his gains destroy.

Often I said: My wish is granted.
But quickly came a new desire.
Be with your piecemeal life enchanted!
Into the whole do not inquire!

"I thought you were a ruined man,
Gone were your castles in the air!"
Hope has a new one built; I can
With her at present sojourn there.

Not in the same boat all can travel.
Only be sure at what you aim!
Love will and zeal all things unravel,
Though skill more easily wins the game.

Acknowledged incompetence,
When criticising, none befriends.

A reasoning poet commits treason,
Still poetry may cherish reason.

"Where is the master I can trust?"
In unbelief do what you must!

You say you know yourself.—Not knowing God,
Are you not apt at worthless books to plod?

Crave for a God! You will be sure
To shun what 's worthless or impure.

Don't toil and moil, let things be pleasant!
That 's good for either lord or peasant.

We do love God, good people say,
Because He 's never in our way.

What would become of the fishermen,
If frogs had teeth and would not say: Amen?

Cherries and berries are marrow—
Bones for a child and a sparrow.

"You got the mittens, friend, I hear."
I did; but then I have no hate.
Of late she must have been in fear
And—stole a march upon too late.

Take my advice and try it,
My darling little goose!
Grace comes in dance from quiet,
But not from elegant shoes.

What I ignore
Is never a sore;
What I don't ignore
May be a sore,
Unless I know
How it will go.

If hope and comfort should forsake you,
Lean on your frailty and your weakness!
Not till some brutal force should break you
Comes sympathy to aid your meekness.
Not the injustice you endure
Will ever help from men insure.

Why so unjust against the overrated!
Would you have all parenthesis abated?

All does depend on this — and must:
One gives the word, others obey,
As to the wind a pennant tossed
Obeys; the helmsman steers his way.

Your oddities will grow like weeds;
Your character cultivation needs.

Odd habits you may have, my friend,
But have not *one* of doing things!
Odd may at first, right in the end
Appear what you a poet brings.

What I did right or thought I did,
Of that I got entirely rid;
What I did wrong is on my mind,
Left much unpleasantness behind.

Give me to do!
You 'll give a good deal.
When I get through
I 'll better feel.

Many of them know much, indeed,
But they are far from wisdom yet;
All men and women they can read,
But not themselves,— on that I bet.

"The new lampoon on you I ought to mention."
'T is a poor enemy's invention.

Give growlers a holiday!
Their growls will die away.

Wont ring as long in our ears
As merry Easter cheers.

That 's over 1800 and some
Years now, and more to come.

Who is a sovereign man?
I 'll answer; yes! I can:

'T is he who does whatever he likes,
Whether he upon good or evil strikes.

Rule over discord! Good advice.
Rule over concord! Better twice.

If I must be by you deceived,
I may forgive what I perceived;
But if you tell me to my face
You will or would, you lose my grace.

---

[1] Deal gently with your enemies' faults!
He profits who their worth exalts.

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[2] Your enemy's merit may bring profit;
Be just, take friendly notice of it!

"You did them good; have they returned it?"
Well feathered flew my arrows off;
Up to the open sky I turned it.
Was not the target large enough?

"But then, what was your friend's face like?"
Good fellow, that I did not see.
Perhaps it soured from mere dislike
Of sweet into severity.

To every man you give a name,
And think you know him by the same;

But do you drive by what you say,
Indeed, anonymous away?

When will be your time redeemed?
Should have acted, but have schemed;
Should have spoken, but you would not;
Have remained here, though you should not.

Well has been my time redeemed;
You shall know why I have schemed;
Now I can go, though I could not
Till my work was done, and would not.

Now I go, but not for long;
Have for you a better song.
Who can hope out of all measure,
From his friends can part with pleasure.

You hate, you love and hate again,—
Let live and live yourself, my swain!

---

[1] A poor man's favor we can easily gain,
But then, who would without a profit feign?

[2] If we but could forget which side is buttered,
More gentle words would to the poor be uttered.

"How could in this that man succeed?"
He climbed with hands as well as feet.

Proverbs characterize a nation.
This axiom try by habitation!

Just know yourself!—What does that mean?
Shall I, or not, be what I am?
Though I on th' ancients gladly lean,
I think their briefness is a sham.

Just know yourself!—Where is my labor's price?
That knowledge I shall cast off in a trice.

Who would, when going to a masquerade,
Unmask, when he had just his entrance made?

Know others well! Try to succeed in that
By either flattering them or laughing at.

"You place unread some books upon the shelf."
I formerly fed on that stuff myself.
A caterpillar, spinning round itself,
But little thinks of leaves for food and pelf.

Our search after knowledge, which sire and child
Equally need, has led us a wild,
And that, on which all does depend,
The teachers seldom comprehend.

Don't tarry! To yourself be like a dream!
In traveling never tire with hill or stream!

Welcome the heat and bravely bear the cold,
And neither *you* will, nor the world, grow old.

Not in a roundabout way,
But plainly I say
Why with the world you are at odds:
It spurns your heart and wants your nods.

Your heart they can't but by a sledge convey;
Into their hands politeness finds its way.

Impatience mends no ill;
Still less repentance will.
The first will make it greater,
The second add a later.

That your wildest hopes and fears,
All th' unceasing flow of tears,
Are a blessing in disguise
Is, at best, but a surmise.

Of that I am fond;
There is pluck and brain!
He jumps into the pond
To escape the rain.

Alas, for our Johnny
Luck is no boon!
If it rained honey,
He 'd have no spoon.

More than one poet was
Who like a bear would gnaw his paws.

This is n't a world of pap and jelly;
We can't be given to our belly:
Tough is our food, uncooked, uncarved,
And chew we must, or else be starved.

Our neighbors are a cunning people
Who all sorts of experiments try;
They decked with pap their pigmy steeple,
And hoped it would grow strong and high.

My dollar is worth one hundred and two.
I am not a boaster, but what are you?

I know that of late, as well as of old,
You 've passed ten cents for a dollar of gold.

Light brings the sun upon his way.
Don't show me day begetting day!

I 'm sure the glass is at a loss
To understand why you look cross.

Love and New-Year songs evoke
Troubling spirits from below.
History tells us, with their croak
Frogs molested Pharaoh.

I stop,—for tired will be your ear;
Of that I get an inkling.
Into deep thought and reason clear
My little bells are tinkling.

These sayings are not Saxony's toil,
Nor have they all grown on my soil;
Some seeds I from abroad procured,
But, then, my ground was well manured.

And ev'n the people "*du bon ton*"
Have praised this book and called it fine;
It is not a "*globe de compression.*"
It is much like a fluttermine.

SAYINGS.

Not from to-day, nor from to-night
Expect what yesterday denied.

With those who saw the worst of days
Hard times find grace.

---

1 If easy the task,
Him who has done it ask!

2 How you should have begun it,
You know when you have done it.

The sea is ebbing forever;
The land can't keep it, never.

Fate may seem stern, but it is wise; it may
Wish you more modest; don't complain, obey!

In daylight labor to the last!
Soon night falls on you like a blast.

Don't try to mend the world! It has been made,
And by the Lord all has been measured, weighed.
Your lot is cast, and in the beaten track
Go to the end, don't stop and don't look back!
But bear in mind, if fretting be your choice,
Pedêstrians stand in need of equipoise.

Though a man, unnerved by sorrow,
Says he lost all hope in morrow,
Yet an answer, kind but brief,
Certainly will soothe his grief.

"Did you not shamefully behave
When God you sweetest blessing gave!"
The little girl was not offended,
Nor have as yet her visits ended.

I 'm lucky, my inheritance is great;
I hold for life, and time is my estate.

Do good for the love of good,
And leave it to your blood!
The good, in child not deemed,
In grandchild is redeemed.

Enweri says, the wisest of the wise
Whose knowledge of the mind and heart we prize:
Good is for you at any time and place
To temper will and judgment with sweet grace.

That you have enemies that is true;
But how can they make friends with you,
When in your nature, in your being
Silent reproach they can't help seeing?

No more provoking thing can say
The stupid to the wise and grave
Than that they should upon their day
Of triumph modestly behave.

Were God a neighbor just as bad
As either I or you,
Would we be now with honor clad?
He kindly helped us through.

Admit that poets oriental
Are better than we occidental!
Only in hatred of our like
We can as yet a balance strike.

By claiming to be uppermost
In everything our mark we miss;
Of what we did we rightly boast,
But Jack-at-all-trades no one is.

May God protect us from their gruff rage!
Since when have wrens the right of suffrage?

If envy pines herself to death,
Let her from you take food—and breath.

By bristling up to every one
We shall command respect.
That boar by hawks was set upon
I do not recollect.

The priests have something overlooked;
In vain they lie in wait;
For who would take a road so crooked,
When there is one so straight?

With pleasure will record the fame
Of heroes who himself is brave
And never has been out of frame
In heat or cold, on land or wave.

For the sake of good do good!
Not for your sake. If it should
Happen that it brings you profit,
Children may have something of it.

In danger are of sly or sneaking thief
Your money, your departure, your belief.

Why is it that at every place
Good words and silly ones abound?
What old men said the youngster says,—
Same cartridge, but another round.

A wise man should not have the whim
Of, nor be caught in contradicting
An ignorant; for not with him,
But with himself, he is conflicting.

"Why is the truth so far away,
So hidden from our sight?"
Because we cannot see her day.
If we but saw her brilliant light,
Near her we should forever stay;
All would be pleasant, would be bright.

Which way your gentleness will take
Ask not! It does no good.
Into the river throw your cake!
It will be some one's food.

One day, when I a spider killed,
I felt, against the Lord I willed
Who to the spider and to me
Gave numbered days of pain and glee.

"The night is dark, with God is light."
Would I were in as good a plight!

A medley crowd attends
To the communion table, foes and friends.

A miser I am called by you.
I 'll spend, but make me well-to-do.

Fine scenery does our country show,
But on the roof you have to go.

Who has no tongue need not be in trouble;
Beware of a glib one's hobble!

Was comfort ever bachelor's solace,
When he two valets kept?
Or, with two women in the same house,
Was staircase ever swept?

My worthy friends, just stick to it,
And go on saying: *Autos epha!*
If "man" and "woman" will not fit
As well, to Adam stick, and Eva!

Thanks be to Allah! He commands:
Suffer and bear what you don't know!
The patient in his doctor's hands
Would soon despair, if 't were not so.

Don't look in creeds for even and odd!
Ev'n Islam means—none will deny—
Resign yourself to the will of God!
Why not in Islam live and die?

In building our own house we all delight
And, dying, leave it to our kin
Who change its form, its depth or height:
None ever ends, but all begin.

Who comes into my house may scold
At things I've loved for many a year.
I should have left him in the cold
But that I loved to have him here.

Lord, I pray, thou wilt
Bless my little house!
Palace may be built,
Hut as much allows.

You have what all your trouble ends,
What to the happy few belongs:
Two well-to-do and merry friends,
Your wine-cup and your book of songs.

"Lokmann, the homeliest of men,
Did all his rivals beat!"
The cane need not be sweet, but then,
Sugar itself is sweet.

A brilliant light the Orient shed
On mid-sea's western shore;
No sooner we have Hafis read
Than Calderon we adore.

"Of ornament, I do declare,
You give one hand an undue share!"
How could I keep my left in plight,
If 't were not cherished by the right?

The ass, on whom the Lord was set,
May go to Mecca; but he will
By that not be a scholar bred,
But what he was, an ass, be still.

We do not harden, but spread
The dirt we tread.

Still, dirt takes form as we are told,
When forced into a solid mould.
Such stones, may be, fell in way;
In Europe they are called "*Pisé*."

My worthy friends, you are not shorn of bliss,
Though good men know that you have done amiss.
Indeed you have, but you have also learned
To know the good and how it must be earned.

"Have *you* been thankful to all those
Who, doing well, pleased you and God?"
Yes! for I took at once their dose
And turned it quickly into blood.

Stand with men in good repute!
Have for things a mind acute!
Never other prize dispute!

In vain the passions of our nature break
Upon the rocks and sand they cannot shake.
Some pearls of poetry, left on the shore,
Acquaint us in what mood defeat they bore.

Index.

SONGS.

SOCIAL SONGS.

FROM WILHELM MEISTER.